





## BERLIN PRESS LAUDS WILSON.

**Says Talks with Bernstorff  
Indicates Good Will.**

**Complete Understanding as to  
Arabic is Predicted.**

**"Boersen Zeitung" Sounds  
Only Note of Discord.**

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)  
BERLIN, Sept. 17 (via London).—Reports received here that President Wilson will make no formal reply to the German government's communication concerning the sinking of the steamship Arabic, but will confer confidentially with Ambassador von Bernstorff, are acclaimed by the German press as a "new indication of the good will of the American government and its intent to come to an understanding with us."

Previous diplomatic interchanges, says the Germania, have been made under disadvantageous conditions, because protests to Berlin have been reported in advance in British dispatches.

"We believe friendly month-to-month negotiations will serve the purpose desired by both sides far better than the earlier interchanges," this newspaper adds.

The present situation seems to have resulted from the supposed conflict between Ambassador von Bernstorff's declarations and the Arabic note, the National Zeitung says. "In reality they were two separate and distinct pronouncements, notwithstanding their seemingly close connection, inasmuch as Count von Bernstorff could not have possibly known the Arabic intended to ram the submarine which sank her."

**NOT A BAD IDEA.**  
The Lokal Anzeiger says: "It is by no means a bad idea, as announced in dispatches from New York, that the understanding regarding to difficult questions will be best achieved by discussion among the negotiators. When the strategists of suspicion stand before the door waiting to snap up each word that passes back and forth and put it on the wire in the accustomed distorted manner, there must exist suspicion, or at least uneasiness. Under such circumstances it is almost impossible to accomplish good work."

"Even the American press, in so far as it blows the horn of England without criticism, does not bother itself in the slightest about results or a lack of results in line with the intentions of the government, if it can only procure new material each day to appease its hunger for sensations."

The Tagblatt has this to say: "If one desires an honorable and unreserved understanding with America it must be admitted that the notes previously exchanged hardly lent themselves to this purpose. Naturally the standpoint of the two governments was expressed in notes in a somewhat declamatory manner for the benefit of the rest of the world."

**AMERICA TO TASK.**  
Under the heading, "Freedom of the Seas," the Boersen Zeitung attacks America to task for her attitude in regard to the submarine warfare. It is a remarkable coincidence, this newspaper says, that two nations which apparently are striving for the same goal should become involved in such serious differences of opinion.

The article continues: "America based her protest against German naval warfare on the contention that she, as the most important neutral, has a commitment to fight with all her strength for the freedom of the seas. Germany desires the same thing. That is, she is contenting herself against England's arrogant claim to naval supremacy. Since her naval forces do not match Britain's, she has to resort to the use of submarines as a means of submarine warfare in order to counteract British activities in suppressing not only German trade, but the trade of neutrals."

"We admit neutrals must suffer thereby, but they should be willing to make sacrifices for the good cause. If they properly appreciate the situation, the more so as they are called upon to suffer by giving up trade in contraband. In Washington one evidently closes one's eyes to this obvious fact, since a very considerable trade in war materials is involved. Washington claims exceptions for itself and for American citizens. It argues that these citizens must be exempt from the dangers of war, even though they venture into the danger zone which has been labeled as such. That is the more unreasonable since the same right is not demanded from England. Similar claims might be made concerning warships on land, which would lead to impossible situations."

**MUNITION BOATS  
SUNK BY SLAVS.**

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)  
SEBASTOPOL (Russia), Sept. 17 (via London, 6 p.m.).—Official announcement was made here today that Russian torpedo boats had sunk near Sinope, a seaport of Asia Minor on the Black Sea, an entire fleet of sailing vessels laden with munitions of war. The crews of these vessels were taken prisoners.

**AUSTRIANS SINK  
BRITISH SHIP.**

(BY WIRELESS AND A. P.)  
VIENNA, Sept. 17 (via Berlin, via Tuckerton, N. J.).—An Austrian submarine, commanded by Lieut. von Trapp, torpedoed and sunk a large British transport a few days ago in the southern Adriatic, according to an announcement made here today.

**Tottering.**

**DROP BOMBS ON VILNA;  
FATE HANGS IN BALANCE.**

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)  
LONDON, Sept. 17.—A Reuter dispatch from Petrograd says: "The fate of Vilna hangs in the balance. The latest letters received from there state that cannonading is heard without interruption day and night. Bomb-dropping aeroplanes are constant visitors. Three of them have been brought down recently."

## CARRENO'S SON ARRESTED AS SPY.

**MAN STUDYING MUSIC IS FORCED  
FROM MILAN BY THE  
ITALIANS.**

(BY WIRELESS AND A. P.)  
BERLIN, Sept. 17 (via Sayville).—The following was given out today by the Overseas News Agency: "A second member of the family of Mme. Teresa Carreno, the well-known pianist, who is an American citizen, has been arrested on the charge of being a German spy. Mme. Carreno's son, Giovanni Tagliapietra, was apprehended in Milan, where he was studying music. A short letter from his mother in Berlin, which was found among his papers, was considered to be proof against him."

"His release was finally effected, with the condition that he leave the country within a few hours."

"Mme. Carreno's daughter, also a well-known concert pianist, was arrested in Tunis some time ago on suspicion of being a German spy."

Biographical sketches of Mme. Carreno contain nothing to indicate that her son, Giovanni Tagliapietra, is an American citizen.

**Arabic.**  
**GERARD CALLS  
ON VON JAGOW.**

**GERMANY AND AMERICA REACH  
AGREEMENT ON PRINCIPLE.**

Berlin Dispatch Says Only Thing Left to be Disposed of is Adjustment of Cases Still Undecided. Long-range Diplomacy Gives Way to Personal Conferences.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)  
BERLIN (via London) Sept. 17.—James W. Gerard, the American Ambassador to Germany, today at noon called on Dr. Gottlieb von Jagow, the Foreign Minister, presumably in connection with the situation surrounding the sinking of the White Star liner Arabic by a German submarine, and the opening of negotiations on the submarine problem.

Nothing can be learned here, which goes to confirm the statement made in Washington dispatches that it was the intention to open conversations between the two countries on the submarine situation, but officials generally assume the news is correct.

Differences in viewpoints which are only stiffened when laid down in formal notes can, it is generally believed by the officials, more easily adjusted in informal conversations, and all the more so, they say, because the fundamental differences of policy have largely disappeared under the new instructions regarding attacks on passenger steamers.

Germany, it is believed here, will be ready to consider testimony bearing on this point of how far the captain of the submarine was justified in his belief that the Arabic was engaged in attacking the submarine, and in conversation she will have the opportunity to satisfy the American government over London's contention that the present conditions will harmonize in the future.

**DESCRIBES ZEPPELIN RAID.**  
Passenger from London Says Most Damage Occurred in the Suburbs of the English Capital.

(BY A. P. DAY WIRE.)  
NEW YORK, Sept. 17.—The Zepplin raid over England on the night of September 7, in which it was officially reported that ten were killed and forty-six injured, did not occur over London itself, but was done in the eastern suburbs of the city, according to passengers who arrived today on the steamship Baltic from Liverpool. The Baltic left Liverpool September 8, and passengers did not hear until their arrival here that London itself had been reached by Zepplin bombs the night of their departure with still more fatal results.

A. Taylor, an English business man whose home is in Hadley, to the east of London, said he saw one of the three Zeppelins which were reported to have taken part in the raid. He was awakened by the sound of explosions at 12:30 o'clock, he said, and from the window of his home saw the big airship approaching from Enfield, which is the location of a small arms factory. It was evidently returning, he said, from the raid, as it was sailing east. The Zepplin was clearly outlined by searchlights, and beneath he could see scores of smoke plumes from antiaircraft guns. The range of these guns was not sufficient, and the great ship sailed peacefully on.

Mr. Taylor left too early the next day and did not see the damage that had been done, but thought it had been considerable, as the explosion of the bombs was terrific and was followed by flashes of flame.

**CAN HOLD VILNA  
IF THEY NEED IT.**

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)  
PETROGRAD, Sept. 17, 1 p.m. (via London, 4:30 p.m.).—War Office advices state that Vilna can be held "as long as may be required by the strategic situation on that front." It is not the purpose of the Russian staff, however, to defend Vilna at all costs but "only as long as the presence of an army there does not inspire alarm."

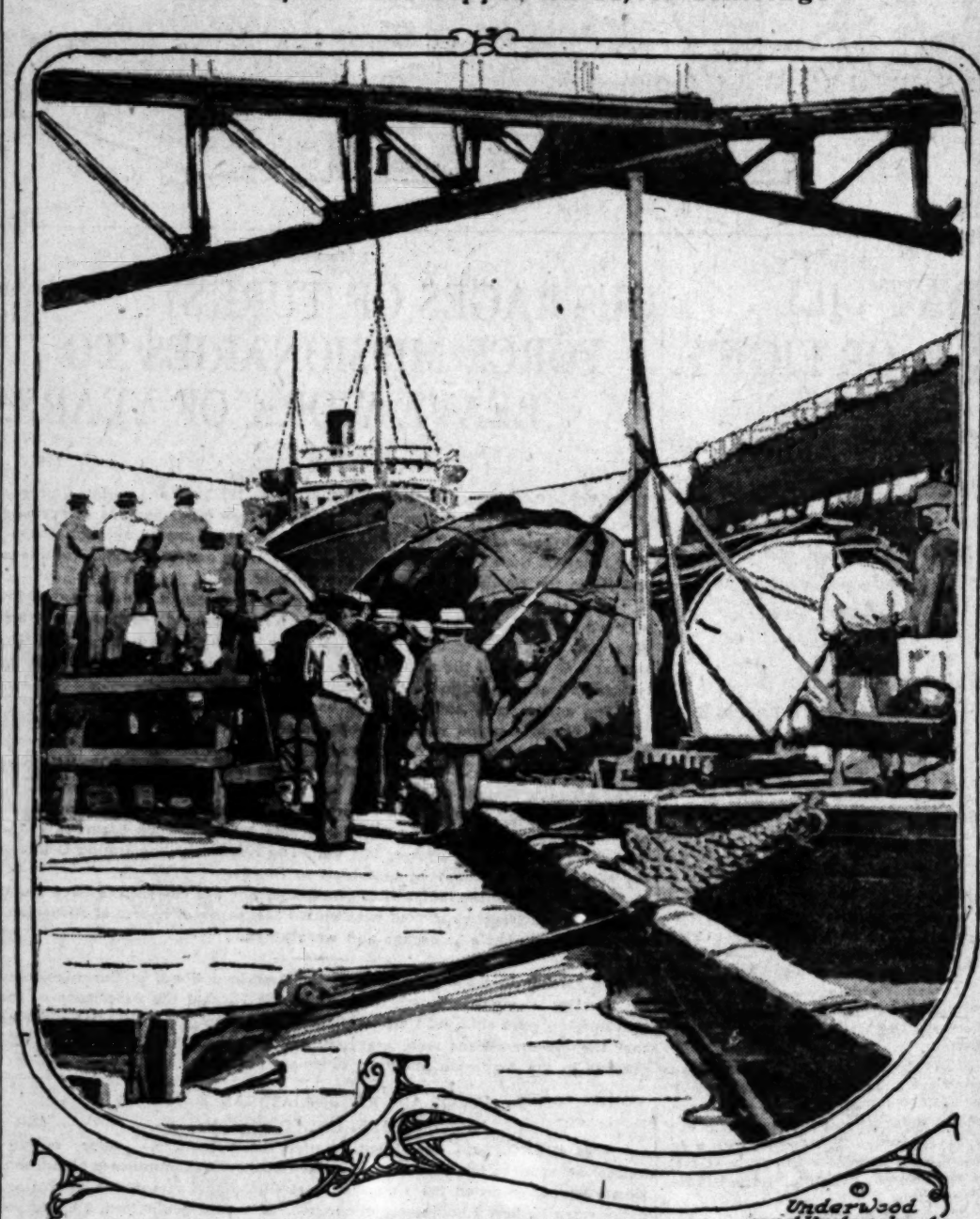
It is pointed out at the War Office that the favorable aspect of the position at Vilna of the Russians is shown further by the fact that they continue to maintain their positions to the westward in the direction of Oran.

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## The F-4 As She Appeared After Raising.



Submarine between the pontoons.

With the question of providing more submarines for the United States uppermost in the minds of high officials of the government at Washington, the discussion of the type best fitted for the purpose is occupying the attention of some of the most able technical minds of the navy. In this connection the lessons to be learned from the F-4, which sank in the harbor of Honolulu last March, and which was only recently brought to the surface, are of vast importance. The disaster to the F-4 was the first of its kind in the American navy. Twenty-two of her crew went down with the lost submarine. The Navy Board says the accident was due to inherent defects in the F class of undersea boats.

## Archibald, Salesman.

(Continued from First Page.)

built on the Pacific Coast, and the amendment was adopted, but was stricken out in conference.

**ADAMS'S AFFIDAVIT.**  
Clement E. Adams of Bridgeport, Ct. made affidavit that Archibald had told him that he had been commissioned by President Roosevelt to investigate and report on the condition of the submarine defense of the Pacific Coast, and that he had put in his time while in the West settling up petitions to Congress for submarines for the Pacific Coast, and that he had written newspaper articles criticizing the Lake submarine. According to Adams, Archibald told him he had written these articles at the request of the Electric Boat Company, to whom he was under obligations.

When President Roosevelt heard about Archibald's claim that he was making an investigation for him, he wrote to Congressman Lilley of Connecticut, who was leading the fight on the Pacific Coast, to see if he could get the company's monopoly, in which he said:

"My dear Mr. Lilley: Referring to our conversation of this morning, Mr. Archibald never was appointed or employed by me, nor, so far as I know, was he ever appointed or employed by anyone else connected with the administration."

These craft, one of which cost twenty-two lives, from the day of their recent storm the naval struggle by supply broke from its moorings in Honolulu harbor and bumped into the three F-type submarines—aster ships of the ill-fated F-4, which came to an untimely end on March 25 at the bottom of the same harbor, costing the lives of the crew of twenty-two men. It was said that none of this was mentioned by the officers and men, who for three years have been in constant jeopardy of meeting the same fate as their brothers on the F-4.

The reports concerning damage to the three F boats are erroneous, and assert that no report of the accident has been received and no advices that the submarines are not operating as usual.

The history of the F-type submarine dates back to 1908, when the Naval Appropriation Bill was up in the House. The act of 1908 appropriated \$2,500,000 for eight submarines, which were to be completed in 1912. The F-4 was accepted by the Navy Department in May, 1913, and was less than two years old when she sank and went to pieces at the bottom of Pearl Harbor.

**OUT OF COMMISSION.**

(BY A. P. DAY WIRE.)  
WASHINGTON, Sept. 17.—Secretary Daniels today ordered all submarines of the F-4 type out of commission until a thorough examination of them can be made. His action was taken upon the report of the board of inquiry investigating the sinking of the F-4 at Honolulu on March 25, which ascribes the disaster to a battery explosion. The F-1, F-2 and F-3 will probably be brought under con-

vey to the Mare Island navy yard for examination.

Later this statement was issued at the Navy Department: "Secretary Daniels announced that careful examination of the F-4 by the board of investigation appointed for the purpose, showed that in the battery room of Lawrence Y. Spear, an officer of the Electric Boat Company, the corrosion existed in the steel plates in several places."

"Secretary Daniels has ordered under examination the F-1, F-2 and F-3. They probably will be sent to the Mare Island navy yard for thorough overhauling with a view to correct this inherent fault in batteries and in the meantime the Secretary has issued instructions suspending all exercises of the submerged runs of these boats."

**FRENCH SHELL  
GERMAN WORKS.**

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)  
PARIS, Sept. 17.—The following official communication was issued tonight:

"Between Angres and Souches and in the sector of Neuville struggles by means of bombs and grenades have taken place near the saps. Our batteries shell efficiently the German works."

"To the south of Arras on the front of Crinchon, the artillery is still very active on both sides. In the region of Roye, grenade fighting is reported. There also has been a well sustained fusillade between the opposite trenches."

"From the confluence of the rivers Vesle and Aisne to as far as the Aisne-Marne canal, a very violent cannonade was kept up during most of the day."

"Between the Aisne and the Argonne in the ravine of La Fontaine-aux-Charmes and at Courtes-Chaumes our cannon of various caliber and our trench pieces have answered the enemy's fire and damaged at several points his positions."

"In the Northern Woivre and on the Lorraine front our batteries executed firing, the efficacy of which was ascertained."

"The Vosges the Germans bombarded the Hilschfirst and Hill No. 425 to the south of Steinbach. Our artillery poured a destroying fire on the electric works at Turckheim."

**HATTI RECOGNIZED.**

(BY A. P. DAY WIRE.)  
WASHINGTON, Sept. 17.—Formal recognition has been accorded by the United States to the new government in Haiti, headed by President D'Avenne.

**"THE PROOF OF THE  
PUDDING IS THE EATING."**

Advertising is the most potent selling force in any business establishment, and the fact that successful merchants, tradesmen, agents and brokers in Los Angeles have used The Times' advertising columns for more than twenty years is proof positive that they have been taught by experience that they cannot make a mistake in concentrating their advertising in this newspaper.

The Times of five, ten, fifteen and twenty years ago contains advertisements of many of the same big, successful men who are represented in the advertising columns of today's Times.

The only tie that binds these advertisers to this newspaper is the results they get from the advertising space they buy, and they have continued to use The Times solely because it brings them quicker and more satisfactory results than any other local publicity medium.

The community-of-interest spirit that obtains between Times readers and Times advertisers makes Times advertisements dividend-paying investments, and regularly enables this newspaper to overwhelm all its local contemporaries, and lead every other newspaper in the world, in the volume of advertising printed.

**BURTON PLEADS GUILTY.**

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)  
ANSONIA (Ct.), Sept. 17.—Former Mayor Franklin Burton pleaded guilty in the City Court today to a charge of embezzling \$36,000 of the funds of the Savings Bank of Ansonia, of which he was treasurer. He was held for trial in the Superior Court, his bond of \$10,000 being furnished by William A. Nelson, a director of the bank.

**FIND FUSES ON STEAMER.**

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)  
WASHINGTON, Sept. 17.—In announcing to the State Department today the arrival at the shores of the Foreign liner San Anna from New York for Italy, American Consul Schultz stated that eighteen fuses had been found on the ship and that many explosions had occurred before she reached the Azores.

**SPY EXECUTED.**

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)  
LONDON, Sept. 17.—It was officially announced today that a spy, name not given, was executed here today after a trial.

## Pay Bill Or Fight.

(Continued from First Page.)

change National Bank, the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank or the Merchants Loan and Trust Company. In all of these banks and as directors are men who are very close to the packers in a big business way.

**HOLDINGS OF THE SWIFTS.**  
The Swifts are large stockholders in the National Bank of The Republic, the Central Trust Company of Illinois and the Stockyards Savings Bank, and Livestock Exchange National Bank and the Drovers Trust and Savings Bank are almost exclusively owned by Packington interests.

The banks numbered in the above are all big banks. They are the city's strongest financial institutions. Their resources run into huge figures and the amount of idle money they have in their vaults now is as great as ever before. Should these banks refuse to participate in the loan—as now seems more than probable—Chicago practically can be counted out.

When the subject of the proposed loan was first broached several days ago some of the bankers here said there was little doubt Chicago institutions would participate to the extent of a hundred millions. Since that time, however, something appears to have happened and there is now grave doubt if this city will have any part in the loan.

**GERMANS PRESERVE  
ART TREASURES.**

**ALL PAINTINGS TAKEN FROM  
FRANCE WILL BE RETURNED  
AFTER THE WAR.**

(BY WIRELESS AND A. P.)  
BERLIN, Sept. 17 (via Tuckerton, N. J.).—Every precaution is being taken to preserve art works taken from French cities occupied by Germany, says the Overseas News Agency, which refers to reports recently printed in Paris that valuable art productions which had been taken from the French, had been stolen from an exhibition of such works in a church in Metz.

"These works and others," says the news agency, "were saved from the French shell fire at Etain, Hattonville and St. Mihiel. Complete lists of such works with the owners' names are kept and copies deposited in safe places, assuring the restoration of the art treasures after the war. Archives and libraries likewise are removed wherever it is possible."

**GERMANS CUT  
SLAV RAILROAD.**

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)  
BERLIN, Sept. 17 (via London).—Field Marshal Von Hindenburg's forces, which have flanked Vilna and Drinsk, cutting the railroad between those cities, have made a further advance to the marsh districts north of the city. The German Department announced the capture of Vidy, about thirty-five miles south of Drinsk.

The statement follows: "Western theater of war: In the Champagne we captured by an attack with hand grenades, a section of a trench in the outer positions of the French, northwest of Perthes. A counter-attack was repulsed."

"Eastern theater of war: Army of Field Marshal Von Hindenburg: We reached the Komar high road. Vidy was captured after this morning after fierce fighting from house to house."

"Northwest and northeast of Vilna our attack continued. The Saczara has been crossed near the place bearing the same name."

"The troops of the army of Prince Leopold also have effected crossings over the Saczara at several points."

"Army of Field Marshal Von Mackensen: The marsh districts north of Pinsk have been cleared of the enemy."

"Southeastern theater of war: There are no news to report concerning the German troops."

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## DUMBA CALLS ON BERNSTORFF

**Merely Friendly Visit,  
German Ambassador**

**Austrian Diplomat Will  
Leave for Vienna**

**And Washington Declares  
will not Come Back**

**NEW YORK, Sept. 17.—**Dr. Constantin T. Dumba, the Austrian Ambassador, who has been asked by President Wilson to visit Count von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, here today and remain in the city for a short time, has declined to do so. He has declined to discuss his visit, or any other question. All he would say is that he expected to go to his home at Lenox, Mass., tonight.

Through his secretary, Count Bernstorff said he would not attend a conference with him and that he was an old acquaintance, the Austrian Ambassador had merely dropped in to pay a friendly call.

Asked if Dr. Dumba's call was the nature of a final adieu, the secretary answered: "Not at all. Dr. Dumba had made definite arrangements for his trip to Vienna. He is expected to arrive in the city today brought on by the train from officials that no reservation of any kind has been made for Dr. Dumba's stay, but after consulting these officials he has decided to leave the city for Vienna."

**WILL BE CALLED HOME.**  
WASHINGTON, Sept. 17.—The Austrian government intends to recall its ambassador Dumba for consultation regarding to intimations given to the American government that the Austrian government was considering the return of the ambassador to Vienna for the return of the ambassador to Vienna.

Such an arrangement, which would recall on leave of absence, is contrary to the American government's policy, it is understood, but after consulting these officials he has decided to leave the city for Vienna."

**MANT RIVATIONS.**  
The purpose of these arrangements, it is understood, is to recall the ambassador Dumba for consultation regarding to intimations given to the American government that the Austrian government was considering the return of the ambassador to Vienna for the return of the ambassador to Vienna.

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**RESERVE BOARD  
ANSWERS LEWIS.**

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)  
WASHINGTON, Sept. 17.—In answer to a letter from Senator Lewis, the Federal Reserve board today announced that it has no jurisdiction of the negotiation of loans with foreign governments, and that it has no knowledge of the statement of an Anglo-French commission to a loan in this country except what it learned through the newspapers.

**U. S. SURVEY MEN DOWNED.**

(BY PACIFIC CABLE.)  
FAIRBANKS (Alaska), Sept. 17.—Patrick McHugh and George McHugh, axmen in a railroad survey party, were drowned today in the New River while attempting to cross in a small boat. The bodies were not recovered.

**STEFANSSON'S POLAR BEAR.**

It is the intention of Stefansson to establish a base on Banks Land, which is a small island in the Arctic zone. The time of the return of the expedition cannot be foretold, as Stefansson intends to continue until he has fully ascertained the limits of the new land he has discovered. He expects to seek new lands.

**DENIES HARDSHIPS.**

High characteristic modesty Stefansson told Capt. Cottle, that, except for a few days before reaching Banks Land, he and his two companions had no particular hardships, although on very short rations during the entire seven months on the island. They never missed a meal during the whole journey, which was more than 1,000 miles.

Stefansson lived seven months on the island, and during that time he and his companions had no particular hardships, although on very short rations during the entire seven months on the island. They never missed a meal during the whole journey, which was more than 1,000 miles.

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## NEW CONTINENT IS DISCOVERED.

**Explorer Stefansson is Safe  
in the Arctic Zone.**

**Land Between Alaska  
and the North Pole.**

**And Washington Declares  
will not Come Back**

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[illegible]

**FIVE CONVICTED AT CORPUS CHRISTI**

**THIRTY-FIVE OTHERS IN NEUTRAL ELECTION CASES ADJUDGED INNOCENT.**

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

**CORPUS CHRISTI (Tex.) Sept. 17.**—After deliberating twenty-three hours the jury trying the case of forty-five persons charged in Federal court with being conspired to defraud in the 1914 general election in this (Neuces) county, late today, returned a verdict of not guilty against thirty-five of the defendants, found five guilty as charged and reported inability to agree on the guilt or innocence of one Henry Stevens. At Timon, county Judge of Neuces county.

The five defendants found guilty and for whom the jury recommended the death penalty were:

Henry Stevens, merchant; Tom B. Dunne, former city secretary; Lee Riggs, constable; Ed Castleberry, local politician; and August Uehlinger, county clerk.

Sentence will be pronounced on September 24. Notice of appeal was taken by counsel for the defense. The five were released on their own recognizance.

In the case of Judge Timon the jury announced it was unable to agree, after which Judge Burns discharged the jurors.

Timon probably will be retried at the January term of court.

**CANAL DOES BIG BUSINESS.**

**During July the Number of Ships and Tonnage Passing Through Established a New Record.**

[BY A. P. DAY WIRE.]

**WASHINGTON, Sept. 17.**—New traffic records were set in the operation of the Panama Canal during July 1914, the month in which the passage of the waterway. That was 65 per cent. greater than the average traffic of the preceding thirty months. The cars amounted to 705,469 tons, a new record. Ninety-three ships with 316,090 tons moved through the canal during the month. Seventy-seven ships, carrying a greater tonnage, passed from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

The fact indicating that much of the coasting trading originated in inland cities was interpreted by government officials as showing that the cost of transportation by rail charges to the waterway was so low as to enable steamship lines to absorb in their charges to and from the seaboard.

**Undaunted.**

**BRAINS WIN OVER THE WAR.**

**CONFLICT FAILS TO STOP THE FRANKFURT UNIVERSITY.**

**Promoters Rally to Support of the Institution and a Wonderful Set of Buildings is Erected—First Semester Enrolls Six Hundred Students.**

[A. P. FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.]

**FRANKFURT (Germany) Aug. 31.**—The war has checked, but by no means stopped, plans for what is perhaps Frankfurt's most ambitious undertaking—a university to rival the great educational enterprises and institutions in other parts of Germany.

Despite stupendous demands on their resources because of the war, the wealthy men and the societies and institutions back of the Frankfurt university have continued to lend it their support, originally planned and guaranteed, and gradually it is approaching completion from a physical standpoint, and developing in other ways.

The university as originally planned was to be one of the few large institutions of its kind in Germany dependent upon private endowment and operating only with the permission, for the support of the state. With the interest from millions of marks to draw on, highly-paid chairs were planned, leaders in educational lines were sought, and the wonderful set of buildings was outlined.

Then came the war and its calls on many and every private and public purse. But the promoters of the university firmly decided to go ahead, and, in the very midst of the war, have nursed it into being and set it on its feet. One of the aims of the university is to complete architecturally within a few months, but it is already successfully in operation educationally.

**SUCCESSFUL START.**

The university began its first semester with about 600 students, of whom 1 lost but few, and swung into its second half year with 800 pupils. Practically every one of the 1460 were, at the time, exempt from military duty, and thus the attendance percentage has been kept at a high point.

The institution that was not counted on in the original plans is the instruction of men who have returned from the war with impaired limbs and are incapable of further service. As in other German cities, these men have been taught new trades in industrial schools so far as possible, and are now being fitted themselves through the medium of a thorough education to take their place in the world.

The institution is a university in the full meaning of the word, though it is an outgrowth of the adjoining technical school. It is not intended to be predominantly scientific in its work. It has also a large and growing medical department, with hospital and clinical work in a separate building in another part of the city.

In principle, departments of the university are the arts and the medical schools, the school of philosophy, under which heading fall the departments of history, languages, biology, and geology, the school of natural sciences, with physics and chemistry, mineralogy and geology, botany, zoology, and the study of economics and social science, and the school of arts and crafts.

The requirements for admission to the university are not nearly the same as those imposed by other similar institutions, but officials of the empire, the state, the city or the university are not likely to attach to other Prussian institutions of learning, nor "persons belonging to the trade classes."

**COMBINES LAND OFFICES.**

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

**WASHINGTON, Sept. 17.**—On Secretary Lane today ordered consolidated the Land Offices at Guthrie and Woodward, Okla., with headquarters at Guthrie, and the bulk of public land in Oklahoma is now under

Advantage.

# VON HINDENBURG HOLD THE RAILWAY.

## Slavs Delay Army at Vilna to Debar German Advance.

### Russians Make Strong Effort to Advance in Galicia.

#### Question of Conscription is Absorbing England.

[BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.]

LONDON, Sept. 17.—Field Marshal Von Hindenburg's army now is well aside the Dvinsk-Vilna railway, his advance guards having reached and occupied the town of Vilnius, which is a good twenty miles east of the line. This wedge which the German commander has driven into Russia's defense seriously endangers both Dvinsk and Vilna. The latter town, which the Russians once before evacuated, again has been left to an army which will attempt only to delay the German advance.

All government institutions and the offices of the authorities already have been removed to places of safety and the civil population left long ago. Probably a more determined effort will be made to hold Dvinsk, which, situated as it is on the broad and fast-flowing River Dvina, can offer a stronger resistance.

#### GERMAN ADVANCE.

Along the rest of the eastern front there has been little change in the situation. The German center has made a further slight advance and must be nearing the railway east of Pinsk, possession of which would separate the northern and southern wings of the Russian armies operating on the eastern front. The Russians already have affected to disregard such a contingency, however, claiming the two armies are able to operate independently of each other, and consequently continue their offensive from a point distant from the railway.

The move through Galicia to the Rumanian frontier.

The great effort to hold the present line in Galicia doubtless is dictated by the tactical policy which grows more complicated as the days pass. Rumania alone appears to be definitely on the side of the Quadruple Entente. Rumania has decided to maintain her neutrality for the time being, at any rate.

Meanwhile the allied troops on the Gallipoli peninsula are taking a long rest, which is only occasionally disturbed by Turkish artillery.

#### GERMAN GRENADE ATTACK.

In the west there has been only a repetition of artillery engagements with the exception of a German grenade attack near Perthes, which the German report says gave them possession of a portion of the French trench.

England has absorbed the rumored Cabinet crisis over the question of conscription, to which it is reported that the cabinet members, Lord Spencer Churchill has been converted. Lords Curzon and Lansdowne, Andrew Bonar Law, Walter Hume Long, J. Asquith, and the other members of the cabinet and the Conservative Party, and the Unionist members, are said to be threatening to resign unless Premier Asquith accedes to the demand. Admiralty Balfour, Sir Edward Grey, Lord Kitchener and other Cabinet members adopt their chosen policy.

#### FEELING IN PARLIAMENT.

Looking to the question of conscription, the Premier Asquith and Lord Kitchener that compulsory service is necessary for the safety of the country, the system of Asquith's military service in the present Parliament with the Liberals, Laborites and Nationalists opposed to it. Many members opposed to the conscription bill have accepted, however, the verdict of the Premier and War Secretary on the question which is now a subject of serious consideration in the Cabinet.

## KEY ROUTE MEN VOTE TO STRIKE.

### THEY SAY THE COMPANY IS TRYING TO BREAK UP THEIR UNION.

[BY A. P. DAY WIRE.]

OAKLAND (Cal.) Sept. 17.—Following a meeting held at 2:30 o'clock this morning 117 motor men and conductors voted the line of the San Francisco and Oakland Terminal Railways voted to go on strike to enforce closed shop conditions. The men are again at work, as no action will be taken until word has been received from the Amalgamated Association of Steam and Electric Railroad Employees of America at Detroit.

Should the strike order be carried out, seven adjacent cities and towns and close to 500,000 people would be affected. The carmen work on lines which operate in Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, Hayward, San Leandro, Albany and Richmond. Twenty-five per cent of the carmen who live on this side of the bay are employed in San Francisco. The strike would be affected on the San Francisco terminal lines alone.

The San Francisco officials, the basic cause of the dissatisfaction is due to the fact that two deck hands were discharged from the ferry service, a second traction company shortly after they had joined the union. The carmen claim an attempt is being made to break up their organization.

#### WOULD WELCOME STRIKE.

[BY A. P. DAY WIRE.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 17.—It was held here today on well-informed authority that officials of the San Francisco and Oakland Terminal Railways, would welcome a strike by the carmen, whose high wage scale has long been a grievance to the company. The carmen's rates are paid as high as 42 or 45 cents per hour, which was said to be the second highest, if not the highest, hour wage scale paid in the United States to electric trainmen.

The carmen are in financial straits and recently asked permission from the State Railroad Commission to raise the \$5 monthly contribution to the San Francisco and Berkeley and Oakland. The commission refused the petition.

#### FUENTES IS PRESIDENT.

[BY PACIFIC CABLE.]

SANTIAGO (Chile) Sept. 17.—After a long discussion today the two houses of the Chilean Congress in joint session proclaimed Juan Luis San-Fuentes the future President of the republic. President-elect Fuentes, who was chosen for the office at a constituency last May, will assume the Presidency on December 20, next.

Lake Region is Only Cool Spot,  
Other Sections Reporting Baking  
Hot Temperatures.

[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

**CHICAGO, BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Sept. 17.**—Northeast winds again brought relief to Chicago, the maximum temperature today being 71 deg., dropping to 65 deg. tonight. All the lake cities are cooler, but the heat from the Southwest continues hot. All the Eastern States are still baking, slight rains merely aggravating the condition. Philadelphia shows a 92 degree day, and New York are up to 90 deg. with heavy, sticky atmosphere. Other temperatures:

	Max. Min.
Ablene, Tex. ....	88 70
Bolde, Idaho ....	80 60
Boston, Mass. ....	90 72
Buffalo, N. Y. ....	72 70
Calgary, Alberta ...	70 84
Chicago, Ill. ....	70 68
Denver, Colo. ....	78 46
Dallas, Tex. ....	88 70
Dodge City, Kan. ...	84 66
Duluth, Minn. ....	66 46
Durango, Colo. ....	78 40
Galveston, Tex. ....	86 76
Haute, Mont. ....	52 44
Helena, Mont. ....	74 48
Houston, Tex. ....	80 46
Jacksonville, Fla. ...	78 46
Kamloops, B. C. ....	74 70
Kansas City, Mo. ...	78 70
Los Angeles, Calif. ...	88 70
Memphis, Tenn. ....	84 72
Minneapolis, Minn. ...	80 70
Modena, Utah ....	78 40
Montreal, Canada ...	78 46
Moorhead, Minn. ....	78 46
New Orleans, La. ....	86 76
New York, N. Y. ....	88 70
Omaha, Neb. ....	82 70
Oklahoma City, Okla. ...	84 70
Pittsburgh, Pa. ....	84 72
Puerto Rico Conference's share of the ...	82 72
Roswell, N. M. ....	80 62
St. Louis, Mo. ....	84 72
St. Paul, Minn. ....	80 62
San Francisco, Calif. ...	82 72
Shelburne, Wyo. ....	76 36
Swift Current, Sask. ...	60 40
Tampa, Fla. ....	90 74
Washington, D. C. ....	82 72
Williston, N. D. ....	76 46
Winnipeg, Man. ....	76 40

Upspring.

**TRY TO CURB  
THE BISHOPS.**

LAY METHODISTS THINK RULERS  
HAVE TOO MUCH POWER.

Question to Come up for Discussion at the Next General Conference—Several Clergymen are Admitted to the California Body.

Laymen Elect O. C.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

**SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 17.**—The day electoral delegates to the California annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church went on record today as being opposed to having special bishops for particular races and languages, to giving missionary bishops the power to preside at general conferences and to the board of bishops exercising the power of a supreme court.

All of these questions will come up for discussion, it was announced, at the next general conference.

The following clergymen were admitted to the California Conference: The Rev. N. B. Young, Redwood City; Rev. R. H. Bates, Saratoga; Rev. J. E. Clairland, Live Oak, and Rev. E. Gale Petridge. Five Japanese were also admitted.

Announcement was made that the California Conference's share of the profits of the Methodist book concern for this year would be \$4200. This amount goes into the superannuation fund.

The Rev. H. E. Milnes of Santa Cruz and the Rev. G. A. Miller of Fresno were elected delegates to the general conference and Miss Lucy Heacock of Pacific Grove was elected a lay delegate.

Twenty clergymen and six officers of the lay association were elected as follows:

O. E. Williams, Stockton, president; W. V. Goodman, corresponding secretary; W. C. Short, Los Gatos, recording secretary; Samuel Martin, San Francisco, treasurer.

**THREATEN LIVES  
OF FOREIGNERS.**

[BY A. P. DAY WIRE.]

**EL PASO (Tex.) Sept. 17.**—Bandits operating along the Mexican Northwestern Railroad have threatened the lives of all foreigners, particularly Americans, according to railroad officials today. These officials believe state the threats were made because members of the Chavez brothers' band were fired upon by Villavieja soldiers today to receive the ransom demanded for Edward Ledwidge, commissary agent for the railroad and other companies of the Pearson-Ledwidge group.

Only half of the \$10,000 ransom demanded had been delivered to the bandit when the Chavez band's representative today said the ransom was fired upon by Villavieja soldiers, but reached the train of rescuers unharmed.

As the train today left El Paso, it is understood, a special train is touring the line and employees are being urged to leave the country.

Testimony of a Villavieja soldier received here today stated that the train carrying a few Americans with the \$10,000 ransom money, was fired upon by Chavez band's 2000 men. A postmark was sent on a detour at a point on the trail over which the bandit train came, receiving the ransom money. The train proceeded to its rendezvous. A guard marched Ledwidge into view and followed him around and rescued his associate, who was to receive the ransom money, rode to the train.

As he received a package of money from a Chavez band's representative of the railroad, the bandit caught sight of a Villavieja soldier. He thrust the package into his shirt, swung his revolver, and the soldier, thinking the bandit, raced back up the trail. The soldiers sent on detour immediately opened fire as did the soldiers on the hillside, but the rider escaped, apparently unharmed.

At the first shot Ledwidge's guard opened fire, but the American raced to the ground and rescued his rescuer unharmed.

It was explained today that the bandits in the El Paso region are not responsible for firing upon the Americans; that they were compelled to do so by the order of the Villavieja soldiers who came for the money.

Because of the apparent danger to Americans, the story of the payment of the ransom money to the bandits was withheld until a train could be sent along the line to pick up foreign residents and employees in the El Paso region.

The bandits were being dealt with by the State Department.

—Continued—

**Rift.**

# CABINET SPLITS ON CONSCRIPTION

## Winston Churchill Intimates Trouble is Brewing.

### Allies Haven't Done Much in Flanders' Campaign.

### Also Seem to Have Struck a Snag in Dardanelles.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)  
LONDON, Sept. 17.—The first speech made to the public by a member of the British Cabinet since the publication of rumors of a difference of opinion in the Cabinet over the question of conscription, and reports that the members favoring conscription would resign unless compulsory service was introduced within a week, was delivered by Winston S. Churchill, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, at Epsford, this afternoon.

"It is not an easy moment," said Mr. Churchill, "for a public man to open his mouth on any topic, for there are so many people who seem to have less to do than they ought to be engaged in trying to make difficulties, even more than already existed, and seeking to make artificial divisions in regard to matters of great consequence which should be approached in a spirit of impartiality and good will."

Mr. Churchill added that during the past four or five months the allies had not done as well as they might have hoped. There had been events which, while not disastrous, were disappointments. In France and Flanders a series of resolute and costly attacks was made on the German lines and although ground was gained the line of the Germans was not pierced. In the Dardanelles, he said, the allies had gained invaluable ground which led them toward a decisive conclusion, but they had not gained the advantage at the points at which they aimed.

The retreat of the Germans toward the Russians and while the Russians were rearming and recovering their strength a new and unmistakable burden had fallen on Great Britain. The situation was a very serious one, but the allies held it in their power to carry the war to a successful conclusion and they could do it, the Chancellor said, if they utilized their whole strength and the national capacity.

## HILL TO RETURN; LOAN MAY BE MADE

(BY DIRECT WIRE—REUTERS DESPATCH.)  
ST. PAUL (Minn.) Sept. 17.—James J. Hill will leave New York for St. Paul tomorrow afternoon. This is taken as conclusive evidence that the published reports on Thursday afternoon that the \$1,000,000,000 loan had been made to the English and French governments were correct.

There was no official tonight that Mr. Hill would leave New York tomorrow and arrive in St. Paul Sunday night. Although Mr. Hill's telegram contained no further information, it is accepted by his bankers in St. Paul that the loan is entirely closed.

The communication which came to St. Paul Thursday was positive in character and contained the fact that the loan is \$1,000,000,000 and excludes munitions of war. Mr. Hill has indicated nothing definite.

It is believed here that more than \$500,000,000 of the loan will be raised by Mr. Hill, Mr. Morgan and the New York bankers.

## SPAIN DENIES CHARGE.

(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)  
PARIS, Sept. 17.—The statement published recently in Bordeaux that a Spanish steamer sailing from Bilbao was furnishing supplies to German submarines which have been operating off the coast of France, was today denied by the Spanish embassy here. The embassy said there were no German submarines in Spanish waters.

## FORMER TELLER INDICTED.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)  
CEDAR RAPIDS (Iowa) Sept. 17.—Leo L. Ferrin, former teller of the Cedar Rapids National Bank, was today indicted by the county grand jury on the charge of embezzlement. He claimed the bank was robbed on August 4 last by a lone bandit of about \$20,000. Later he confessed to the police to having used the money over a period of two years in real estate speculations.

## BRENTWOOD PARK

Those who have observed Southern California's growth in the past, declare that it is only a matter of a comparatively short time until Los Angeles will be built solid to the sea, including Brentwood Park.

Don't be sorry a year or so from this day by the Spanish will take advantage of today's low prices.

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**\$25 DAILY**  
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IF BY OTHER SHIRTS \$10.00  
Wash. Buttons—Save \$10.00

## BEELANS

### Absolutely Removes Indigestion. One package proves it. 25c at all druggists.



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Super-smart in appearance, ever in the  
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standard of excellence in men's wear

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73.90 . . . to St. Paul	110.70 . . . to New York
73.90 . . . to Minneapolis	110.70 . . . to Philadelphia
80.00 . . . to Duluth	110.70 . . . to Montreal
98.50 . . . to Toronto	112.70 . . . to Boston
108.50 . . . to Washington	115.70 . . . to Portland

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Via San Francisco you have the choice of four daily trains via Southern Pacific—Union Pacific—Chicago & North Western Ry.

**Overland Limited** Lv. San Francisco 4:00 p. m. (Extra Fare)

**Pacific Limited** Lv. San Francisco 10:20 a. m.

**San Francisco L't'd** Lv. San Francisco 7:30 p. m.

**Atlantic Express** Lv. San Francisco 7:00 p. m.

Trains via the Southern Pacific making direct connections with these trains leave Los Angeles 5:00 p. m., 6:00 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 8:00 p. m. and 10:15 p. m.

You may also leave Los Angeles 9:00 a. m. via Salt Lake Route and connect with Pacific Limited or Overland Limited at Ogden, Utah, or you may leave 8:00 p. m. and connect with Atlantic Express at Ogden.



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Route  
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To Omaha, Chicago and East—Every day through tourist sleepers; Personally Conducted parties Mondays and Saturdays. Standard sleepers to Salt Lake, thence through to the East daily.

To Kansas City and St. Louis—Through tourist sleeper service.

To Omaha, Chicago and East—Personally Conducted Tourist Sleeper Parties from Los Angeles leave Oakland the next evening. You can join these parties, after seeing the Exposition. Daily through standard sleepers, San Francisco to Chicago.

To Kansas City and St. Louis—Through tourist sleeper service.

**Cheap Round Trip Excursion Tickets to East, September 22, 23**

Have your ticket read "Burlington" to the East. Let me make your travel arrangements.

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**Burlington  
Route**



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## "BABY" PARISH GROWING FAST.

St. Brendan's School has been completed.

New Catholic Church Plans Expensive Home.

General News of the Local Religious Field.

The first unit of the expensive church plant of St. Brendan's Catholic congregation—the parochial school and chapel—has been completed and occupied, and plans are going forward now for the construction of a \$100,000 house of worship. The parish which was formed one year ago has enjoyed remarkable progress under the leadership of Reverend Father William Ford, who formerly was at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament in Hollywood.

Eighty scholars are attending the parochial school. The building, which is at No. 229 South Western avenue, was completed a few days ago. The school will accommodate 200 pupils. The school chapel, which is attractively decorated, seats 400 persons. The school building and adjoining chapel are constructed of red pressed brick with white trimmings.

The property owned by the congregation has a frontage of 180 feet on Western avenue. The church building will adjoin the school on the north. The growth of the "baby" parish of the diocese has been remarkable. Father Ford said yesterday, "New families are moving in every day. The whole community is alive and developing rapidly. The congregation is enthusiastic and hopeful of great things in the future."

"We feel that the opening of the parochial school is an important bit of progress. The enrollment exceeds our expectations. We are making plans now for our \$100,000 church building."

# Go to Church Tomorrow

"I attend church because I find it as an oasis in a desert. It strengthens and helps me on my journey through life. It also enables me to sympathize with and help my fellow men through the spirit of helpfulness that I thereby receive."—F. M. BUCK.

## WESTLAKE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Rev. Robert F. Smith, Minister. Subject, "THE FIRST AND GREATEST COMMANDMENT." By Rev. L. C. Kirk, D.D. No evening service during September. Solo by the well-known Scotch tenor, Mr. John Buchanan.

## IMMANUEL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Rev. John Balcom Shaw, D.D., Minister. Subject, "GOD'S REQUISITION UPON CHRISTIANS OF TODAY." 9:30 P.M.—"THE THREE TYPES OF CHRISTIANS."

Bible School, 9:45 A.M. Christian Endeavor Meeting, 6:15 P.M. Dr. Shaw will give his introductory lecture on the Epistles to the Ephesians at 10 o'clock, before his congregational class.

Rev. A. B. Frisbie preaches morning and evening at the Vermont Avenue Branch, Vermont Avenue and Fifty-six Street.

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Rev. Edward W. Campbell, D.D., Pastor. Sunday-school, 9:45 A.M. Morning at 10 o'clock, subject, "MEASURE OF DEVOTION." Evening at 7:30 o'clock, "GOD'S GREAT CARE." Dr. Campbell will preach.

## EPISCOPAL

St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral. 11 A.M.—"Winston Churchill's Last Book, 'A Far Country.'" The peril of men who make a God out of ambition and of men who drink cocktails and smoke cigarettes.

7:45 P.M.—"Vacational Experiences." The most interesting woman I met in San Francisco. Is woman likely to displace man in the practical affairs of the world?

## ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH

THE REV. GEORGE DAVIDSON, M.A., Rector. 7:30 A.M. Holy Communion. 9:30 A.M. Sunday-school. 11 A.M. Morning Service and Sermon. Subject, "THE TRUE VISION AND THE FALSE SEER."

7:30 P.M. Evening Prayer and a Sacred Song Service with special organ numbers by Mr. Grant. Grand avenue car to Adams, walk one block west, or University car to Chamber plan, walk through Chamber and one block east.

## THEOSOPHY.

United Lodge of Theosophists. FIFTH FLOOR METROPOLITAN BLDG. (Public Library Building). Sunday, 8 P.M.—"The Foundation of Religion."

Theosophists, and others who are seeking a Philosophy of Life that really explains, are invited to attend. No fees, charges or collections. Questions invited and answered. Free Reading Room open daily, except Saturdays, 9 A.M. to 12 noon. Reading Room not open Sundays.

Friday, 8 P.M.—"Reincarnation."

## UNITARIAN.

FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH 324 SOUTH FLOWER STREET. Sunday-school at 11 A.M. Rev. M. G. R. Pierce, D.D., of All Souls Church, Washington, D.C., will preach. Sunday-school at 10 o'clock. Judge Fred Taft will speak to the Social Service Class at 10 o'clock.

## NEW THOUGHT.

HOME OF TRUTH Services held at 11 A.M., Standard Symphony Hall, 135 North Hill Street. Mrs. Melvina J. Merrill, speaker, subject, "REMOVING MOUNTAIN." Meeting every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, at 1355 West Eighth street. All welcome.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

BIBLE INSTITUTE SUNDAY, SEPT. 19. COMMUNION SERVICE.....10 A.M. SUNDAY SCHOOL.....2:30 P.M. CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.....6:15 P.M.

MONDAY—Fishermen's Club, men only, 7:30 P.M. TUESDAY—Public class for study of S. S. Lesson, 12 noon; Lyceum Club, girls only, 7:30 P.M. WEDNESDAY—Prayer meeting, 7:30 P.M. A cordial invitation to the public to all services.

## SIXTH AND HOPE STREETS

REYNOLD E. BLIGHT 11 A.M.—CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE, Blanchard Hall—Subject, "WILL THE SINNER HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE AFTER DEATH?" Music by Walter Hastings Okey, baritone, and Mrs. W. H. Jenkins, accompanist. ALL SEATS FREE.

## UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD

IN SOLOMON'S DANCING PAVILION. ELLIOTT NELSON, P.D., D.D., speaks at 11 A.M. on "CONSTRUCTIVE ORGANIZATION."

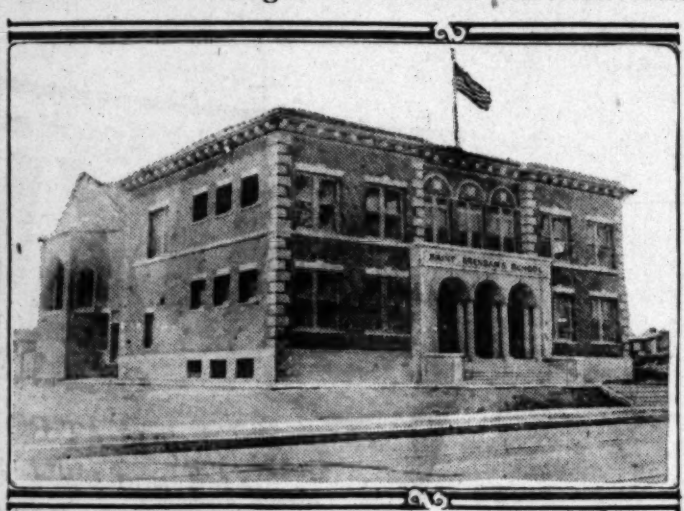
8 P.M.—PEOPLES' FORUM—HOW TO REACH OUR HIGHEST IDEALS. Rosalind Greene Peaslee, M.E.L., speaker. 7 P.M.—YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING—MEETING BY MUSICAL PROGRAMME. Led by Miss Theodora Borglum.

8 P.M.—DR. HAROLD F. PALMER, President International New Thought Alliance, will speak on "LIVE MORE ABUNDANTLY." A CORDIAL WELCOME.

## CHRISTIAN YOGA

Fifth Floor, Luckenbach Bldg., 217 North Hill Street. "LAW OF COMPENSATION." Metaphysical Discourse, 11 A.M. Sunday lectures from 10 to 4 and 7 to 9 daily, except Saturday and Sunday. Noon lectures daily. Healing meetings Wednesday, 8 P.M. All welcome. No charges.

## Newest Los Angeles Catholic Institution.



St. Brendan's chapel and parochial school, just completed on Western avenue near Third street. The parish was established one year ago. A large church is to be reared on the same grounds.

agregational Church in Pasadena, where he duplicated the work he had accomplished in the East and built up the Tompkins-avenue Church in Brooklyn, the largest Congregational Church in the United States, is a monument to Dr. Meredith's efforts. A few years ago he went to the First Con-

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subject tomorrow morning will be "The Life of Service." In the evening he will preach the first of a series of six expositions on "The Sermon on the Mount."

## DR. BROUGHTON'S TOPICS.

FASHION SHOW, MISSOURI. Dr. J. Whitcomb Broughton, pastor of Temple Baptist Church, has arranged two interesting services for tomorrow. At 11 A.M., his subject will be drawn from the Fashion Show, "To Dress Properly, or a Man Without a Wedding Garment." There will be an anthem by the big choir and a trio by Mrs. Smith, Miss Lohr and Mr. Laughlin. A special musical feature will be the baritone solo by W. F. Paull, formerly of Seattle.

At 7:30 P.M., Dr. Broughton will give some of his experiences during his Chautauqua lecturing in Missouri. His subject will be, "The Man from Missouri and His Mule." Dr. Broughton saw 30,000 mules and horses ready to be shipped to the war zone. He will relate some things concerning his visit to this wonderful coral. People from Missouri are specially invited to this service. Rev. Hastings Okey, organist, will give a recital at 7:15 P.M., and among other numbers will play the famous "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin," and on the violin, Harold Walberg, violinist, will play two popular selections. Miss Alice Lohr will sing the gospel solo.

At the Second United Brethren Church, Santa Barbara and Adair streets, Rev. W. H. Blackburn, the pastor, will speak tomorrow morning on "The Secret of Promotion," an evening subject, "Satan Lingered."

Capt. Charles Stanley, former comedian, will conduct both services tomorrow at the Third United Brethren Church, Sixty-sixth and San Pedro streets.

Rev. J. M. Schaefer, pastor of the Pico Heights Congregational Church, has returned from his vacation and will occupy his pulpit at both services tomorrow.

The "Alabaster Box" will be Rev. S. M. Bernard's subject in the morning at the Pico Heights Christian Church. His evening topic will be "Jesus, the Unique."

The pastor of the Union-avenue Methodist Church, Rev. John M. Barnhart, will speak at 11 A.M. on "The Value of Introspection," and at 7:30 P.M. on "The Parable of the Lost Sheep." Hubert Eccleston will sing at the morning service and Mrs. Barnhart at the evening service.

Rev. William Galbraith of Orange will preach at both services tomorrow at the Central Baptist Church, Alvarado and Pico streets.

Dr. Tilroe will preach on "The Glory of a Good Man" in the morning at the Boyle Heights Methodist Church and in the evening on "Greatness with the Great."

Rev. Daniel T. Thomas, pastor of the Garvanza Congregational Church, will preach on "The Secret of Success" in the morning and "Some Hints on Fishing" in the evening.

"T.M.C.A. Night" will be observed tomorrow evening at the Haven Methodist Church, when Ben Timmer will speak. A. L. Miller will play the organ and Mrs. C. Edwards, the pastor, will preach in the morning on "The Door of Faith."

Mary G. Evans, a gifted young colored evangelist, is speaking to large audiences nightly at the Mt. Zion Baptist Church, East Third street and Stephenson avenue. She is experienced both as a speaker and singer. She will be assisted in three great services tomorrow by Rev. J. Norton McPherson and a large choir.

She has traveled in the Holy Land and is a student.

Bishop C. H. Phillips of Nashville and his party will arrive this afternoon from Berkeley, where he has just closed his annual conference. He will worship at the Central Baptist Church, No. 1406 Newton street. He will ordain F. J. Jones and R. C. Akridge as local preachers at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon at the church.

Charles Spellman, Jewish evangelist, will conduct services at 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon at the Friends of Israel Mission, No. 427 North Figueroa street.

O. D. Conroy, superintendent of the McKinley Boys' Home, will speak tomorrow evening at the Union Rescue Mission, No. 145 North Main street. Gospel wagon service will be conducted at 4 o'clock in the afternoon at First and Los Angeles streets.

Dr. John Griffith, who is now on the way back to China, where he spent eighteen years as a missionary, will preach at 11 A.M. tomorrow at the Central Baptist Church, corner of Union and Twenty-second.

"Home-coming Day" services will be conducted tomorrow at the Magnolia-avenue Christian Church by Rev. R. W. Aberley, the pastor. His morning subject will be "Our Church Home," and evening topic, "The Way to Happiness."

"The Call of the Master" will be Rev. S. T. Sorenson's subject in the morning at the Bethlehem Norwegian Lutheran Church, West Fifteenth street and Dewey avenue; evening theme, "Loving and Finding Life."

At the Hobart-boulevard Methodist Church tomorrow Rev. J. W. Neely, the pastor, will preach in the morning on "What Does the Church Mean to Me?" and in the evening on "The Tragedy of Opportunity Gone."

Rev. James R. McIntire will speak at the Vermont Square Christian Church at 11 A.M. tomorrow on "The Cost of Living is Highest," and at 7:30 P.M. on "God's Cure for the Discouraged Man."

Rev. E. T. Coyner will preach on "Being Strong in Spirit" tomorrow morning at the Grace English Lutheran Church, No. 214 West Vermont avenue; evening subject, "The Persian Discourses on 'Are These Few Saved?'"

Rev. A. C. Kleinheim will preach on "Death as a Mirror of Sorrow," and a "Mirror of Joy" tomorrow evening at the Lutheran Synod Mission, No. 1109 West Eighth street.

"LETITIA" CLOSING TONIGHT. "So Long Letitia" will be given its last Los Angeles performance tonight. When the curtain goes up on the piece this afternoon the famous row of "Peg o' My Heart" at the Burbank will be beaten. Tonight that record will be beaten, and "So Long Letitia" will be given its one hundred and second performance. Without doubt "So Long Letitia" could run until the Christmas holidays.

Progress.

Trinity to Celebrate BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY.

Trinity Auditorium will have an elaborate birthday celebration tomorrow, having been in the new building one year. It also will be held by the Trinity Sunday-school. Several graduating classes in caps and gowns will receive diplomas and be promoted to the next grade.

Special features of the programme will be the presentation of flowers to the most venerable member of the Sunday-school and to the youngest baby on the cradle roll, and wigwag signals exchanged by two members of the Boy Scouts, each occupying a front box of the auditorium. Their message will be, "When the roll is called next Sunday, I'll be there." The rally day programme will begin at 9 A.M., with moving pictures, "Alice in Wonderland."

Mrs. A. L. Marshall, whose title is "Sunday-school Efficiency Expert," says: "Trinity Sunday-school is now in thorough accord with up-to-date principles and methods. Sunday-school work is now reduced to a science, based on sound educational theory. The church has advanced, surely, moved up, to the position of a modern educational institution, the aim of which is to feed the growing life of the child."

This year the Sunday-school thought now to be adequate for the educational work of a church of this size. In addition, the teacher training mission school, the Bible school, and the lecture classes and the recreational and religious classes are being correlated into a unified system.

Trinity's First Birthday anniversary will be celebrated tomorrow evening there will be a presentation of flowers to the most venerable member of the Sunday-school and to the youngest baby on the cradle roll, and wigwag signals exchanged by two members of the Boy Scouts, each occupying a front box of the auditorium. Their message will be, "When the roll is called next Sunday, I'll be there." The rally day programme will begin at 9 A.M., with moving pictures, "Alice in Wonderland."

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## SPANISH TRADE FLUCTUATIONS

Decrease in Imports. Exports Show Gain.

Great Profits Piling up in Iron Industry.

But Consumption of Lumber Drops off Decidedly.

LA. FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT.

MADRID, Aug.











### Registered Liners.

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

ent cross currents ap-  
mercial channels, with  
complications continu-  
sistancy in forward un-  
stances there is less chance  
saying that usually vol-  
ance of bountiful har-  
ral trade has made a  
covery from previous  
the fundamental situa-  
and that a permanent  
advance is unlikely.  
of the real estate trans-  
business still make head-  
ry goods markets have  
st in this respect. The  
trade is benefiting by  
demands from the con-  
struction work is also  
eekly bank clearings

hat's All.

## FINES NEED SPURTING.

THEM TO WALLOP  
ED BOX.

"Cravath Returns  
elphia with a Few  
about the Phillies'  
s Garry is Hitting  
lows are Needed.

(RE-EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)  
Sept. 17.—An addi-  
onal at the present  
at is needed to quiet  
the Philadelphia Na-  
team and to give it  
dence to win from  
on or the Detroit Amer-  
corridor. The reason  
Cravath, wife of the fa-  
n, slugger, who arrived  
on Philadelphia.

ers of the team are all  
ects of the lone strain.  
hath. "Gavvy" has aged  
g the past few months.  
the first season of the  
I am to worry about the  
he team or its standing

Moran of the Phillies  
Mrs. Cravath the night  
avath left for the Coast.  
that she wished  
litting the way he  
In reply to this Man-  
d: "I am entirely satis-  
s' work is the best  
is hitting at wonder-  
times and that is what  
o doubt but that the  
d Luderus has been a  
putting the Phillies  
at present," said Mrs.  
lead to "confident of  
ennant."

## N SHOT ACKS RECORD.

ONE TARGET OUT  
VE HUNDRED  
CHANCES.

(F. NIGHT WIRE.)  
CITY (N. J.) Sept. 17.  
d for registered tourna-  
de in the Westy Hogan  
day by Lester S. Ger-  
esed and the veteran  
who completed his total  
with 499 breaks. The  
held by Charles New-  
strum was 496.  
of South Wales, N. Y.,  
York State champion,  
d City cup competition  
W. H. Westencroft of  
in the shoot-off, 20 to  
had tied at 148 in the  
Anderson of Lexington,  
gun among the ama-  
three days with 493  
breaks. Wright was  
9 and Al Hall of Allen-  
with 485. Mrs. L. G.  
olt led the four women  
a total of 439 breaks.

## HAS THE FINISH.

STARTS WELL, BUT  
S OUT AFTER  
WO SETS.

(F. NIGHT WIRE.)  
I. Sept. 17.—Clarence  
Francis defeated his  
man, Ella Fottrell, after  
ch in the final of a  
a tournament here to-  
morrow in the cham-  
tomorrow in the cham-  
pionship. The score was 5-7,  
5-4.

Blurstedt of Norway de-  
marrie Neely of Chicago  
of the women's singles,  
will meet Miss Ruth  
anchard in the cham-  
tomorrow.

between Griffin and Fot-  
trel a duplicate of those  
in the first round. Fott-  
trel winning the first  
then losing the last  
set three sets were very

## LONG WINS A RACE.

IGHT VENUS INTO  
ST PLACE IN  
LEGATTA.

(CORRESPONDENCE.)  
ACH, Sept. 17.—Capt.  
"Long, demonstrated  
on the seas today by  
victle yacht Venus to vic-  
ening race of the three  
to be held here by the  
Club of Long Beach.  
won the Commodore  
by a score of 10 to 9.  
round around in 1 hr. 6  
Bennie Weston's Vite  
coming in exactly two  
and Long. Sepulveda's  
as third, covering the  
1 hr. 13 min. and the  
with the time of 1 hr.,

was held by yachts of  
ab exclusively. Tomor-  
row's events, however,  
all. The Virginia cup  
ake tomorrow and the  
will go to the winner

only allowed a crew of  
y's race with three. W.  
and Oscar Norlin form-  
s company.



## THE CITY AND ENVIRONS.

### EVENTS BRIEFLY TOLD

#### To Honor Taft.

Yale men will do honor to former President Taft, 78, at a reception to be given this afternoon at 4 o'clock at the home of William H. Taylor, No. 4435 South Flower street. Mr. Taylor graduated in the class with the distinguished statesman.

#### Ex-President's Brother Arrives.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Taft arrived last night and are staying at the Alexandria. The noted guests expect to remain several days before continuing their journey to their home in New York. Mr. Taft is the brother of the former President, whom he will meet here today.

#### Chance to Become Clerk.

The County Civil Service Commission has called a competitive examination for four superior court clerks and two justice court clerks. The salaries of the former being \$125 a month and the latter \$100 a month. The examinations will be held October 2 in the Los Angeles High School at 8:30 o'clock in the morning.

#### On New Salary Ordinance.

The Board of Supervisors yesterday held a conference with the Civil Service Commission relative to the proposed new salary ordinance to be adopted. It was decided that there was no way for the two bodies to get together in a manner that would expedite the work. Supervisors' attention was called to confer with the commission and report back to the board.

#### To Debate Johnson Humburg.

Assemblyman A. L. Bartlett and State Senator H. Stanley Benedict will engage in a verbal duel Tuesday evening at the Broad-street school over the anti-party law which comes up for vote October 24. Senator Benedict will favor the destruction of political parties and Mr. Bartlett will oppose the proposition. The debate is to be held under the auspices of the Boyle Heights Civic Club.

#### Teach Surveying.

Instruction in surveying has just been added to the courses available at the Polytechnic high night school. The new work is conducted by a graduate of the University of California, a school of engineering who is engaged in practice during the day time. The aim of the course is to give the students instruction in theory and practice applicable to every-day needs of a working surveyor. No entrance examination is required and anyone with an eighth grade education is eligible.

#### Sons of Veterans to Entertain.

Gen. W. S. Rosecrans Camp, Sons of Veterans, will give a minstrel performance and a variety show for the amusement of all patriotic orders of the city and Southern California in Patriotic Hall, Hall of Records, Monday evening. This is one of a series of entertainments a committee of the Sons of Veterans has arranged. Other such features will follow on the third Monday of each month. All patriotic orders south of the Tehachapi are cordially invited to be present at each performance. No admission charge.

#### New Camps of "Sons."

A movement has been started to organize four new Sons of Veterans camps in this city to be named after the various posts. Charitable applications are now being circulated. An invitation has been extended to all eligible sons and grandsons of Union veterans of the Civil War to place their names on either of the new outstanding charters for the proposed Stanton, Bartlett-Logan, Robley D. Evans and Kenmore camps. American Division Organizer Frank A. Carpenter is ranging for public meetings with each Grand Army post in the near future to complete the organization of camps.

#### CARGO OF ACID FOR THE ALLIES.

(BY A. F. NIGHT WIRE.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 17.—The British Admiralty steamer Polynnia, formerly the German steamer Herietta Woermann, before its capture, was being loaded here today with a combustible cargo of acids and oils for its unnamed European port. Strict secrecy as to cargo and destination has been maintained with the aid of a half-dozen guards and a "no admittance" sign at the gangplank. The sailing date is a secret. The vessel's name has been obliterated and her hull painted a "water color" gray. It is said a stop will be made at Jamaica, it is surmised, to pick up a convoy or guns. The vessel is flying a Cunard flag, with Capt. Robert Baker in command. W. J. Dipple, in charge of the loading, said that the cargo was clean, but it came in cars placarded "acid" and "handle with care." The drums full of liquid are unmarked.

## UNITED JAPAN OKUMA'S PLEA.

Says Nation Must Preserve Position Among Powers.

Cites Germany as Example of National Unity.

Has High Praise for Good Done by the Press.

(T. A. FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT.)

TOKIO, Aug. 15.—A plea for a united Japan in the present international crisis was issued by Premier Count Okuma yesterday at a reunion of the Japanese press, to which the foreign correspondents were likewise invited. More than any statesman in modern Japan, Count Okuma sees power in the press. He is constantly taking newspapers and newspaper men into his confidence. That is the way he adopts to reach the people, and Okuma believes above all things that the press has come in Japan when the people must be talked to. He is ever striving to find the pulse of the public.

This was the second time Premier Okuma had spoken to journalists since he decided to remain in office. His object yesterday was to urge support for the new ministry and to emphasize the necessity of sacrifice for the welfare of the nation.

"In Germany," he declared, "we have an example of a nation that has shown her power of national unity." He went on: "Her militarism is undesirable, but the concerted effort of Germany constitutes her strength. Japan is now involved in a great international war, which is affecting the politics and thought of the whole world. Amidst this great struggle Japan must maintain her position as a world power. In order to do this we must unite our efforts, and we need sound leadership."

NO POLICY CHANGES.

The policies of the reconstructed Cabinet, the Premier said, would be the same as the old. He was more than ever convinced that its policies were sound and well adapted to the needs of the time. From the very outset it had endeavored to effect reforms in home politics. Unfortunately, as he thought, the manner in which Japanese elections have been conducted is not ideal. This was due to the fact that the representative form of government was still new to the majority of the people.

The Premier continued: "Happily the spread of modern education has improved matters considerably, and the nation is emerging from its old feudal ideas and usages. The struggle for mere political domination is petty. This is what we must do. Latin-American countries are doing. For the sake of the common interests of the country, one must be prepared to sacrifice private gains and unite in concerted action."

Count Okuma said he wished to lay emphasis on the truth that no so-called Japanese election has been ideal. His leadership was indispensable in any concerted action. He concluded: "We want the assistance of the press in fulfilling our mission. We welcome straight-forward criticism, and if we find our policies are disapproved by the general public, we cannot and will not remain in office." The Doshikai party, which holds the majority of the governmental forces in the House of Representatives, has adopted a resolution pledging its whole-hearted support to the new Okuma ministry. The resolution was proposed by Baron Katō, the former Foreign Minister, who is the leader of the party.

The Selyukai, or opposition party, has pledged itself to hostility on the ground that the Okuma Cabinet should be held responsible for the bribery scandal, and on the ground that by the withdrawal of his resignation Count Okuma "has destroyed the fundamental principles of the constitution."

#### BUSINESS BRIEVITIES.

(Advertising.)

Anna M. Bergeron, dermatologist, specialty electrolysis, scientific face and neck muscle exercises and which toilet preparations at her new address, 817 Haas Bldg., cor. 7th and Broadway.

For quick action drop answers to Times "liners" in Times liner boxes in downtown office buildings. The locations of the boxes are printed in the first column of The Times "liner" section.

The Times Branch Office, No. 619 South Spring street. Advertisements and subscriptions taken.

The Exclusive Specialty House for Feminine Apparel  
Garments of Style, Quality, Lowest Prices

## Meyer Siegel & Co.

443-445-447 South Broadway

## Women's and Misses' Street Dresses at \$25.00

At the popular price of \$25.00 we show an admirably choice selection of street, afternoon and general service dresses.

These dresses will appeal to you, for they are at once stylish, high-grade and excellent values.

Coats at \$16.50 & Up

Blouses at \$3.95

An especial selection of Blouses in Combination of Georgette Crepe and Lace, newest models with convertible collars.

Women's Hosiery

Pure Silk

Our famous "Blue Top" heavy quality, guaranteed to give satisfaction, pure silk stockings for women at \$1.50 pair.

Garments of Style, Quality, Lowest Prices

The Exclusive Specialty House for Feminine Apparel

Get Rid of Scrofula How? Take S.S.S.

Fifty Years' Use Proves S. S. S. Will Relieve Stubborn Cases.

You have noticed the little festering pimples on the face and body—swelling of the glands—soreness in the legs and arm muscles. These are the symptoms of Scrofula. You may have some of these symptoms, possibly the

talent of Scrofula infection. But in either case, it is a dangerous condition. Your blood is infected, impure and you can never hope to gain perfect health until the impurities are washed from the system. If you feel badly all the time, you must crave health, bright eyes, clear skin, the knowledge that you are well, you can do so. Cleanse your blood by taking S. S. S. For fifty years it has been the standard blood purifier. It relieves the trouble by renewing the blood, renewing its strength and stimulating the flow so that the blood regains its lost vitality, and throws off the poison. Even long-standing cases respond. But you must use S. S. S. Take it for all blood infections. Get it at your druggist's today.

If you need special advice, write the S. S. S. Co., Atlanta, Ga.

GOLDEN BAY TEA AND COFFEE CO.

TEAS, COFFEE AND FANCY GROCERIES

201 N. Broadway

WE DELIVER—PHONE BROADWAY 4666

22 POUNDS GRANULATED SUGAR, \$1.00.

With a purchase of \$4.00 or more in Tea, Coffee or other high grade groceries making \$1.00 in all. A book with 50 stamps free to every visitor. American Trading

Checks FREE with every purchase.

L. A. SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN

Admission to highest. Illustration, Commercial Art, Painting, Decorative Design. Individual Criticism—Lecture Courses. Register Now!

B. FORER CO.

Auction and Commission House

201 No. Spring St.

We buy for cash and advance money on stocks and merchandise of every description. Phone: Bdwy. 4575-5545.

THOS. B. CLARK

General Auctioneer and Importer of Antique Furniture.

840 SOUTH HILL STREET

F1907, Broadway 1921.

RHOADES & RHOADES

REAL ESTATE, LIVE STOCK AND GENERAL AUCTIONEERS.

Guaranteed estimates on household furniture or bought outright for cash. Salesrooms 1501-35 South Main. Both phones—Main 1259, Home 25679.

AUCTION.

REED & HAMMOND

100-20 SOUTH MAIN STREET AT 11TH

Hold Auction Sales of Live Stock, Furniture, Restaurants or Merchandise somewhere every day in the week. Call up F1544, Broadway 2896, for dates.

AUCTION

We collect and collect for sale at auction: Antiques and art objects, furniture, Oriental rugs, oil paintings, etc. We guarantee full retail value for same.

California Auction Co. Reg. Under Sec. 668 Civil Code of Cal. Phone 82497, Bdwy. 4783. Office 822-34 & Main.

AUCTION

EXTRAORDINARY—Fine furniture, 5 rooms, including upright piano, cut glass, etc. WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 9:30 A.M. 133 NORTH ROBINSON STREET. Bedroom furniture is in California walnut and bird's eye maple and is fine. Take a hint: call Hoover. STIMMONS & KILL, Auctioneers 600 Howe Building Bdwy. 5182; 44350

3 WAYS—3 DAYS EVERY DAY

To CHICAGO AND EAST THROUGH SALT LAKE CITY

LOS ANGELES LIMITED 125 P. M. BURLINGTON LIMITED 8:00 A. M. CRENSHAW LIMITED 8:00 A. M. TICKETS AT ALL RAILROAD STATIONS

Reliable Dentistry At Low Prices. Estimate, FREE

Drs. Lutz & Lutz Eastern Dentists 404 S. Hill St. Open Evenings.

TEETH? See DR. FAIRFIELD 301-304 Pantages Theater Bldg.

F. A. TAYLOR, 434 So. Hill St.



Shocking reports from the border!

He should get a line on our new fall fabrics in the new shades which we are making to order for \$20 and \$25. These are suitings that sell themselves to those who take the time to examine. Our 18 years of reputation in Los Angeles make our guarantee worth your consideration. For complete satisfaction have Brauer make your clothes.

A.K. Brauer & Co.

TAILORS TO MEN WHO KNOW

Two Spring Street Stores 345-347 and 529-527

Popular Prices

Without lowering the standard maintained by us for 20 years, we have reduced our prices considerably. Best tailoring, \$50; Mr. \$15.50 each; Mrs. \$12.50; Boy, \$2.50 each; Girl, \$1.50; \$1.50 to \$6.50 each. X. J. F. DELANEY, 458 Broadway.

The Official Exhibit Latest and Best

Broadway

Automobile

and

Flower Show

Boston Store Building

Broadway,

Opposite City Hall

October 23

to

October 30

It will be an exhibit of the world's latest and best motor cars and the rare and beautiful blooms and shrubs of California. Two shows in one.

The Only Down Town Show

Wait For It!

Who is Julia Page?

Julia Page, like thousands of other young girls, had never known a real home. Until her chance glimpse into the faded faces and content with the cheap ideals and sordid surroundings among which she grew up in San Francisco.

But with that vision of home life Julia Page awoke. The gradual unfolding of her true self and her final triumph is the achievement of a courageous soul.

THE STORY OF JULIA PAGE

By Kathleen Norris

Author of "Mother," "Saturday's Child," etc.

JUST OUT NET \$1.35

ALL BOOKSHOPS DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

WE ARE MAKING

a special offer on a \$6.00 set of teeth that can be worn as long as the teeth are in good condition. We know it so well that we are willing to make you this proposition—bring us a sample of any denture \$12 set of teeth and we will duplicate it for \$6.00 or less.

YALE DENTISTS, 444 South Broadway, Third Floor, Parlane-Dohmann Building.

Protect Yourself!

Do You Get HORLICK'S THE ORIGINAL MALTED MILK

The Food-drink for all Ages For Infants, Invalids and Growing Children. Pure nutrition, upbuilding the whole body. Invigorates the nursing mother and the aged. Rich milk, malted grain in powder form. A quick lunch prepared in a minute. Take a Package Home Unless you say "HORLICK'S" you may get a substitute.

Subscribe to the

CHRONICLE

San Francisco's Leading Daily and Sunday Paper.

You cannot afford to overlook its special Sunday features, which team with interest.

Subscription and advertising rates given upon application to the Los Angeles representative of the Chronicle.

RUPTURE

Dr. Joseph Pandey, European specialist, cures all curable ruptures permanently, no matter how long standing nor the age, without operation or injection nor detention from business. For further investigation call at my office, 1421 Santa street, Los Angeles, Cal. Phone Broadway 4114. Hours 9 to 12, 2 to 5, except Sunday.

INDESTRUCTO TRUNKS Are Guaranteed For Five Years Against Fire, Theft or Flood. INDESTRUCTO SHOP 224 West Fifth

## THE WEATHER.

(Official Report.)

LOCAL OFFICE U. S. WEATHER BUREAU, Los Angeles, Sept. 17.—(Reported by Fred A. Carpenter, Local Forecaster.) At 5 o'clock a.m. the barometer registered 30.02; at 5 p.m., 29.92. Thermometer for the corresponding hours showed 59 deg. and 72 deg. Relative humidity 5 a.m., 100 per cent.; 5 p.m., 67 per cent. Wind 5 a.m., light north; 5 p.m., 5 miles; 5 p.m. southwest, velocity 5 miles. Highest temperature, 82 deg.; lowest, 50 deg. Barometer reduced to sea level.

WIDE-AREA CONDITIONS. The pressure remains high over the central and eastern sections of the United States and the sky is generally clear except in portions of Missouri, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Louisiana and Mississippi Valley, where clouds are not so warm this morning over the central portion of the Mississippi Valley, formations of 60 degrees and over were registered yesterday at 5 p.m. at St. Louis, 60; Kansas City, 60; Memphis, 60; Philadelphia, 60; Red Bluff, 60; Sacramento, 60; San Luis Obispo, 60.

The distribution of pressure on the Pacific Slope is favorable for continued fair weather in Los Angeles and vicinity during the ensuing thirty-six hours, with short intervals of cloudiness for this tonight and early Saturday morning.

Los Angeles and vicinity: Fair Saturday, except for short intervals of fog or cloud early Saturday morning. Westerly winds.

For Southern California: Fair Saturday.

STATE FORECAST.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 17.—Forecast: San Francisco and vicinity: Fair Saturday; light west wind. Southern California: Fair Saturday; light south wind. Sacramento Valley: Fair Saturday; light south wind. Central and San Joaquin Valleys: Fair Saturday; light northwest wind. Northern California: Fair Saturday; light west wind.

YUMA (Ariz.), Sept. 17.—(Exclusive Dispatch from Yuma.) Forecast for Yuma and vicinity: Fair Saturday and Sunday, with some light showers and partial clearing.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 17.—Forecast: Arizona, Saturday and Sunday generally fair, except light showers and partial clearing.

Fire's Toll.

CHILD PROBABLY FATALY BURNED

LEFT IN FLAME-SWEPT HOUSE AS OTHERS FLEE.

Is Unconscious When Rescued by Fireman After Exiting Exit of Family—Father Is Prevented by Force from Re-entering Structure. Smoke Gives Danger Warning.

Overcome by smoke as he lay in bed, Isador Berman, 7 years of age, was fatally burned late last night in a fire which damaged his home at No. 908 West Temple street. At the Receiving Hospital, where the child was rushed after being carried from the burning building by F. H. Silverman, a fireman of truck No. 6, treatment was given, but according to Dr. Kane the boy will not live.

The fire, which was caused by leaking gas, aroused I. H. Berman, father of the injured child, his wife and five other children. They all rushed from the house and in their excitement forgot Isador. Discovering that one of his children was still in the burning building, Mr. Berman attempted to dash into the flaming house, but was held by the firemen.

Training all the first hose into the room in which Isador was sleeping, the fire was held back while Fireman Silverman entered and carried the unconscious boy to the open air. He was then taken to the hospital. Silverman was slightly burned while in the building and was also taken to the Receiving Hospital for treatment.

According to Mr. Berman, who is an expressman, he and his family had gone to bed when the fire was discovered. He was alone in the room when Mr. Berman was when the room in which he was sleeping filled with smoke. He sprang from his bed and aroused his family.

Before the fire department could arrive the flames spread to the front and rear of the house and out off Santa Lake, where he had been spending several weeks in San Francisco and are now en route to San Diego. They will probably spend several days here.

M. E. Mathburn and wife, of Nacoma, Sonora, who left Mexico about a month ago, arrived yesterday from San Francisco and are at the Lankershim. Mr. Mathburn expects to return to his ranch next week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Christenson of Chicago are guests at the Hollenbeck. The tourists visited the principal Coast cities and are now en route to San Diego for a visit at the exposition. Mr. Christenson is a furniture dealer.

J. H. Carson and wife of Denver, who are touring the Coast, arrived yesterday from the north and are staying at the Hayward. Mr. Carson is in the publishing business and is also connected with several mining ventures.

Among the manufacturers who are spending their vacation on the Coast are Edward Tower of New York and Jesse French of St. Louis. Mr. Tower is a textile manufacturer and is staying at the Hayward and Mr. French, who is a manufacturer of musical instruments, is a guest at the Lankershim.

Frank F. Sturges, one of the oldest commercial men in the country, arrived yesterday from New York and is staying at the Angelo. He is 76 years of age and has been on the road for more than fifty years. He is said to be a textile expert. He has authority on silks and other imported dress goods. He is here for a few days' vacation and will then go north.

Wait for the official Broadway Automobile and Flower Show, October 23, Boston Store Building. Auspices Motor Dealers' Association. The Real Show.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

Special Ask your Druggist for Pills in Red and Gold wrapper. Take one or two. Buy of your Druggist or send for a box. CHICHESTER'S PILLS. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

INDESTRUCTO TRUNKS Are Guaranteed For Five Years Against Fire, Theft or Flood. INDESTRUCTO SHOP 224 West Fifth

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# The Times

LOS ANGELES

XXXIV<sup>TH</sup> YEAR.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1915.—EDITORIAL SECTION.

POPULATION

By the Federal Census (1910)—319,198  
By the City Directory (1915)—339,817

## CATS, DOG AND DAMAGE ACTION.

Old-time Woman Friends in  
Physical Encounter.

One Alleges Serious Hurts  
and Asks Big Balm.

Hair Pulled, Choked, Kicked  
and Shaken, She Says.

Miss Emmet A. Hody had left  
her dog at home when she went to  
visit her friend, Miss Stella Mont-  
gomery, at Mariposa and Eagle Rock  
yesterday afternoon.

When an injured back, sprained thumb  
and weakened vocal cords, according  
to her attorney, who filed a suit in  
the Superior Court for \$25,000 dam-  
ages against Miss Montgomery yes-  
terday.

The parties to the suit had been  
acquainted for a good many years,  
but since the epochal  
of September, last year, they are  
accused to have been at swords  
point and all because Miss Hody's  
dog, which by her natural and in-  
stinctive aversion to cats, tried to make  
meat out of Miss Montgomery's  
cat.

When Miss Hody was received  
at the home of her hostess, she says,  
according to her attorney, the dog  
began to chase the felines in every  
corner and got a mouthful of two  
of them.

The plaintiff declares that the de-  
fendant resented the onslaught of the  
cat upon her pet cats by  
dragging into a cage and punishing upon  
the dog.

The complaint recites that Miss  
Montgomery assaulted, battered,  
choked and struck Miss Hody,  
pulled her hair, choked her for a long  
time and bent her thumbs. As a re-  
sult of the alleged assault Miss Hody  
has suffered permanent injuries  
which will be in bed for two months.

The witness, she alleges, has changed her  
mind as to whether or not she will  
sue in the complaint.

Neighbors of Miss Hody say her  
cat has no faults other than keep-  
ing her on the floor, pulled her hair,  
choked her for a long time and bent  
her thumbs. As a result of the alleged  
assault Miss Hody has suffered perma-  
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## GRAND RALLY 'ROUND TAFT.

Immense Demand for Seats to  
Hear Great American  
this Evening.

Former President Taft will  
speak tonight at Trinity Audi-  
torium to what promises to be  
the greatest political rally held  
in years. Delegations from all  
over Southern California will  
be in attendance. The demand  
for seats has been unprece-  
dented. The doors of the audi-  
torium will be opened at 7:30  
o'clock and closed as soon as  
the house is filled, which will  
be in a very short time. Ar-  
rangements for an overflow  
meeting have been made.

The former President will  
leave San Diego for this city  
this morning. He will be met  
in Orange county by Repub-  
lican National Committeeman  
Stanton and taken for a drive,  
returning to Los Angeles in the  
late afternoon.

Ex-Judge Bordwell will  
preside at the meeting and in-  
troduce the distinguished Ameri-  
can.

\$15,000.

FINANCES SHORT  
GOOD-SIZED SUM.

L.A.I. DEPARTMENT MANAGER  
IS ARRESTED.

Confronted with Evidence of  
Forged Checks, Head of Insurance  
Branch Is Said to Have Confessed  
Long Series of Peculations—For-  
mal Statement by Company.

Peculations amounting to approxi-  
mately \$12,000 by means of forged  
checks have been uncovered by of-  
ficials of the Los Angeles Investment  
Company, following an investigation  
into the affairs of the insurance de-  
partment of the corporation. Fred  
R. Emery, for several years manager  
of the department, and one of the  
hold-over employees from the Elder  
regime, is said to have confessed  
when confronted with the evidence.

At a meeting Thursday night the  
board of directors decided to lay the  
matter before the District Attorney.  
Yesterday Emery was arrested, and he  
is held in the City Jail on suspicion.

The District Attorney's office gave  
assurance, after reviewing the evi-  
dence, that a complaint charging  
forgery will be issued this morning.

It was stated in the District Attorney's  
office that the court will be asked to  
fix Emery's bail at \$15,000.

The manner of the thefts was in-  
genious and extremely unusual. The  
insurance company has been using the  
name of the amount involved could  
have been made in the face of such  
an elaborate auditing and checking  
system as has been used by the com-  
pany is considered remarkable.

As nearly as can be learned from  
the investigation and Emery's state-  
ments, the latter has from time to  
time

(Continued on Second Page)

## LOT OF EMERYS THERE; NOT ALL.

Reunion of Famous Family a  
Notable Event Here.

Get World's Fair Medal for  
the Most Kinfolks.

How Many? Oh, a Hundred  
or so of Thousands.

"Mr. Emery,—call for Mr. Emery."  
A hotel page asked to locate Mr.  
Emery for a gentleman at the desk  
at the Occidental was almost mobbed  
by more than twenty of Mr. Emery's  
friends yesterday afternoon.

Miss Jessie F. Emery of Roxbury,  
Mass., secretary-treasurer of the  
Emery family, was in the midst of an  
address, telling the forty or more of  
Emerys who attended the reunion  
something of the family history, when  
the page made his entrance. Im-  
mediately all the Mr. Emerys present,  
from Col. James Manly Emery, a vet-  
eran of the Civil War, almost down to  
4-year-old Edward Emery, signaled  
their presence to the surprised bell-  
boy, and yet not all the local Emerys  
were there.

In 1838, John and Anthony Emery  
came from Roxbury, Eng., and set-  
tled in the town of West Newbury,  
Mass. According to statistics compiled  
by officials of the Emery family as-  
sociation, their descendants number  
in the tens of thousands at present  
and every week that passes results in  
the addition to the membership of the  
association of fifty more Emerys.

In her address yesterday, Miss Jessie  
Emery told of the history of the  
family from the christening of John  
and Anthony in the Ramsey Abbey in  
1599 to the present. Photographs of  
the record of the christening of the  
two famous ancestors were recently  
procured from the vicar of the ab-  
bey and were displayed at the re-  
union. The original deed to the  
Emery farm is a treasured possession  
and a photograph of it was circulated  
among the representatives of the  
family present yesterday. The origi-  
nal farm has never passed from the  
family and a photograph of it was  
circulated among the representatives of  
the family present yesterday. The origi-  
nal farm has never passed from the  
family and a photograph of it was  
circulated among the representatives of  
the family present yesterday.

Recently the San Francisco ex-  
position officials held an official Emery  
Day at the exposition and the family  
were awarded a medal, which was on  
exhibition at the reunion yesterday.

One of the descendants of the fam-  
ily, who has achieved a place in  
national history, is Josiah Emery  
Bartlett, the first signer of the Declara-  
tion of Independence and the first  
Governor of New Hampshire.

David Emery, another direct descend-  
ant, was the personal bodyguard of  
George Washington during the Revolu-  
tion.

DEACON MELTON  
FOUND GUILTY.

JURY QUICKLY DECIDES THAT  
BEATING WITH CANE  
IS ASSAULT.

O. C. Melton, proprietor of an  
apartment-house in Venice, and dea-  
con of the Venice Union Church, was  
found guilty by a jury in Justice  
Brown's court yesterday of assaulting  
Col. Thomas V. Prior, proprietor of  
the "Race Thru the Clouds."

The jury was out less than half an  
hour, after listening to testimony that  
consumed most of the day. Scores of  
Venetians were present to witness the  
legal battle.

Deputy District Attorney Woolwine  
placed witnesses on the stand who  
showed that Deacon Melton protested to  
Col. Prior against the callous  
music used to attract crowds to the  
Col. Prior amusement place. It was fur-  
ther shown that the two men met  
Mr. Melton peppered Col. Prior over  
the head with his cane, the re-  
sult being that the latter swore to a  
complaint.

Justice Brown announced yesterday  
that he will pass sentence upon Mr.  
Melton next Monday. Mr. Melton was  
released on \$500 bond.

AGED MAN'S FUNERAL.

Body of Pioneer Bowman Tenderly  
Laid at Rest in Rosedale Cemetery.

The funeral of George W. Bowman,  
an octogenarian, who died Thursday  
from injuries sustained when he fell  
downstairs at the home of his daugh-  
ter, was conducted yesterday after-  
noon at the chapel of Overholzer Sons  
Company. It was very largely at-  
tended, especially by pioneers and  
aged people of this city.

The funeral services were conducted  
by Dr. Ellwood Nash, pastor of the  
First Universalist Church, and the in-  
terment was in Rosedale Cemetery.

Dr. Nash gave a history of the de-  
ceased and this was followed by the  
reading of a manuscript written by  
Mr. Bowman at Santa Barbara several  
years ago, and entitled "Good-night."  
It was very appropriate for this final  
service in his own honor.

Thirteen aged men composed the  
body of honorary pallbearers. Their  
years ranged from 84 to 94, and they  
had all been companions of the de-  
ceased. They were Sturgis Selleck,  
A. V. Whitmore, T. J. Loyhead, Daniel  
Hawes, Rev. H. L. Canfield, Dr. A.  
M. Sherman, Gen. John S. Wilcox, Dr.  
J. M. Peebles, Dr. F. H. Moore, Dr. L.  
W. Beck, P. E. Carter, Capt. L. A.  
Ross and M. L. Rogers.

During the service each of these  
men arose and paid a tribute to their  
departed companion.

## Of One of America's Biggest Families.



Notable representatives of the tribe of Emery,  
Which held a reunion of the Los Angeles Emerys here yesterday. Left to  
right, they are Miss Jessie Emery of Roxbury, Mass., secretary and treas-  
urer of the family, and Col. James Manly Emery of Civil War note.

Watchful.

## BARRIERS GUARD NEW EVIDENCE.

PRECAUTIONS ARE TAKEN IN  
DYNAMITING CASE.

Detective Burns, Chief Witness in  
Schmidt-Caplan Trial, Confers  
with District Attorney—Greatest  
Secrecy Surrounds Preparation of  
Evidence for Forthcoming Hearing.

William J. Burns, who will be one  
of the chief witnesses against M. A.  
Schmidt, indicted dynamiter, held  
a long conference with Dist. Atty.  
Woolwine yesterday relative to im-  
portant features of the coming trial.

Detective Burns, the Nemesis of the  
labor-union dynamite conspiracy, ap-  
peared in Los Angeles yesterday morn-  
ing. He came from San Francisco  
and after remaining here a few days  
will go to San Diego where he will  
attend the convention of the Califor-  
nia Hotel Men's Association.

Within a week Mr. Burns will go  
back to San Francisco where his  
daughter, Miss Florence Burns, is to  
be married to Randall Borough, an  
artist of wide repute.

The detective conferred with the  
District Attorney at noon for a short  
time and returned about lunch and  
remained three hours.

The industry of prosecutors and  
detectives during the past few weeks  
has unearthed a number of interest-  
ing features in connection with the  
coming trials that will add several  
chapters to the book on dynamiting.

Behind the barrier are the of-  
fices where the prosecutors are at  
work, and where evidence is being  
carefully guarded.

This morning it was announced  
yesterday, Detective Wilcox will sit  
at the barrier, armed to the teeth, and  
will let no one pass without the coun-  
ter-sign.

Greatest secrecy surrounds the  
movements of the District Attorney  
and his assistants who are at work  
in the Schmidt-Caplan cases. To  
make security doubly sure, Mr. Wool-  
wine yesterday ordered the erection  
of a barrier in the hallway of the  
District Attorney's office. It is or-  
dered that no one may go beyond  
that barrier who is not directly con-  
nected with the Schmidt-Caplan pro-  
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## PROCLAIM HIM REAL "YELLOW."

Psychologists Discuss Odd  
Case of Juber.

Say He's Impelled to Betray  
by Inner Force.

Arraignment in the Justice  
Court Today.

William Juber, the bank bandit,  
had a psychological reason for being  
"yellow," as the police charge he is.  
The doctors say he was not respon-  
sible; that he was impelled to be so  
by an inner force, for which his  
wound was responsible.

The leading psychologists in the  
city, who gather in the office of Police  
Surgeon Wiley to discuss interesting  
cases, sat in judgment on William  
Juber yesterday and proclaimed him  
"yellow" with a reason.

Their argument is: William Juber  
was shot and wounded, his wound  
became infected, involving blood-  
poisoning, and blood-poisoning makes  
a man melancholic, and a melancholy  
man is "yellow," that is, he cares for  
nothing and chooses the easiest way  
in all things.

So, according to the learned doc-  
tors, the original nerve of William  
Juber is not impugned by his activity  
in confessing and declaring he was in  
mortal terror of his three confederates,  
the dead George Nelson and the mis-  
sing Charles Boutoff.

Melancholy is what makes a man  
a quitter in many cases," said Police  
Surgeon Wiley, interpreting for the  
other psychologists. "It undermines  
his nerve, distorts his mental action  
and creates in him strange desires  
and unexpected weaknesses. It is pos-  
sible, in many ways probable, that  
William Juber is a brave man. He  
might even have an unusual amount  
of the peculiar form of courage that  
leads a man to commit some hazard-  
ous act, such as robbing a bank. At  
the time the act was being com-  
mitted, I presume Juber was abso-  
lutely fearless, willing to risk his life,  
and to dare any hazard.

"But as soon as the nagging at-  
tack of the wound came on, his cour-  
age filtered away. And then came  
the infection and blood-poisoning,  
which are synonymous, and mel-  
ancholia assailed him. A person afflicted  
with melancholia has insane ideas, it  
might almost be said, for the thing  
he regarded most highly when nor-

(Continued on Second Page.)

## DESECRATING VANDALISM.

Hoodlum Again Attacks Or-  
chard-avenue Baptist Church  
and Does Damage.

The Orchard-avenue Baptist  
Church at Orchard avenue and  
West Twenty-ninth street was  
entered and desecrated Thurs-  
day night. The discovery was  
made yesterday morning by the  
Rev. Henry C. Hurley, the pas-  
tor. A small amount of money  
was taken, but the vandalism  
indicates that malice was the  
motive. The church has suf-  
fered similarly before.

Private papers in the pastor's  
desk were taken out and de-  
stroyed, communion bread was  
scattered over the floor, and  
baptismal robes were torn and  
the pieces of cloth scattered.

The vandal entered through a  
window after removing a pane  
of stained glass. About \$1 was  
taken from a drawer in the  
Sunday-school library.

The windows of the church  
have been broken on several  
occasions. The police were  
notified and made an investi-  
gation. A year ago private de-  
tectives were employed by the  
pastor to watch the building.

The church was established  
twenty-five years ago. Some of  
the lawless element in the  
neighborhood have opposed it.  
The police and members of the  
congregation are assisting the  
pastor in making a thorough in-  
vestigation of the latest outrage.

USE NOVEL PLAN?

Not Guilty is Plea of One of Trio  
Charged with Violating Interstate  
Commerce Act.

Leonardo Carillo, Vincente and  
Fred Leverin are charged with vio-  
lation of the Interstate Commerce act  
in that, it is alleged, they shipped  
packages containing intoxicating li-  
quors from this city to Tucson, Ari-  
zona, without having the contents plainly  
marked.

In Judge Bidson's court yesterday  
Leonardo Carillo pleaded not guilty.  
The Leverins will plead Monday.

It is claimed by the government  
that the accused have been doing a  
big business sending liquor into Ari-  
zona, since the prohibition law went  
into effect January 1, last, the same  
being to purchase a passenger ticket  
allowing the shipment of a trunk  
alleged to be filled with liquor, and  
then turning up later and receiving  
a rebate for the unused ticket.

At Venice Auditorium, Sept. 19, 1915.  
Tickets May Be Obtained at the Southern California Music Co.  
—Store Open Tonight Until 9 o'clock.

## Signor Florencio Constantino

World Renowned  
Lyric Tenor

—A genuine musical treat awaits those who are fortunate  
enough to hear Constantino, the great lyric tenor, when he  
appears at the Venice Auditorium Sunday evening, Sept.  
19, in one of his special concerts.

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## Better Methods. WOULD IMPROVE BUSINESS SYSTEM

NEW EFFICIENCY COMMISSION  
IS COMING HERE.

Its Object is to Devise Plans that will Eliminate Much Red Tape in Conduct of Activities of United States Treasury Department—Collector Elliott Goes East.

The Efficiency Commission, charged with improving the business methods of the United States Treasury Department and recently appointed by Secretary McAdoo, will be in Los Angeles shortly in the performance of the duty that has been set out by the Secretary.

The commission consists of W. P. Malburn, assistant secretary of the Treasury; W. W. Warwick, comptroller of the Treasury; J. L. Wilmoth, chief clerk of the Treasury Department; F. M. Halstead, chief of the division of customs, and E. H. Boyd, chief of the income tax division.

All of the local Federal offices will be visited. An effort will be made to eliminate some of the red tape in the management of the public business and some means sought, among other things, to discover why a bill calling for the payment of nearly five days' services for auditing the windows of the appraisers' store building on New Street should be passed as correct by two Federal officials, as was recently done.

Collector Elliott of the customs service will leave in a few days for New York, where he will attend the annual conference of the customs collectors of the country.

## STATE ABANDONS PROSECUTION.

FELONY INDICTMENTS AGAINST  
L. A. COMPANY MEN  
ARE DISMISSED.

Felony indictments returned by the county grand jury against former officials of the Los Angeles Investment Company were dismissed by Judge Wills yesterday upon motion of Deputy District Attorney Becker.

The action means the abandonment by the State of the proposed prosecution of Charles A. Elder and his associates, two of whom were convicted with him in the Federal court. The indictments against Elder and his associates were returned by the grand jury in the Federal court, Mr. Elder, Mr. Deeble and Mr. Derby being the only ones convicted. All three were given prison sentences and fines. The remaining defendants were freed. The former attaches of the company were accused of using the mails for fraudulent purposes.

The specific nature of the indictments returned by the county grand jury involved the returning of false statements, making of false reports and omitting to make true entries on the books of the corporation.

In a statement explaining the motion for dismissal, Dist. Atty. Woolwine said yesterday:

"The indictments which the grand jury found under my direction are the only ones that could legally be found at this time. They cover substantially the same acts and transactions for three years prior to the time that such indictments were filed, which were the subject of the felony indictment in the Federal court, and concerning which evidence was there given, with the result that after a full and elaborate and expensive trial three of the defendants have been convicted and six of them acquitted.

"I am therefore constrained to believe that it will be practically impossible, even with a very large expenditure of time and money, to secure convictions of any of them in this court."

## REGISTRAR'S SALARY.

McAleer Urges Payment but Civil Service Commission Takes Subject Under Adversity.

Registrar of Voters McAleer was forced to go before the Civil Service Commission yesterday and beg for his back salary that is due him. In addition, as stated by W. J. Ford, who represented him, he had to pay an attorney to make the demand forceful.

Registrar McAleer, it is alleged, is entitled to \$25 a month for eleven months over and above the amount paid him by the county. The County Counsel has ruled that the money is due him, but the Civil Service Commission has insisted on holding it up, using one pretext after another because of the bitter fight against Mr. McAleer that is being waged by certain members of the Board of Supervisors and by the commission.

Although he presented letters to show that he had been promised the money, and although Secretary Doty admitted he had assured Mr. McAleer he was entitled to it and would get it, the commission took the matter under advisement.

## JUDGE A SPEEDER.

Judge Wills exceeded the speed limit yesterday. Instead of grinding along in his court at the same old gait, he showed a burst of speed when 10 o'clock in the morning came. Ahead of him was a calendar with fourteen cases, headed three jury trials. Judge Wills saw anything but a dull day ahead. One of the jury trials and fourteen of the cases had been handled by noon and the court remained on the job a quarter of an hour overtime in the evening to wind up the last bit of work connected with the two other jury trials.

## ALLEGED AUTO THIEVES.

Deputy Sheriff Wright and Strong yesterday arrested Robert Johnson and Sylvester Cooper in San Diego on a charge of having stolen an automobile. The machine, it is asserted, belongs to F. Martin, No. 506 Aliso street, and the two men are alleged to have taken it last Monday night.

## Teacher Bankrupt?

William H. Warner, a Pasadena schoolteacher, filed a petition in bankruptcy in the United States District Court yesterday. His debts amount to \$3567.37, and his assets to \$2545.50, of which \$2722 is claimed to be exempt.

Wait for the official Broadway Automobile and Flower Show, October 23, Boston Store Building. Auspices Motor Dealers' Association. The Real Show.

## Damage Action.

(Continued from First Page.)

time appeared to get insurance business from various Los Angeles firms. The policies were usually placed with general agents of insurance companies in San Francisco. These companies insist on prompt monthly payments, and checks covering the premium amounts due were authorized and made out on the first of each month in the regular way. These checks were supposed to be sent by Emery to the insurance men. Instead he endorsed them and received the cash.

The amounts were charged against the people who were supposed to have bought the insurance. Various explanations were given by Emery why these collections were not made promptly. In some cases it was made to appear that the policy had been countermanded and canceled. In such a case the amount paid to the insurance agency became payable to the Los Angeles Investment Company as a refund.

A few days ago when the auditor's accounts reported that accounts due from the agency were in a standing, instructions were given to effect collection, by suit if necessary. Drafts sent against the San Francisco agencies were returned with the explanation that there was no such account, and nothing due the investment company.

Then a thorough investigation was made, resulting in the discovery that the checks presumably mailed to the agencies had been cashed by Emery. Asked for an explanation, he was obliged to admit that he had appropriated the money. It is understood that no explanation satisfactory to the officers of the company has been given by Emery concerning what he did with the money.

He has worked for the company nearly ten years, having been employed by Mr. Elder. He is about 30 years of age, has a wife and two children, and lives at No. 16 Gramercy place. He is looked upon as capable and energetic, and made good in securing and handling business. He was paid for some time on a commission basis, during which time he is understood to have earned considerably more than \$200 a month. Later he was put on a salary of \$200 a month.

So far as can be ascertained he lived economically and had no extravagant habits. Officers of the company are satisfied that he has little or no money now, and considerable mystery attaches to the question of what he could have done with it.

The following formal statement was issued yesterday by W. H. Harrison, assistant to President Flint, of the investment company:

"We have ascertained that Fred R. Emery, who was employed by this company from the early part of 1913, has been employed by the company to certain checks issued by the Los Angeles Investment Company and applied the proceeds to his own use. Emery was employed by the company as a clerk and bookkeeper, and was a member of the board of directors and has continued in the employ of the company ever since. The forgeries commenced while the Elder board was in session and have been continuous up to the time of the discovery. Mr. Emery handled no funds of the company, but obtained checks payable to general agents of insurance companies and forged the names of these general agents and obtained the money.

"The matter was referred to the board of directors and they have instructed that these forgeries be reported to the District Attorney, and that suits be instituted against the banks that have paid these checks on these forged endorsements. The total amount of these forgeries is approximately \$12,000.

## FATAL PHILOSOPHY.

Barber, Believing that All Illness Means Death, Shoots Himself When Taken Sick.

G. W. Riggs, a barber, had no faith in doctors. "If you are well, you live; and if you get sick, you die—for it's time to die when you get sick," was his philosophy.

And whenever anyone entered his chair for tonsorial attention and complained of ill Mr. Riggs would expatiate on his rigorous ideas, giving no consolation to the ailing customer. About three days ago he himself became ill. Pains infested his side and a fever alarmed him. Yesterday he was no better.

"I'm afraid I'm sick," he told friends. "If I'm sick, it's my time to die. I guess I better get ready."

His getting ready was to go into the rear of his shop at No. 3025 South Main street. There he shot himself in the head. He was taken to the Receiving Hospital and later transferred to the County Hospital, where he died. He was 55 years old.

## CRIME'S ANTIDOTE.

Historic Rock Pile to be Used by the Police to Discourage Minor Offenders.

The old rock pile, historic as an antidote for minor crimes, maintains its reputation here, for Chief of Police Snively has selected it as the one thing to deter the petty lawbreakers. He has ordered one of unusual dimensions to be installed at the East Side Police Station, where all prisoners can have eight good hours of work daily breaking the rocks. Commissioner of Public Works O'Brien was asked yesterday to provide the big rocks.

The Chief's tribute to the rock pile yesterday was: "There is nothing the petty offender dislikes to do so much as break rocks. The monotony and hard work are most unpleasant, and when a man knows he faces six months on the rock pile he will take a second thought before committing minor offenses."

## WALKS INTO JAIL.

Visiting Court to Find Status of Case Man is Answered With Slight Through Bars.

P. D. Clouser, whose failure to appear last July for trial on a charge of threatening to burn a house, caused some excitement, walked into Justice Brown's court yesterday and asked about the status of his case. Constable Woodbury has had a bench warrant for Clouser for some time, and he served it, taking Clouser to jail.

Clouser is accused of having sent a letter to Earl Ramsey, threatening destruction to the latter's home. He was arrested on his trial set for July 14, meanwhile putting up a bond of \$500. This was forfeited. Justice Brown will now set his trial and he may be held in jail until the date thereof.

## U.S.C. ACTIVITIES.

Interest amongst students of the University of Southern California is stimulated this semester by the fact that gold medals, silver cups and cash prizes have been donated for prizes in the intercollegiate tryouts to be held soon. Students met socially last night at a reception on the lawn of the Liberal Arts College campus, and were addressed by President Board, followed by a program. A new feature at the University this year will be classes in Japanese, under the direction of I. F. Sakakawa.

## Flame, Smoke, Ashes.

## LOSSES BY FIRE SHOW DECREASE.

CHIEF SUGGESTS VARIOUS IMPROVEMENTS.

New Sites and Buildings for Engine Houses with Equipment and Change to Motor-driven Apparatus Urged in Annual Report Filed with the Commission.

Urging the immediate purchase of five fire house sites and the construction of an equipment of three more fire houses and a complete, new fire alarm system, the annual report of Chief Eley of the fire department was filed with the Fire Commission yesterday. Incidentally, the Chief reported that the Budget Committee report and he asked for \$300 to cover this expense.

During the year ending June 30, last, the fire loss in Los Angeles was \$773,035, which is \$494,420 less than the previous year and also the lowest in five years. The department responded to 3723 alarms during the year, of which 3415 were actual fires. This number is 123 greater than the previous year. The San Pedro department responded to 115 alarms and the property loss in that district was \$122,525.

Chief among the recommendations presented in the report is one urging that motor-driven apparatus be substituted for horse-drawn thoroughout the department. Chief Eley points out that this change will bring economy and efficiency. Coal oil and gasoline for the year cost the department \$3375 while hay cost \$12,636.

Commenting on the cause of fires during the year, Chief Eley says "bonfires, rubbish and grass" head the list at 192. Carelessness with gasoline and crossed wires a tie at 53 and leaking gasoline is responsible for 24 fires. In 28 instances somebody forgot to switch off the electric iron and cigarette butts are made the goat for 24 alarms while cigars are blamed for 8. There were 32 cases of plain arson and the number of alarms where the cause is classed as "unknown" is 648.

The report contains a vast amount of statistical information of interest.

## Proclaim Him "Yellow."

(Continued from First Page.)

mal he might not regard at all when melancholic. So Juber presented the odd contrast of caring little for his life when normal, and everything for it when melancholic. The ordinary person cherishes his life above all things when normal, but when he becomes melancholic he oftentimes comes to take his life, and often does it.

So Juber is an absolute contrast to the ordinary case of melancholia.

Woman Arrested on Charge of Passing Worthless Checks Promises to Make Good.

Mrs. Adelaide Lee Twitchell, the former attaché at the District Attorney's office during the Sebastian investigation and trial, will not be prosecuted for passing worthless checks. She was arrested by Capt. Hunter of the county secret service and released on her own recognizance.

Two checks for nominal sums had been used as evidence against her. Mrs. Twitchell promised Chief Deputy Crier that she will make good the amounts and he authorized the dismissal of the complaints.

## UNDELIVERED TELEGRAMS.

There are telegrams at the Western Union for P. B. Anadaza Bonairta, J. P. Banamata, Howard Burley, Miss Helen Clark, O. P. Conway, Will S. Fawcett, Thomas Flora, Jack Goldsmith, Mrs. J. Gossett, C. B. Hazelwood, Mrs. T. Hanesworth, John Luchinsger, two: Edward K. Latz, Mrs. Newton, Mrs. Adel Oliver, C. E. Orr, Miss Marie Priest, Mrs. Roloffs, S. G. Supple, Mrs. J. J. Saines, Geo. D. Taylor, S. Tantanti, Mrs. S. E. White, Miss Lucille Wilkinson. At the Postal Telegraph for F. J. Guye, Mrs. Frank McGaffey, P. R. Williams, C. P. Henderson; cables, Granran, Artubotham.

## LOST GIRL KEEPS COOL.

(LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.)  
SAN JACINTO, Sept. 17.—Miss Frances Lawrence, member of a party returning from San Jacinto Peak Sunday night, lost her way in the darkness and her horse wandered from the trail. The young lady decided to camp on the mountainside until morning. Upon the arrival of the party at Kern Camp, Miss Lawrence's absence was first noted and after an excited consultation the back trail was taken and a systematic search for the missing lady was inaugurated. Volunteers joined the searchers from Idyllwild and a number of forest rangers assisted. It was not until daylight that the lost lady was found. Miss Lawrence had calmly unseated her horse and with a saddle blanket and pine boughs, made herself a comfortable couch where she enjoyed a full night's rest.

## Estelle Smocks

THESE dainty frocks for little girls between 2 and 6 years are being shown by us for the first time in Los Angeles. They are of very high quality materials and workmanship. Their appearance is unique and striking.

Estelle Smocks are made of poplin, linen and chambray, hand-dyed and hand-smocked. We have them in various colors, priced \$6 to \$8.

## Hats

A beautiful, varied showing of everything that is newest and prettiest in Headwear for little boys and girls.

**Beeman & Hendee**  
351-353 SO. BROADWAY

## "Educational," says Mr. E. L. Jarvis in referring to Keen Kutter Exhibit

**Jarvis Hardware Co.**  
2311-2313 TELEGRAPH AVE.  
SPORTING, ELECTRICAL AND HOUSEHOLD GOODS  
BERKELEY, CAL.

Simmons Hardware Co., St. Louis.

Gentlemen:—

We desire to express our appreciation of your wonderfully attractive exhibit of tools and cutlery at the Panama-Pacific Exhibition.

It is really educational in all ways.

Very truly yours,  
Jarvis Hardware Co.

ELJ/HB Per E. L. Jarvis

Mr. Jarvis is just one of the many prominent hardware merchants who received a lasting inspiration in display and selling from this exhibit. Our ever-increasing file of complimentary letters, and the fact that Keen Kutter products were recently awarded a Grand Prize, are sufficient reasons for our urging all hardware merchants and the public to visit this never-to-be-forgotten display.

SIMMONS HARDWARE CO., Manufacturers and Distributors, St. Louis, Mo.

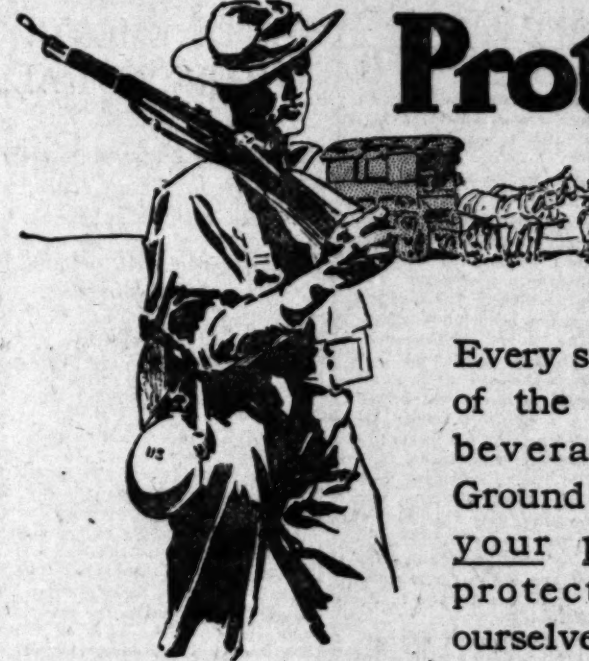
## A Delightful Garden Freshness—characterizes the Flavor of "SALADA"

Quality Unchallenged for Twenty-three Years.

**"SALADA"**

THE

Quality Unchallenged for Twenty-three Years.



## Protecting You

Every step in the manufacture of the strength-bestowing beverage-food, Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate, is done for your protection; for by protecting you we protect ourselves.

All the skill, all the care involved in the making of Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate would be largely wasted if it were not packed in hermetically sealed cans.

When the Ghirardelli can is sealed, the good qualities within are kept in and the evils without are kept out. Let the Ghirardelli label be your guide to absolute protection.

Order from Your Grocer Today

## Ghirardelli's The Only Ground Chocolate

In 1/2 lb., 1 lb. and 3 lb. hermetically sealed cans. There's a double economy in buying the 3 lb. can.

Since 1852 D. GHIRARDELLI CO. San Francisco

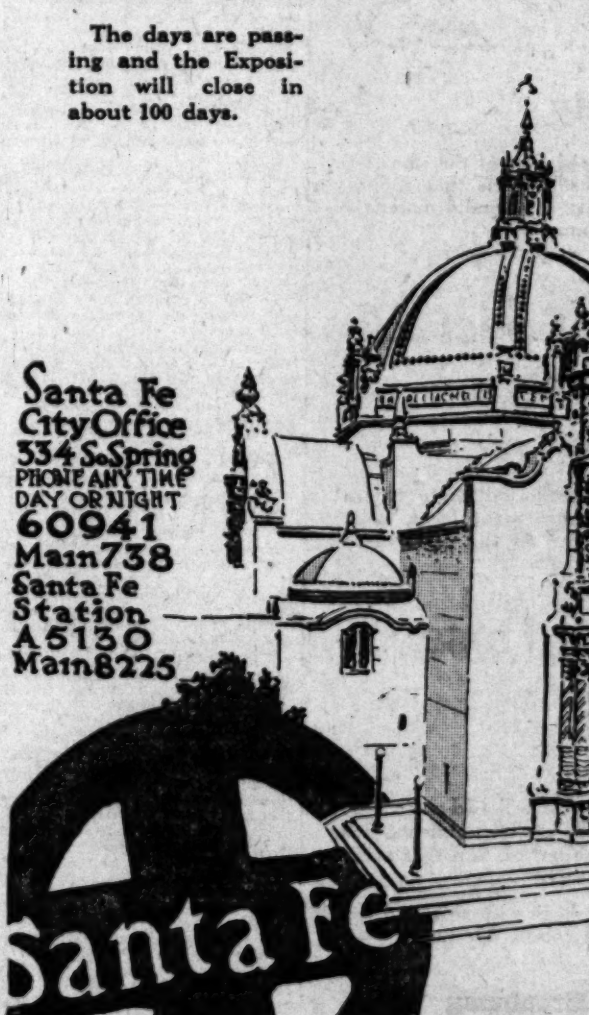
You are invited to visit the Ghirardelli Pavilion at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition and see a model chocolate factory in operation.

## San Diego Exposition

If you have not yet seen the beautiful Exposition at San Diego, don't make the mistake of missing it.

The days are passing and the Exposition will close in about 100 days.

Santa Fe City Office  
334 So. Spring  
PHONE ANY TIME  
DAY OR NIGHT  
60941  
Main 738  
Santa Fe  
Station  
A5130  
Main 8225



Santa Fe Hotel  
8:10 a. m. 9:10 a. m. 10:10 a. m.  
3:00 p. m. 11:00 p. m.

friend, and who was at San Francisco yesterday, saying he was sorry, called on Juber yesterday and could give no further information of the third man.

He was inclined to disbelieve the confession yesterday, saying he was sorry, called on Juber yesterday and could give no further information of the third man.

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## SATURDAY MORNING.

## HAGGIN HUNTS LOST FORTUNE.

After Forty Thousand Gold Cashed by Uncle.

Strike of Cinnabar is Made at Sycamore Creek.

all Roundup is Begun by Wilcox Cattlemen.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)  
PRESCOTT, Sept. 15.—Peter Haggin, an Irishman, arrived in Prescott many days ago, and his errand became known only today. He claims to be a member of the man, who, dying in a house three years ago, stated just before his death that he had cashed more than \$40,000 in gold dust at a certain point near Prescott. Two years ago parties made attempts to find the treasure, but gave up after having located a considerable amount in a trenching operation. Haggin says he has been in the vicinity of the treasure for some time, and expects to locate it in a few days.

NEW FORD STORY.  
(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)  
WALTON CREEK (Ariz.) Sept. 15.—The newest Ford story originated on Monday, when George Ainsworth, driving one of Detroit's best, and a will cat for more than three years over rough and broken ground, claims to have treed and killed a brute eventually. The story is never told to a tree but for the constant being kept up on his horn, which caused the cat to imagine that a dog was in his trail.

MANY NEW CITIZENS.  
(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)  
MINISTON (Ariz.) Sept. 15.—In a suit in court yesterday, Judge C. Lockwood refused the application of several who could not answer questions satisfactorily for the right of American citizenship. The court divided allegiance and told that no "hyphenated American" was wanted in Arizona. He expressed further that the absence of former allegiances would make new citizens amenable to punishment should they violate their new duties.

ATTACHES MAYOR'S CAR.  
(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)  
TULSA (Okla.) Sept. 15.—A car belonging to Francis Cole, Mayor of Tulsa, was attached by a man named Sonora, who was attached by a writ issued against the Mayor. The car was attached by a writ issued against the Mayor. The car was attached by a writ issued against the Mayor.

SHOTS STEPFATHER.  
(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)  
TULSA (Ariz.) Sept. 15.—A husband and wife, Thomas Elias, were shot and killed at the ranch home of the wife's stepfather, George Elias, on Monday. The young man, aged 23, was shot by the stepfather. The stepfather was a brother of the wife's father. The stepfather was a brother of the wife's father.

RAIDER STRUCK BY AUTO.  
(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)  
TULSA (Ariz.) Sept. 15.—J. T. Jones, a Scottsdale rancher, was shot and killed by a car driven by a man named Sonora. The car was driven by a man named Sonora. The car was driven by a man named Sonora.

CAUGHT IN DRIVING BELT.  
(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)  
TULSA (Ariz.) Sept. 15.—James Jones, one of the best known farmers of the McIntosh district, was injured on Sunday morning. He was injured by a driving belt. He was injured by a driving belt.

FINDS CINNABAR.  
(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)  
TULSA (Ariz.) Sept. 15.—A party of large bodies of quicksilver was found in the Sycamore Creek in the Wilcox Mountains. The party was a party of large bodies of quicksilver. The party was a party of large bodies of quicksilver.

PUNCH BOARDS.  
(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)  
TULSA (Ariz.) Sept. 15.—County Attorney Johnson has handed down a decision to the effect that punch boards are in violation of the State constitution. The decision was a decision to the effect that punch boards are in violation of the State constitution.

RIGHT FOR GOLD.  
(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)  
TULSA (Ariz.) Sept. 15.—Two men, who were in the desert mine, found several thousand dollars worth of gold. The men were in the desert mine. The men were in the desert mine.

SHERIFF SEIZES.  
(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)  
TULSA (Ariz.) Sept. 15.—The Sheriff of the county has seized a large quantity of gold. The Sheriff of the county has seized a large quantity of gold. The Sheriff of the county has seized a large quantity of gold.

BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE.  
(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)  
TULSA (Ariz.) Sept. 15.—Two men, who were in the desert mine, found several thousand dollars worth of gold. The men were in the desert mine. The men were in the desert mine.

San Bernardino.

San Bernardino.

San Bernardino.

San Bernardino.



## HAGGIN HUNTS LOST FORTUNE.

After Forty Thousand  
Gold Cashed by Uncle.

of Cinnabar is Made at  
Sycamore Creek.

Roundup is Begun by  
Willcox Cattlemen.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Prescott, Sept. 15.—Peter Haggin, a man who has been in the news for some time, arrived in Prescott today. He claims to be a man of the man, who, dying in 1880, left him a fortune of \$40,000 in gold dust at Sycamore Creek. Two years ago, he made attempts to find the mine, but gave up after having a considerable sum in trenching the property now occupied by the mine. Haggin says he has reliable information and expects to find the mine within a few days. He is now in Prescott, where he is waiting for the mine to be located.

NEW FORD STORY.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Prescott, Sept. 15.—In a number of foreigners to the mine, Judge J. J. McLaughlin refused the application of several who could not answer questions satisfactorily, and told them to leave. He also warned them that if they returned, they would be arrested. He also warned them that if they returned, they would be arrested. He also warned them that if they returned, they would be arrested.

MAJOR'S CAR.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Prescott, Sept. 15.—A car driven by Thomas Elias, Jr., was killed at the ranch home of the Sheriff of Coconino county, Arizona. The car was driven by William Birnie, a gardener. He had just been killed by a milk can which had been left on the road. The car was driven by William Birnie, a gardener. He had just been killed by a milk can which had been left on the road.

STRUCK BY AUTO.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Prescott, Sept. 15.—James J. Holt, one of the best known farmers in the Prescott district, was killed on Sunday morning by a car driven by a man named W. A. Edgar. The car was driven by W. A. Edgar. The car was driven by W. A. Edgar.

CINNABAR.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Prescott, Sept. 15.—County Judge J. J. McLaughlin has handed down a decision in the case of the State vs. the Copper Company. The decision is in favor of the Copper Company. The decision is in favor of the Copper Company.

PUNCH BOARDS.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Prescott, Sept. 15.—County Judge J. J. McLaughlin has handed down a decision in the case of the State vs. the Copper Company. The decision is in favor of the Copper Company. The decision is in favor of the Copper Company.

were told some time ago that the boards would not be objected to as long as the prizes were confined to the merchandise used at that time. Some of the operators began using boards with money prizes, and the authorities have decided to do away with them entirely.

FALL ROUNDUP.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Willcox (Ariz.) Sept. 15.—The Riggs Cattle Company, the "J. H." outfit, Monk Bros., and Chiricahua Cattle Company are engaged in the fall roundup. Owing to the excessive drouth and the consequent absence of feed on the ranges, all the companies are shipping everything that is salable.

WILL PROSECUTE

BOGUS NOBLEMAN.

MAN POSING AS ENGLISH LORD  
TO FACE FRAUDULENT  
CHECK CHARGES.

Claud Athol, the dignified and genial importer who successfully deceived the staff of the California Club when he posed as Sir Thomas Lipton, passed a large number of small worthless checks, according to reports of his activities prepared yesterday. He was taken into the Justice Court yesterday and will be arraigned today for investigation.

The Los Angeles Apartment House and Hotel Association intends to prosecute Athol on a number of charges, involving the several checks passed on members. The checks were signed C. E. or E. E. Percy. Some of his victims and the amounts of the checks have been as follows: Hotel Maryland, \$12; Hotel Hollywood, \$29; Hotel Rosslyn, \$2; Toledo rooming-house, \$5; Hotel Sherman, \$10, and Robinson's department store, \$5.

POOR JOHN BUNYAN.

Author of One of the Best Sellers is Now Called a Hypochondriac by a Learned Medical Investigator. [Pittsburgh Gazette-Times:] After more than 200 years of ignorance concerning the mental and physical condition of John Bunyan the world has just been informed through a writer in the Medical Journal as to what was the matter with the author of "Pilgrim's Progress." He was a hopeless hypochondriac. But as Mark Twain would have said, nothing can be done about that now. It is too late not only to prescribe for John Bunyan but to interfere with the reading and sales of his wonderful work. Dr. Howard D. Ring does not lack for alleged facts to support his diagnosis. He directs special attention to the Slough of Despond, the man in the iron cage, the description of Doubting Castle, Mrs. Diffidence and Giant Despair. But it was scarcely necessary to pick out these particular instances to show that the author's mind was oppressed with melancholy. The tone of the entire book is somber. Even the rejoicing at the end over the triumph of the pilgrims into the celestial city seems paradoxically to have a suggestion of morbidity, intimating that the pilgrims have so narrowly escaped. Passages from Bunyan's autobiography are cited to prove that his mind was far from normal even when he was a child and that he continually looked upon the darker side of things. This is a typical sentence: "I beheld the condition of the dog and toad and counted the estate of everything that God had made far more than this dreadful state of mine. No normal individual ever felt like that, says Dr. Ring, but to the hypochondriac, alone in creation, no past, no future, can be as bad as the present."

According to the publishers' lists, "Pilgrim's Progress" is still in great demand, and has been for more than two centuries. People find it as fascinating and instructive as ever. There are even special editions for children, that the head of the greatest banking syndicate in the world should be interested in making a loan to himself and cohorts to finance the trade in which his particular stockholders would be directly connected?

What would be more natural than a coalition of interests to finance allies in this country, when the head of finances here and his English stockholders would reap the most profits from such a deal?

As an American, without any antagonizing alliances, who loves peace and the pursuit of happiness, let me allude to the fact that any financing of a war loan will only tend to drag America into the net prepared for her when such a procedure is consummated; for if she finances the allies, and the allies lose in this great war, which to far-seeing eyes has only begun, to protect herself she must side with the allies, or lose the money she has put in. In speaking of America the term implies American investors, American banks, and those who are or may be influenced to loan money for speculative purposes. Can anyone fail to understand the powerful influences that would pour at the doors of Congress with lingo newspapers and Federal representatives to force our government to assist them in recovering their money? Is there anything more absurd than to hear Secretary of State Lansing sanctioning the proposed war loan to the allies and at the same time voice the sentiments of his Chief to keep neutral? Is it not a startling proof that in America "money rules the nation?" at least, that is the prevailing sentiment among the common people, who pay the bills, furnish the corpses, widows, orphans and cripples of the demon war.

H. B. WATSON.

The English and the Boers. LOS ANGELES, Sept. 16.—[To the Editor of The Times:] With reference to article in Times of September 15 regarding treatment of Boer women and children in Boer war, I am a nurse who through the Boer war, and visited concentration camps. Nothing could exceed the British kindness to Boer women and children, but these people are not clean in their habits and many children died from a bad form of measles, in many cases aggravated by their own uncleanness. A staff of graduate nurses came from Great Britain to attend to these children and to teach Boer women the care of their children.

It had been said many times during the years I served in this war that "the war would have been over very much sooner, but for the fact that the Boer soldiers knew when they left their women and children behind they would be well taken care of by their enemy, the cruel English." C. W.



—It is a great satisfaction  
on baking day to have  
the pie and pudding, the  
bread and cake, turn out  
just as one wishes.

—Using

QUALITY FIRST  
**GLOBE A1 FLOUR**  
Made in Los Angeles

on all baking days quickly gets  
one into the habit of expecting  
only satisfactory results—as  
that is what you will invariably  
get. This will be your experi-  
ence if you use *Globe A1*.

GLOBE MILLS—LOS ANGELES

LETTERS TO  
"THE TIMES."

[The Times invites strong, clear, bright expressions of opinion on current subjects, that are pertinent and popular. Letters should be kept in sight. Essays, editorials, religious and personal controversies, etc., have no place in such letters. The signing of the writer's true name, which will be either published or withheld at the owner's request. Letters offered for publication should be in "plain" English, and are subject to editorial supervision.]

No War Loan.

SAN GABRIEL, Sept. 16.—[To the Editor of The Times:] Nothing comment and protests made by so-called representatives of German-American alliances in a recent issue of The Times, let me say that there are more Americans than those belonging to any such organizations, who will want to add vigorous protests against sanction of the proposed war loan to the allies or any belligerent nation. Every peace-loving parent and citizen will view with horror any such proceeding.

Special Plowing Bee  
with the much-talked-of  
**"BIG BULL"**

\$685 Tractor and Portable Engine  
Come—bring your friends—witness the big agricultural sensation of the West! See "the bull with the pull"—the deep-tilling machine with a bull wheel that runs in the furrow—the tractor that does not pack the soil, and guaranteed to pull the load of seven good horses. It develops 20 to 25 horse power at the pulley belt for stationary work.

One Week Starting Sun., Sept. 19  
at L. A. Creamery Ranch  
Stephenson Ave., near E. Catholic Cemetery.  
Take Stephenson Avenue Car.

**Hughson & Merton Inc.**  
1229 So. Olive St., Los Angeles.  
Also San Francisco and Portland.

Open Sat. Evening till 9.

"Universal"  
Immersion  
Water Heater

Price \$3.00

This article will bring a glass full of water to a bubbling boil in less than three minutes. Ideal for heating shaving water—baby's food—or sickroom medicines and diet. It is the best appliance of its kind on the market—superior in finish and material and well adapted to its purpose. Let us show you this appliance.

**New Boots**  
The late, smart models are of Gunmetal or Patent—with cloth tops. Button and Lace styles are both correct.

---Priced \$4 to \$6

**Staub's**  
The Regular Price Shoe Store.  
336 SO. BROADWAY

Not the Answer He Expected.  
[Youth's Companion:] A Scottish minister was one day talking to one of his aged parishioners, who in the course of the conversation ventured to express the opinion that ministers ought to be better paid. "I am glad to hear you say that," said the minister. "I am pleased that you think so much of the clergy. And so you think we should have bigger stipends?" "Ay," said the old man; "then we'd get a better class of men."

Practical farmers, "little farm" seekers, shrewd investors and those who want beautiful country homes—are buying San Fernando Mission Lands with a rapidity that stands out in bold contrast with the lack of activity in other suburban land offerings. The answer is easy. San Fernando Mission Lands are being offered at 50 to 75 per cent under their actual value. Where can you obtain land of this character, with similar soil, climatic and irrigation advantages—on electric car line and half-million-dollar electrolier-lighted boulevard, with fine schools and in close touch with all modern city advantages—where can you get this type of land for less than \$1500 to \$2000 an acre?

**San Fernando Mission Lands**

**\$300** An Acre and Up  
Easy Terms

**Sunday**

Go Sunday at our expense and see the famous "chosen lands" of the Mission Fathers, surrounding the old historic San Fernando Mission. This land was chosen because of its wonderful fertility—the type of soil that produces bumper crops of lemons, oranges, avocados, walnuts, sugar beets, deciduous fruits and winter vegetables—where conditions are ideal for hogs, dairying and poultry. Go and see why Frank Wiggins, Stoddard, Jess and other well known Los Angeles people have purchased here. Go and see what the coming of the \$30,000,000 aqueduct water supply has meant to this beautiful suburban property. Go and see sugar beet land that will net \$115 to \$130 per acre on land that you can buy for \$375 per acre. Go and see why close to \$400,000 worth of these lands have been sold during the past five months. Our excursions are for genuinely interested land seekers—not mere pleasure seekers or "joy-riders."

**Free Poultry Lecture**  
BY  
By Mrs. Lou V. Chapin

Tuesday, September 21,  
at 7:45 p.m.

**10 a.m.**

**Angeles Mesa Land Co.**  
433 South Hill St. (Ground Floor)  
Phone: Home 60151—Main 988.

UNFURNISHED & FURNISHED HOUSES,  
BUNGALOWS AND FLATS IN  
ALL PARTS OF THE CITY.  
CALL FOR INFORMATION  
AND A NEW CITY MAP.  
ROBERT L. WARE COMPANY,  
151 SOUTH HILL STREET,  
GROUND FLOOR.  
THE OLD SILENT RENTAL AGENCY.  
MISS ASHLEY, MANAGER.

California Dairy Properties.  
Title Insurance & Trust Company,  
Trustees.  
Beneficial Trustee Certificates  
\$100.00 Each.  
529 Citizens National Bank Building



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 Daily and Sunday Illustrated Weekly and Semi-  
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 Entered at the Postoffice as mail matter of Class II.

**TREND OF THE FINANCIAL NEWS.**  
**CHIEF EVENTS OF YESTERDAY.**  
 (At Home.) The demand from industrial concerns for more currency has caused the government to increase the printing of paper money. In the Central West, or corn belt, optimism was never higher, as the recent hot spell has insured a gigantic crop. Railroads have placed large orders for extra steel and rolling stock to handle the crop, which has, in turn, put more men at work in mills. Bank clearing for the week increased nearly \$700,000,000.

(For details, see financial pages.)  
**WELL WITH A BOTTOM.**  
 Great Britain cannot spend six billion dollars a year in self-destruction for any great period and expect to remain the richest country in the world.

**RUINED SUMMER RESORT.**  
 The town of Douglas on the Isle of Man is one of the great watering places of England. During the season, which lasts for eight weeks, the profits of the hotels and lodging-house keepers are about two million dollars. This year there have been no visitors to the Isle of Man and the prayer of the people, "Give us this day our daily stranger," has been answered not. The landlords of Douglas have applied to the British government to loan them \$250,000 to keep them from paupers' graves.

**OUR FRIENDS, THE DOCTORS.**  
 A doctor is a member of the greatest and most beneficent and unselfish of all the learned professions. We just at the doctors in our hours of health, but when disease seizes upon the strength of manhood, when even the mighty Caesar cries like a sick child, when the hour of pain is upon us, then, in the hushed chamber and by the lonely lamp of the watcher, we invoke the merciful ministrations of the doctor, and with willing feet he comes through the storm and darkness, and with skill, and patience and courage he battles with disease and beats back death from the House of Life.

**MUST PUT UP THE BARS.**  
 No matter which way the war ends, the countries involved will be overloaded with debt and the people will be cruelly taxed to meet the obligations of their several governments. America is going to be the dumping ground as sure as anything under the sun, and our government cannot act too promptly to put up the bars that will stop the entry of goods and men that will have a disturbing influence on our industries and the workers in them.

It is safe to assume that with our law immigration laws and our low tariff, all eyes will center on the United States when the war ends, as there, it is believed, the real money is stored. Under our present tariff and immigration laws American labor must suffer while helping pay the enormous war taxes of England, Germany, France, Italy and Belgium. More than two million men will be crippled as a result of the war, and such men will find preference abroad, as they will be forced to work for the minimum wage in all industries. The more able-bodied will be compelled to compete with this kind of labor, and will get out of their country as fast as they can. The United States will be the goal.

**FAVORING FOREIGN SHIPS.**  
 Another small but spiteful slip has been administered to the American merchant marine; this time by the United States Attorney-General. He holds that under certain conditions the safety appliances sections of the seaman's law will not apply to foreign ships. Section 14 of the La Follette law requires more lifeboats, and specifies how the boats shall be manned and operated, etc.

"When not carrying passengers foreign vessels are not subject to the provisions of Sec. 14 of this act," said the opinion. "Only foreign private steam vessels carrying passengers from United States ports are so subject; and these are not subject to the provisions of Sec. 14 if the law of the country from which they come is similar to our own inspection law."

This decision works to the advantage of foreign vessels and to the disadvantage of American vessels, and increases the handicap of the American merchant marine in the foreign trade.

The shipping interests on the Great Lakes will not follow the example of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company and sell their vessels because of the La Follette law. Instead of taking that course they have consolidated fifty freighters of five railroad lines into \$20,000,000 merger. The economies in operation which will be made possible by the merger will enable the ship owners to "check the diversion of grain and ore to Canadian shipping, manufacture and export."

The language clause of the shipping bill will not affect ships plying on the Great Lakes, for it would be impossible to employ Japanese in any event.

It now claimed that the Chautauque salute is dangerous and that it scatters disease. Is it as deadly as the kiss the western farmer gave Mr. Bryan the other day? The high-brows will soon be claiming that it is bad form to use handkerchiefs at all.

**INSUFFICIENT AMMUNITION.**  
 Finding excuses for reverses and failures brings to the defeated a melancholy satisfaction; it affords them a dreary pastime, useless unless it prompts the excuse makers to avoid repeating their mistakes. As far as the past is concerned the fact alone counts, reasoning alters nothing; a post mortem still leaves the corpse cold. After the Japanese war Russia found many excuses for the defeat she suffered from a foe she underestimated. Russia cannot have underestimated to the same extent the strength of the German Empire. Yet she went into the larger and more dangerous conflict over-manned and under-equipped, like a cone balanced on its point, and so she was outgeneraled and outmaneuvered by her solid-based opponent.

A squad of recruits for one well-trained marksman behind a modern machine gun. That was a fact the Slav failed to digest when he put his faith in his vast population alone and pitted it against the science of the Teuton. Now after months of disaster and retreat he voices the cause of his failure—"insufficient ammunition."

From reports so far received we are justified in believing that the Russians in armament and equipment were so inferior that no numerical superiority could avail them in modern systematized warfare as developed by Germany. Harry Carr, writing to The Times from the front, has described the utter disregard shown by the Russian government for the private soldiers fighting their country's battles. Of all the nations embroiled in the war, Russia alone shows a deadly indifference to the fate of the men she loses; no home letters from Russia are received in the prison camps, the government makes no inquiry as to the condition or treatment of Slav prisoners.

A government that holds its men so cheap because it has vast numbers to draw upon will always suffer from insufficient ammunition; it will never have the right man behind the gun even when the full quota of guns is provided.

Before Russia can find her soul her bureaucracy must be broken and a more liberal government must sweep away the fragments. The dumb, unrecognized peasant, who does the fighting and dying at the command of the bureaucrats, has no chance against the more enlightened citizen of a better-educated country. When Russia completely enfranchises her people she will at last have on hand the right kind of ammunition to keep her where she might be now and is not—in the vanguard of civilization. The Russian people themselves are simple, strong and enduring, and should they come into their own they will make a record in peace or war no nation need be ashamed of.

But in the keen competition of peace, no less than in the cruel contention of war, victory or defeat depends on the ammunition properly stored and made available whenever the pinch comes. Every business enterprise that fails for lack of capable financing, every workman that fails down through indifference to anything beyond the day's wage, every career that comes to nothing because in youth opportunities for education were neglected, every hasty marriage that ends in the divorce court or life not morally ballasted that ends in the jail or the madhouse can find the same Russian answer to the hopeless and eternal—Why . . . why?—"insufficient ammunition."

**FREAKS OF BRITISH COURTS.**  
 One of the injustices, not to say absurdities, of international law is that which allows a nation which has seized and confiscated or destroyed the property of citizens of another nation, to have the legality of the seizure and the value of the property adjudicated by the courts of the aggressor instead of by an impartial tribunal. It is as if in a lawsuit between individuals the defendant should have the right to pick the judge and select the jury. The trial would necessarily be a farce.

An illustration of the impotency of international law to provide for a fair determination by prize courts of contests between nations is afforded by the action of the British prize court in the claims of Chicago meat packers for \$15,000,000 worth of their products, seized by British cruisers on board the Norwegian steamships Kim, Alfred Nobel, Bjornstjerne Bjornson and Fridland. These steamers were seized last November on their voyage from New York to Copenhagen and their cargoes, consisting of salted, canned and fresh meats, were confiscated by the British government on the ground that the same, although shipped to a Danish port, were really intended for consumption in Germany.

The British prize court refused the request for an early hearing and postponed the case for six months. Armour, Hammond, Swift and Sulzberger of Chicago, who owned the cargoes, urged the court to allow them to be sold under its supervision in London, the proceeds to be held in court to await the result of the trial. This offer was refused by the court on the ground that the sale of these cargoes in London would disturb the English meat market, and subject British butchers to unfair competition. So the meat was allowed to spoil.

The outrageous injustice of the judgment of confiscation delivered by Sir Samuel T. Evans, president of the court, appears from the fact that the judgment was based upon a British order in council made in March, 1915, while the seizure of the goods was made in November, 1914. If international law could be changed at all by a British order in council, it could only be changed from and after its passage. Under no circumstances could it be made retroactive.

Under the law of nations provisions are generally not contraband, but may become so if in the course of transportation to the army or navy of the enemy or to its ports of naval or military equipment, unless they are the product of the neutral country from which they are shipped or to which the vessel belongs. Pitch, tar, hemp and copper were held by the English courts to be noncontraband if shown to be the product of the country from which exported (5, C. Rob. 245).



and finally it was agreed by treaty that provisions should be paid for when captured. Afterwards England assumed a different position, and in 1885 objected strongly to the action of France in declaring during her hostilities with China that shipments of rice for any port north of Canton were to be considered contraband—Great Britain contending that though provisions may in particular circumstances acquire a contraband character they cannot in general be so treated.

In seizing \$15,000,000 worth of meat belonging to American citizens in Chicago and sent by them on Danish vessels from New York to Copenhagen, and refusing to pay for the meat, Great Britain violated: (1) International law and the decisions of her own courts thereon, for the meat seized was the product of the country from which it was exported and therefore not contraband.

(2) The treaty between Great Britain and the United States which provided that provisions should be paid for when captured.

(3) The elementary proposition that exists in all civilized nations that laws shall not be made retroactive. This she did by enacting in March, 1915, an order in council which her prize court made applicable to a seizure occurring in November, 1914. The Chicago meat packers have been allowed to appeal by putting up a cash bond for \$25,000. They will appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober, but Philip will never get sober so long as there is whiskey in the jug. The appellants will go from one British tribunal to another and will realize that the course of British justice is like "Truth crushed to earth"—"the eternal years of God are hers." Finally the claim of the Chicago packers to be paid \$15,000,000 for their seized meat will become the subject of diplomatic correspondence between the thirty-fourty President of the United States and George VII, and the government of George will admit its liability to pay that \$15,000,000 with thirty years' interest, but by that time the government of Great Britain, whether it shall be victor or vanquished in the present war, will be so inconveniently and utterly busted, that if Los Angeles \$10,000 bungalows were selling for a nickel each, it couldn't pay for a door key.

**RIPPLING RHYMES.**  
**GAY SHIRTS.**

With stripes of yellow, blue and green, and pink and purple in between, the kind of shirts we're wearing now would jar the antlers from a cow. Who are the gay and giddy dirts who hand down fashions in men's shirts? Do they wear braids front side behind, or are they merely color blind? When I jog down the village street, I wear sane shoes upon my feet; my outer garments all are mild, by streaks of fashion undefined; my lid's an unassuming one, its color brown, approaching dun. My rags don't shock the public eyes, I am no rainbow in disguise. Modest folk feel pained and hurt when they behold my screaming shirt. "Since when," they ask, "O ribald son, have you become a barber's pole?" "Since my good frau went chasing down to study fashions in the town. She'd rather see me lying dead and planted where the daisies spread, than wearing garments out of date, and hence this shirt, whose hues I hate." With gaudy stripes and gorged bars, and purple dots and yellow stars, my shirt is cutting lots of grass, and males are shying as they pass.

WALT MASON.

## IS SPECULATION AN EVIL?

BY MELTON MOORE.

Is speculation an evil? If so, is it a necessary evil? Many writers have taken the position that speculation in the staple articles of food should be forbidden. That speculation produces false values. That it forces the consumer to pay more for those foods than their actual worth. That legislation should be enacted whereby all speculation in the necessary food articles would be abolished.

This theory sounds very fine. Those advancing it may possibly have a plan whereby our food products, our industrial and other stocks and bonds could be marketed without the exchanges and the so-called speculators, forming those exchanges; but this plan, if they have one, they have failed to exploit.

It is far easier to tear down than to build up. These propagandists tell us that speculation is an evil for the reason that if one speculator makes \$500 on a deal, someone must necessarily lose that amount. Let us see if this is a fact. We will start with the farmers who produce the grain and the local grain buyers and call them speculators, if you choose. This local buyer bases the price he can pay the farmer upon quotations from the exchange where he expects to sell the grain. He finds that he can pay the farmer 90 cents per bushel for wheat. That this price, after paying transportation, handling charges and commissions, will leave him a profit of 2 cents per bushel. Today, he buys 10,000 bushels of wheat from the farmers. He sells this amount to some speculator on the exchange. We will assume that the farmers made a profit of 20 cents per bushel in selling at 90 cents. On the 10,000 bushels, this equals \$2000 profit. The local grain dealer made by his sale \$200 profit. The speculator bought this lot of wheat because he thought wheat would advance in price. We will assume that it did advance 5 cents per bushel and he sold to another speculator, making by his sale a profit of \$500. Thus we will assume that this particular 10,000 bushels passed through the hands of five speculators and that each of them made a profit of \$500. Still the deal is not closed, for the fifth speculator has bought this 10,000 bushels at the top of the market and there is no opportunity for him to make a profit; so he sells the wheat to a miller for just what it cost. Now we find that the farmer made a profit of \$2000. The local grain buyer, \$200. Four speculators, \$500 each, \$2000. Total profits, \$5200.

Who has lost this amount? You may contend that the consumer paid these profits. This may, perhaps, be true in part; but speculation did not produce the advance necessary for the profits exemplified herein. Conditions existed which would have existed had there been no speculators.

The Chicago Board of Trade is recognized in this country and abroad as the leading grain and provision exchange of the world. The Chicago price governs the prices upon all other exchanges. Conditions govern the Chicago price. The speculators do not govern that price. Speculators, of course, take advantage of their advance information regarding the conditions of the world's crops and the estimated demand and supply. From this information, in accordance with their judgment, they either buy or sell. In the parlance of the exchange, they become either "bulls" or "bears." This stage of animalism is not chronic with any of them, for the "bull" of today who is willing to buy all that is offered, may be a "bear" tomorrow.

The speculators are the men who have made a market for our products. It is they who have made a market where any man or any country may, at any time, either buy or sell any amount he or they may choose—may do this by wire or cable. No matter what the volume may be the trade can be made in from one to five minutes after the order reaches the exchange. Think what this means to those having products to sell or those wishing to buy. There is no business, outside of the stock and grain exchanges, which furnishes an unlimited market to the world. This condition is made possible only by the red-blooded speculator, the man willing to take a chance.

To the speculator we owe our national progress. He built our transcontinental railroads, our factories; he opened up our oil fields, our mines. He has built in the past and is today building our national business. This red-blooded speculator is a good loser. Always ready to take a chance, you cannot keep him down. He is a fighter, first, last and all the time. Instead of trying to legislate him out of existence, let us pray for more like him.

The housewife who in the spring buys a 100 or a 200-pound sack of sugar, because she thinks the price is low and will go higher and knows that she may use the sugar during the summer for preserving her winter supply of fruit, is a speculator. She takes a chance; and nine times out of ten, she wins.

The American people are natural speculators. They love to take a chance. The speculators who buy large tracts of non-producing land and, by inducing other speculators to build transportation facilities to and through those acres, who build good roads, develop water, cut those lands into small and large parcels, offer inducements to settlers such as small cash payments and long time are taking a chance and may be obliged to wait long for their returns. But! They are building up our country, increasing our resources. They deserve to win and they will win.

Sad to relate, we have with us and always will have, a class of long-haired, narrow-chested men and short-haired, flat-breasted women who could ferret out an evil in the blooming of a rose or the prattle of an infant. This is the class which should be legislated out of existence; not those who are building up our nation.

**Wage-earner's Best Friend.**  
 ("Girard" in Philadelphia Public Ledger.) A Japanese workman gets more money to make a yard of fabric than an American workman. But the American can produce in a day many times as many yards as the Japanese, so that his day's pay is very much greater.

The only reason the American can do this is because his employer has supplied him with the best possible machinery. The son of Nippon relies almost wholly upon his own hands.

In our country the amount of money which goes into new machinery increases more than two and a half times as fast as the number of working people. The wages of workers increase almost twice as fast as the workers themselves.

They can load 10,000 tons of ore upon one Great Lakes ship in twenty-five minutes, and they can unload that cargo in less than three hours. Only the investment of great sums of money could enable a few workmen to accomplish such world-beating results.

It seems to me the best friend the wage-earner has is his employer's bank roll.

## Pen Points: By the Sea

So far, Gen. Proctor has been successful.

Let's see, what cities have been successful banks? Going to hear former President Taft tonight? Yes, so say we. Almost too hot back East and too hot at the Presidential bed.

Now is the time to lay in your supply of English pounds. They are down. But the bathing girls never do bathe alluring as those on the front pages of summer magazines.

The cause of neutrality could be in this land of the free by prohibition of exportation of hydraulic ram. The new tennis champion, Johnnies, a Californian. Exit those Californians, McLoughlin and Bundy.

The czar had no trouble in producing vodka in his empire, but he has been utterly unable so far to prohibit the same.

Why should Col. Roosevelt be doing with the policies of President Wilson? Didn't he elect him?

The local recruiting station reports within the past week a number of men have enlisted. Won't they just let us to charge the enemy?

What has become of the old-fashioned man who used to wear a collared shirt? He possibly has a son who wears a shirt.

With that third and last expedition in the White House, will it be to refer to President Wilson as the law-in-law of his country.

In England it is considered almost a sin to treat a man in a public house. His fellows have had that idea in this country long before this war.

Isn't it exactly good form for girls to chippendale legs to appear with longings at the bathing beaches. It draws attention from the ocean.

A revolutionary plot is reported in Brazil—the place where the sun sets from. Just the country for an anti-thesis that kind, we take it.

There ought to be no trouble in finding Brownsville. For from the marauders, if all the Browns will rescue.

Every town-look baseball player who he has lost a friend in the death of Spalding. The victories of baseball are no less renowned than those of war.

A beggar picked up in New York other day had in his possession \$100 bills. Is this the prosperity that Clark told us was coming in sixty days?

Some trouble in arranging the billiard-dollars loan desired by the British. Probably they want to pay it in dollars at a rate of a dollar down and a dollar up.

The difference between a plain dress and a "creation" was plainly visible at the Fashion Show. And it was at the difference in the world from a new point of view.

The fall term of school is just getting old, and the family dog has just entered from his isolation. It has been a mighty lonesome time for him with away.

It is possible the Bull Moose will nominate a candidate for moral reform, something like the Prohibitionist, and George W. Perkins some place in the line of his checks.

## This Mes

Washable Georgette

Good news for women who like a silk-mixed, 40-inch washable every conceivable color, bought in any quantity, at only one dollar.

(Wash Goods)

Special 50c Luncheon TODAY

Fruit Cocktail  
 Cream of Celery Soup,  
 aux Croûtons  
 Fried Barracuda, in Butter  
 or  
 Chicken à la King  
 Mashed Potatoes  
 Ice Cream  
 Demi Tasse  
 (Chef, Fourth Floor)

Word of the New Laces

In every Fall opening in New York the fall laces of all description played a very prominent part.

All gowns shown were composed of laces upon nets, with Alençon lace featured strongly.

We receive every day all of the new and pretty laces and nets, and it is inconceivable that you can fail to find exactly what you need of lace in the way of simple or elaborate gown trimmings. It is a pleasure for our salespeople to display this charming stock.

(Laces, Main Floor)

Best Coats in L for Children at

Positively the best in style and comparison will soon convince you. We searched the markets for the finest to crowd the utmost value into coats that we could feature at five dollars.

New mixtures, checks and plaids or velvet collars; full and half belted to fourteen years, at \$5.00.

Black Plush Coats

—will be very popular again in this year; here in plain and in belted models, in sizes for toddlers of one to six years, at \$5.50 to \$8.50.

Saturday Specials

Seven spools of 5c O. N. T. Spool Cotton, any number, in black, white or colors; seven spools to a customer, at seven cents.

50c Sanitary Skirt Protectors  
 50c Crystal Towel Bars, 9-16x18, complete with nickel-plated knobs, now . . . 25c  
 50c Plate Glass Shelves; complete with brackets, size 4x16, now . . . 25c  
 25c to 35c Guaranteed Tooth Brushes, now . . . 20c  
 Or three for . . . 50c  
 50c Wizard Polishing Mops, fully treated; with handle . . . 25c  
 10c Toilet Tissue, either flat or roll shape . . . 5c  
 40c Sanitary Absorbent Cottons; 1-lb. package; special. . . 30c  
 Odd lots of Rubber-lined Storage Bags and Tourist Cases to be closed out at . . . Half  
 \$1.50 Clothes Brushes . . . 95c  
 30c and 50c Nail Scrubs, 20c; 10c Wool Powder Puffs, 2c

Call—215-229 South



# This Message from a Store Where There Is Something Going On

## Washable Georgette Crepes at \$1

Good news for women who like this popular material—40-inch washable Georgette crepe in every conceivable color, bought so that we can sell it, in any desired quantity, at only one dollar a yard!

(Wash Goods; Rear South Aisle)



## Special 50c Luncheon

TODAY

Fruit Cocktail  
Cream of Celery Soup,  
and Croustons  
Fried Barracuda, in Butter  
or  
Chicken a la King  
Mashed Potatoes  
Demi Tasse  
(Cafe; Fourth Floor)

## Word of the New Laces

Every Fall opening in New York has fall laces of all descriptions and a very prominent part.

All gowns shown were composed of lace upon lace, with Alencens and featured strongly.

We receive every day all of the new and pretty laces and nets, and it is inconceivable that you can fail to find exactly what you need or want in the way of simple or elaborate gown trimmings. It is a pleasure for our salespeople to display the charming stock.

(Lace; Main Floor)

## Best Coats in Los Angeles for Children at ... \$5

Positively the best in style and quality, as comparison will soon convince you.

We searched the markets for these garments, determined to crowd the utmost value into a line of children's coats that we could feature at five dollars, and here they are.

New mixtures, checks and plain materials, with plain velvet collars; full and half belted, for children of six to fourteen years, at \$5.00.

## Black Plush Coats

will be very popular again this year; here in plain and checked models, in sizes for children of one to six years, at \$5.00 to \$8.50.

## Little Boys' Coats

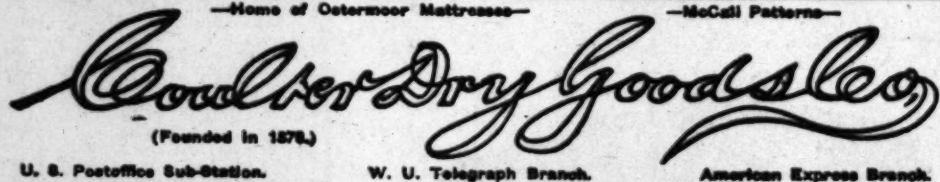
Styles expressly for boys in coats, checks and mixtures, are wonderfully good values at only \$5 and \$5.50.

(Children's Wear; Second Floor)

## Saturday Specials

Seven spools of 5c O. N. T. Cotton, any number, in white or colors; seven spools to a customer, at seven cents. . . . .25c  
The Sanitary Skirt Protectors . . . . .25c  
The Wash Cloths . . . . .3 for 10c  
The Crystal Towel Bars, 9-16x12, complete with nickel-plated knobs, now . . . . .25c  
The Plate Glass Shelves; complete with brackets, size 4x16, . . . . .25c  
The 35c Guaranteed Tooth Paste, now . . . . .20c  
The Ward Polishing Mops, . . . . .25c  
The Toilet Tissue, either flat or . . . . .5c  
The Sanitary Absorbent . . . . .25c  
The Rubber-lined . . . . .30c  
The Rubber and Tourist Cases to . . . . .Half  
The Clothes Brushes . . . . .95c  
The 50c Nail Scrubs, 20c; . . . . .50c  
The Wool Powder Puffs, 2 . . . . .15c

215-229 South Broadway



U. S. Postoffice Sub-Station. W. U. Telegraph Branch. American Express Branch.

## Short Lengths of Silks, Dress Goods, Linings at Half

One of those frequent occasions upon which thrifty shoppers may secure two dresses for the usual price of one! It amply repays one for the little trouble of looking over a great quantity of short lengths in plain and fancy silks, velvets, velveteens, corduroys, in woollens of the choicest shades and weaves, and in linings that are suitable for all purposes. While some lengths contain only enough for trimming, or for a waist, there are many pieces sufficiently long to be made into entire suits and dresses; all at half.

(Silks; Dress Goods; Linings; Broadway Annex)

## New Designs in Beacon Blankets and Kindred Productions

Known for years as headquarters for fine blankets and bedding, we should prefer to be judged by Beacon Blankets, if by any one kind of bedding we sell.

They are shown now in new designs, new colorings, new patterns, better than any that have preceded them; new Blanket Comforters, Couch Cover Blankets, Crib Blankets, Bath Robe Blankets and Wrapper Blankets, with cords to match.

All are made of the purest, most sanitary cotton, by processes that insure a perfect product—they are ideal as to what such merchandise should be; soft as down, beautiful as works of art, they preserve their qualities and colorings through long and constant wear. Some Special Introductory Prices:

### Bed Blankets

Plain regular bed blankets in white, tan and gray, with blue or pink borders; a color to match any decorative bedroom scheme—

Full size . . . . . \$2.50  
Three-quarter . . . . . \$2.25  
Crib size . . . . . 50c to \$3.50

(Bedding; Rear South Aisle)

### Bath Robe Blankets

And wrapper blankets, with cords and frogs to match; the prettiest patterns and colors we have ever seen—seventy-five different ones—priced, including cords, at . . . . . \$3.50

(Bedding; Rear South Aisle)



THE BEST SINCE '78

### Comfortable Blankets

Made to take the place of a cotton filled comforter, are warmer and will launder perfectly; excellent for guest rooms; plain, with fancy borders, Jacquard all-over patterns in two and three-color combinations of many sorts . . . . . \$3 to \$10

### Plaid Blankets

In assorted patterns; at . . . . . \$3.50

### Select Now

While assortments are complete as to sizes and colors. Learn about Beacon quality. (Bedding; Rear South Aisle)

## Exceptional Ribbons at 35c

Women know so many uses for ribbons that they are always eager to take advantage of an opportunity to save in their purchase.

Here are 4 1/2 to 6 1/2-inch ribbons in rich plaids, stripes and Jacquard designs; suitable for children's hair bows; and new warp prints which are just the thing for making into the ribbon novelties which soon will be engrossing gift makers. Values to 75c may now be bought at, yard . . . . . 35c

(Ribbons; Main Floor)

## New Automobile Veils Worth to \$2, Each \$1

Don't fancy these are old styles—on the contrary, they have just been placed in stock, and were received from a noted manufacturer of these goods.

Single and double widths in the assortment, with hemstitched and satin bordered ends, in a delightfully wide range of colors.

We should have no difficulty in disposing of them at two dollars apiece, for they fully equal the qualities usually sold at that figure; they are ours to offer for only . . . . . \$1.00

(Veils; Main Floor)

## Silver Plated Table Accessories at Half Price

Buy for your own use, or for gifts of the most acceptable sort, in this little clearance of silver-plate and Sheffield ware at half—

Bonbon Dishes  
Card Trays  
Relish Dishes  
Sandwich Plates  
Nut Bowls  
Fruit Baskets  
Jam Jars  
Children's Cups  
Oil and Vinegar Cruets  
Napkin Rings  
Salt and Pepper Sets  
Condiment Sets  
Vases and many other articles

(Silverware; South Aisle)

## Buy Warm Outing Flannel Nightwear Now at Reductions

Because a factory that preferred to keep its employees busy during the "slack" season, rather than to discharge them, offered us unusual inducements to purchase their products earlier than usual:

Gowns in White and Colors	Reg.	Now.	Hand-Embroidered Gowns
	75c	50c	Of fine French lingerie cloth, plain scalloped, low neck, regularly \$5 and \$6, for . . . . . \$3.50
	\$1.00	75c	Women's low neck, no sleeve, ankle length Union Suits; regularly \$1.50, for . . . . . \$1.15
	\$1.50	\$1.00	Low neck, no sleeve, ankle length hand crocheted band Union Suits; regularly \$2, for . . . . . \$1.50
	\$1.75	\$1.25	Low neck, no sleeve, knee length extra size Union Suits; regularly \$1.75, for . . . . . \$1.35
			High neck, elbow sleeves, knee length, extra size Union Suits, regularly \$1, for . . . . . 65c
			Children's Nazareth Union Suits in all sizes . . . . . 50c
			Nazareth Waists in sizes 2 to 15 . . . . . 25c
			Children's Vests and Pants in broken sizes at . . . . . Half
			Boys' Shirts and Drawers; a broken line, to be cleared out at . . . . . Half

(Undermuslins; Second Floor)

## Compare These Suits at Twenty Dollars

With any you can find at \$22.50 and \$25—so thoroughly have we investigated that we know to a certainty how incomparable these values are.

There are finely-tailored serges and poplins in navy and browns, some choice green shades, black and checks, in plain styles and belted effects.

A size range between 16 and 44 to make selection from.

### Suits at \$25.00

Are equally as good in their class; some are fur trimmed, others are plain in character. Many new models, from \$30, \$35 and up to \$67.50.

(Garments; Second Floor)

## McCall Patterns

Magazines, Fashion Sheets and Catalogue for October are ready for you at our Pattern Section now.

You will find McCall patterns easy to follow, and McCall styles authentic in character and stylish in conception.

McCall Magazine mailed to your home every month for 50c a year; a free 15c pattern of your own choosing with each subscription.

(Patterns; Rear South Aisle)

## Featuring the Newest Styles in Trimmed Hats for Only \$7.50

Realizing that many women do not care to pay more than this figure, or thereabouts, for their less elaborate millinery, we have this season made a specialty of chic creations at this price.

You will find exceptional values, indeed, in both large and small effects, trimmed in every late mode.

You will also find that there are no duplicates, a feature which makes its appeal to every woman who desires individuality in anything so conspicuous as her hats.

At somewhat higher prices you will find a wealth of models in pattern hats, adaptations of fine imported styles and our own productions—a style suitable for any occasion and for any facial type.

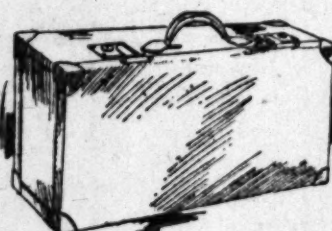
(Millinery; Main Floor)

## Good Inexpensive Luggage

No necessity for carrying luggage that has outworn its usefulness if you patronize such genuine bargain opportunities as these—

### Traveling Bags \$6

—of genuine black walrus, sizes 15 to 18 inches, protected corners, leather linings, with pockets; fitted with double claw locks; every one Coulter-guaranteed; values \$6.50 to \$9.50, at . . . . . \$6



(Leather Goods; Main Floor)

### Suit Cases at \$6

—24-inch genuine black leather suit cases, walrus grain—strong and durable; made with either the double strap fasteners or metal catches; former price \$7.50. And the same case in 26-inch size; regularly \$8.50, now . . . . . \$7

## \$1.25 & \$1.50 Kid Gloves for 95c

With good leathers going higher every day, with an increasing scarcity of real kid, such prices as these can hardly again be duplicated:

One and 2-clasp Cape Gloves, PXM and pique sewn, in tan only, and in sizes 5 1/2 to 6 1/4 . . . . . 95c  
Single-clasp Roxburgh white pique gloves; sizes 5 1/2, 6 1/2, 6 3/4 and 7, regularly \$1.25 . . . . . 95c  
Sixteen-button tan silk gloves; in small sizes only; reg. \$1.25, for . . . . . 50c

(Gloves; Main Floor)

## Hydegrade Galateas

Offer the best solution to mothers' problems of what to buy for school dresses for their children.

Shown in all the new fall patterns of checks and stripes, as well as plain colors in every hue; they are inexpensive at . . . . . 18c

### White Pique for Skirting

In three sizes of cords; a yard-wide, extra heavy material, here at . . . . . 50c

(Wash Goods; Rear South Aisle)

## Odd Lots in Knitwear

Women's part wool Vests; high neck, elbow sleeves; just the thing for cooler weather wear; regularly \$1.00 . . . . . 75c

Women's silk and cotton Vests and Tights; size 4; reg. \$1 . . . . . 50c

Women's low neck, no sleeve, ankle length Union Suits; regularly \$1.50, for . . . . . \$1.15

Low neck, no sleeve, ankle length hand crocheted band Union Suits; regularly \$2, for . . . . . \$1.50

Low neck, no sleeve, knee length extra size Union Suits; regularly \$1.75, for . . . . . \$1.35

High neck, elbow sleeves, knee length, extra size Union Suits, regularly \$1, for . . . . . 65c

Children's Nazareth Union Suits in all sizes . . . . . 50c

Nazareth Waists in sizes 2 to 15 . . . . . 25c

Children's Vests and Pants in broken sizes at . . . . . Half

Boys' Shirts and Drawers; a broken line, to be cleared out at . . . . . Half

Do you know that Carter Underwear has just been awarded the Grand Prize at the San Francisco Exposition. We carry the complete line, for women and children.

(Knitwear; South Aisle)



## La Grecque Corsets Here Only

This is the year of the happy medium in corsets! They fit the figure a little more closely, they are nipped in just a trifle at the waists, the busts are a little higher, especially in the center, but they keep scrupulously to their straight, graceful lines, and their length over back and hips is not at all lessened.

Among the many brands of corsets we sell we can recommend none more strongly than the

### La Grecque Corsets

for which, in Los Angeles, we have sole agency. La Grecque Belt Model fills the great demand for a corset giving absolute support to the full figure, with youthful, stylish lines.

The Lattice Ribbon model is ideal for young, slender figures—and there are dozens of others, from \$1.50 to \$8.50.

(Corsets; Second Floor)

## 50c Hosiery 35c

Women's pure thread silk boot hose in tan only, at . . . . . 35c

And a silk and fiber boot hose that resembles silk closely; in black only, at . . . . . 35c

(Hosiery; Main Floor)











# Business: Money, Stocks, Bonds Trade Local Produce Market

## FINANCIAL

### OFFICE OF THE TREASURER

Los Angeles, Sept. 18, 1915.

Bank charges yesterday were \$2,547,100.22, an increase of \$20,775.34 compared with the corresponding day last year.

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## LOS ANGELES STOCK EXCHANGE

### Dollars Prevails on Local Board

Trading Continued to Mining Issues

Investment Weaker

There was little activity on the exchange yesterday and the entire session was devoid of feature. The popular mining issues were in limited demand and Big Jim remained stationary around 36 1/2. A decidedly weaker tone was noted in Los Angeles Investment and the stock sold down at 42. Several thousand shares of Searchlight Parallel changed hands at 6.00, a thousand and Arizona Tom Reed brought 26 a share.

Frank H. Pettinelli, president of the local board, will make an address at the convention of mining brokers which takes place in San Francisco the early part of next week. A large number of Los Angeles brokers expect to attend the gathering and almost all of the active mining members will be on hand when the meeting is called to order on Tuesday.

## LOCAL CLOSING

### STOCK QUOTATIONS

(As posted at the Los Angeles Stock Exchange, 111 West Fourth Street)

Amalgamated Oil. \$8.00. Adv. 10.00

Central. 10.00. Adv. 10.00

Continental Oil. 10.00. Adv. 10.00

Exxon. 10.00. Adv. 10.00

Marathon. 10.00. Adv. 10.00

Midway. 10.00. Adv. 10.00

Northwestern. 10.00. Adv. 10.00

Rocky Mountain. 10.00. Adv. 10.00

Searchlight. 10.00. Adv. 10.00

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## Public Service: City Hall, Courts.

At the City Hall.  
TO INVESTIGATE  
DEATH-TRAP SITECOUNCIL HALTS PLANS FOR A  
NEW GRADE CROSSING.

Report of the Public Works Committee is sent back and Councilmen will visit Vineyard Junction before taking action on the petition.

Plans for a grade crossing at Sixteenth street, to connect West Broadway and Sherman drive and thereby create what the Utilities Board styles "the worst death trap in Los Angeles"

were balked in the Council yesterday when the report of the Public Works Committee was referred back, and the Council decided to visit the site this morning.

Several members of the Council who heretofore have opposed any addition to the list of grade crossings within the city, said they are not familiar with the locality where the "death trap" was to be located and when Councilman Wheeler, presiding, suggested that the matter be referred back to the committee, pending investigation, Chairman Wright offered no protest.

Tax Agent Hill of the Pacific Electric Railway said he agrees with the Public Utilities Board that the proposed crossing would be the most dangerous in Los Angeles. There is a grade of 3 per cent. at that point, he said, and more than 200 trains a day pass the crossing.

Residents of the neighborhood who seek a crossing at that point, called on the Public Utilities Board yesterday after learning that the proposed special assessment for the viaduct recommended by the Public Utilities Board would amount to not more than \$7 to \$10 a lot, announced that they will start a petition for a viaduct immediately.

The Council will leave the Hill street station at 10 o'clock this morning to visit the crossing.

## South Park Franchise.

The South Park franchise from Thirtieth and San Pedro streets to Sluison avenue was approved by the Public Utilities Committee yesterday. The Council and ordered advertised. The franchise will be taken by the Los Angeles Railway and the former stretch of track, around which the dream of a municipal railroad to the harbor have centered, will be torn up. The ties and rails will be stored in the Los Angeles Railway yards, subject to bids from the junk man, and the street car company will start work immediately extending its lines along South Park, around which the franchise will be for twenty-one years, with a clause that the city may take it over at any time at appraised value.

In framing the franchise, the committee decided to eliminate a proposal that free transportation be given nurses and other health department employees and members of the Municipal Charities Commission. It was explained that at the present time the Los Angeles Railway is giving \$125,000 worth of free transportation a year to city employees.

The Public Utilities Committee also approved a franchise for the Pacific Electric line through the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's addition at the harbor and this franchise will carry a clause requiring the Pacific Electric to change its location when a new plat, if filed, changes the location of the streets in the tract.

## PROSECUTIONS.

## ENFORCING ORDINANCES.

Chief Deputy Cohn of the Building Department said that the four convictions secured before Judge Richardson in Police Court yesterday for violation of the plumbing and building ordinances marked the beginning of a campaign to be waged relentlessly against all violators of these ordinances. In one case, R. W. Ryle was convicted on two charges; one of doing plumbing work without a permit and the other of engaging in the plumbing business without registering under the new ordinance. On the first charge the sentence was \$100 or 100 days in jail, and in the second it was 100 days straight. Sentence was suspended in both instances and Mr. Ryle was informed that any violation of the building or plumbing ordinances in the next two years will mean jail at once under the suspended sentences. C. E. Miller and George Valle were also fined and L. J. Jones, an architect, who, according to Mr. Cohn, refused to take out a permit for a building after he had been warned to comply with the law, was fined \$25.

During the last few weeks since the new plumbing ordinance has been in effect, the office received 100 cases. Licenses have been over \$11,000, according to Mr. Cohn.

## STREET WORKS.

## ORDERED AND ABANDONED.

The Council yesterday denied appeals against the assessments for paving Santa Barbara avenue and the assessment against the Los Angeles Railway Corporation right of way was allowed to remain at the original figure. A petition, asking that proceedings for the improvement of Alvarado street be abandoned, was denied, and a petition asking that the improvement of Yale street from College street north, be abandoned was also denied and filed.

The Council will hear appeals against the improvement of Vermont avenue from Fifty-eighth street to Rudlong avenue on September 23.

The City Engineer was instructed to withhold presentation of any ordinance of intention for the improvement of Virgil avenue north from Temple street until the Silver Lake Parkway condemnation suit is settled.

## To Utilities Board.

In considering the question of allowing the Los Angeles Railway to place an additional track at the end of the Temple-street line, Chairman Roberts of the Public Utilities Committee, yesterday passed the buck to the Public Utilities Board. The company's franchise on Temple street expired a few months ago and, therefore, the city has no right to compel the company to give additional service which will make a double track necessary. It was pointed out, however, that the company is willing to make the change if permitted by the Utilities Board and the necessary permit will be given and the Council so informed.

## Hearing Granted Welty.

Edward Welty, discharged from the fire department about a year ago and demanding a public hearing on charges preferred by Chief Eley, will be heard by the Fire Commission, October 29. Mr. Welty contends that his

discharge was illegal and his contention is supported by the City Attorney to the extent of advising the Fire Commission that it should grant another hearing. In case the decision is in his favor, Mr. Welty will have a year's salary coming at the time of reinstatement. The fact that another hearing is granted, however, does not mean that he is now a member of the department and on the pay roll, the City Attorney says.

## Lighting Taxes Due.

Taxes for lighting the Serrano-avenue and the Victoria Park lighting districts will become delinquent September 20, according to a statement issued by A. B. Conrad, city tax and license collector, yesterday. A penalty of 10 per cent. will be added when the taxes become delinquent and property on which the taxes are unpaid will be sold October 18.

## At the Courthouse.

SUIT INVOLVES  
PAVING PLANT.INJUNCTION ISSUES PENDING  
TRIAL OF CASE.

Action Concerns Two Paving Contractors, Hypothecation of Pasadena Laundry Stocks and an Alleged Partnership—Plea for Receivership is Denied.

Those two stalwarts, Charles Stansbury and Ernest R. Werdin, met in the legal arena yesterday and honors were about even when the clouds dispersed in the preliminary struggle. Mr. Stansbury entered the ring first with an application for a receiver for the L. A. Paving Company in which he claims a partnership interest and an order restraining Mr. Werdin from disposing of the property of the company.

Judge Deby denied the receivership, but granted a temporary injunction against Mr. Werdin and the corporation pending the trial of the suit. Scarborough & Bowen represent Mr. Stansbury and Adams & Brown are opposing the claims of Mr. Stansbury for Mr. Werdin.

The suit involves the loan by Mr. Stansbury of 11,000 shares of stock of the Yosemite Laundry Company of Pasadena as collateral security for a loan of \$7000. At that time, January 1, 1914, Mr. Stansbury alleged that Mr. Werdin was financially embarrassed and that in consideration of the loan it was agreed that both should be joint owners of Mr. Werdin's extensive paving plant.

Subsequently the L. A. Paving Company was organized with Mr. Werdin as general manager. The profits over and above expenses and the payment of debts were to be divided between the so-called partners.

Mr. Stansbury says he demanded on July 1, last, a full accounting of Mr. Werdin, and the return of the laundry stocks. Whereupon, he alleges, Mr. Werdin became very angry and refused to make a statement. This precipitated the suit.

Mr. Werdin says there was no partnership and denies that Mr. Stansbury assisted him financially. On the other hand, he says he advanced Mr. Stansbury money. Large contracts are involved by the differences between the two stalwarts.

## PICTURES NIMPHS.

## MUST NOW FACE COURT.

James T. Valpey, the photographer whose pictures of girls in the nude at

his farm near El Monte brought him into the juvenile court, charged with contributing to the delinquency of Miss Muriel Copping, 20 years old, will plead next Friday. He lost the first round in his fight before Judge Hauser yesterday when his demurrer, argued by Attorney F. W. Heath, was overruled.

Valpey is out on bail. Through his counsel he contends that he has done nothing wrong. The juvenile authorities have in their possession a number of photographs, showing his girl subjects posing as nymphs. The evidence is that he posed as agent for a foreign film company and that he had a young woman with him and procured him subjects advertisements.

## GIVES AWAY ESTATE.

## WIDOW SEEKS RELIEF.

Two months before J. G. Cochran of Monterey died, he gave practically all of his estate to his brothers, Charles and Frank. Yesterday the widow, Mrs. Mary Cochran, had the brothers cited into the Probate Court to show what disposition they had made of it. They made frank statements.

They told the court that their brother, who was separated from his wife, was living with them. April 7, last, he drew a check for \$1000 and told Charles and Frank to divide it between them. He died June 8, following. The widow discovered that the money checked out consisted of the entire estate and that nothing was coming to her.

Charles Cochran stated to the court that he and his brother had \$1800, a debt contracted when they farmed, to which many years ago. Frank said he was surprised when he was told to divide the estate, although he expected J. G. to do something for him.

Judge Rives said he could see nothing else than a gift, and dismissed the citation. The widow will probably now bring suit to declare a trust.

## TO QUIET TITLE.

## ECHO OF BIG SUIT.

An echo of the fight for the millions of the late John W. Keith, staged in San Francisco, will be heard in the local courts through the filing yesterday of a quiet title suit. Romeo Dupuis claims the property at West Eleventh and Federal streets. His suit is against Dr. Sarah J. Tedford and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Louise K. Thompson, the recent claimant to the Keith millions.

The records in the office of the County Recorder show that October 17, 1898, the property at West Eleventh and Federal streets was transferred by J. E. Williams to Louise K. Thompson. Three days later it was sold by Louise K. Thompson. The records do not show any transfer from Louise to Louise, the latter being the name of Mrs. Thompson's husband.

## WRIT OF MANDATE.

## AVAILON REFERENDUM.

The hand of the City Clerk of Avalon was forced yesterday when Judge E. K. Barber of Shasta county, sitting in extra sessions court, granted a writ of mandate, ordering him to certify a referendum petition on the 10 cent tax imposed for each passenger landing at Avalon.

The suit was filed some time ago by William I. Fawcett through Attorney Gerlack. It was charged that the Trustees of Avalon discriminated in favor of the Wilmington Transportation Company, a petition asking that the tax question be submitted to the voters was circulated and signed, but City Clerk F. W. Elder, it was charged, declined to report to the board as to its sufficiency.

## LOSES "DOT."

## GOES TO WIFE'S RELATIVES.

Frank J. Edwards, administrator of the estate of his sister, Mrs. Gustie

Gold, successfully opposed the claim of Julius Gold, her husband, who he was entitled to \$3000, being the amount of the anti-nuptial marriage settlement and which was never paid him. Judge Rives yesterday sustained Mr. Bernard's demurrer to the complaint on the ground that it did not constitute a cause of action.

Julius and Gustie were married January 17, 1913. Previous to the ceremony he stated that the bride was to bring him a dot of \$3000. It was not paid before the marriage and after that happy event, he says, payment was put off time after time on various excuses. The money was in bank, but it was loaned out on a mortgage taken in his wife's name.

When Mrs. Gold died the administrator claimed the dot as a portion of the estate and resisted his brother-in-law's claim. It is probable that Mr. Gold will now file a claim against the estate in a suit against the administrator or sue for breach of contract. A promissory note figured in the ante-nuptial settlement.

## INS AND OUTS.

## AT COUNTY CAPITOL.

MUST STAND TRIAL. The wet and dry fight, which involved an attack on the constitutionality of the liquor ordinance adopted by Covina, had one angle heard yesterday when Judge Taft denied the petition of M. B. Ahart for a writ of mandate, which throws the case into the Recorder's court at Covina for trial. The writ was directed against the City Recorder to restrain him from proceeding with the trial of Mr. Ahart, and told Charles and Frank to divide it between them. He died June 8, following. The widow discovered that the money checked out consisted of the entire estate and that nothing was coming to her.

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Judge Rives said he could see nothing else than a gift, and dismissed the citation. The widow will probably now bring suit to declare a trust.

## APPROVES AGREEMENT.

## THE ACCOUNTING SUIT BROUGHT BY JAMES B.

Beebe and William Cohen, tried by Judge Myers, resulted yesterday in the court approving an agreement under which Mr. Cohen is to give Mr. Beebe \$1000 and assume any indebtedness of the former partner in saloon at No. 418 South Broadway. The license of this saloon was revoked two years ago.

MIXED SALE. Among the items listed in the administrator's sale in the estate of Ezra L. Havens are a poolroom, restaurant at Avalon, one bed, one gasoline stove and two goat heads. The proceeds from the sale will be used to defray indebtedness alleged to have been contracted by the former executor. The petition for the sale was filed yesterday by Attorney H. E. Beckius, counsel for Mrs. Havens. The widow, and her administrator, An agreement was made on the mental soundness of Mr. Havens when the will was filed for probate, but later withdrawn. The estate is valued at \$15,000.

DAMAGE SUITS. Two damage suits, aggregating \$50,000, were filed yesterday by Frank Chartrand and H. E. Miller against Mayor Sebastian, Deputy District Attorney McChertney and several police officers for alleged false arrest. A raid on an alleged disorderly house in Clay street gave rise to the suits. Chartrand was eighteen days in jail, Miller was in jail seven days. Complaints charging the men with being disolute are said to have been filed, but later dismissed.

INCORPORATORS. Hammond & Anderson Company, incorporators of Sarah C. Anderson, J. W. Anderson, George L. Hammond, L. Clair Hammond and Max L. Mont, capital stock \$15,000, subscribed, \$500; First Hungarian Jewish Society, incorporators, B. Gold, S. Klein, M. Fischer, E. M. Cohen, J. Engel, A. Kraus, E. Belber, H. Gelber and B. Spitzer, membership fee, \$6 per year; Altadena Salt Company, incorporators C. H. Bradley, E. B. Cotton and Mate M. Davis, capital stock \$5000, subscribed, \$150.

HEAVY OUTLAYS  
ARE AT STAKE.SIX OIL LAND CASES INVOLVE  
MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

Hearing to Begin Monday is Fore-runner of Trials that May Require Four or Five Months' Time, but this will not figure because of Magnitude of Investments.

Judge Bledsoe announced yesterday that next Monday he will hear the preliminary motions relating to the six cases brought by the United States against the Southern Pacific Railroad and a number of individuals and corporations, alleging fraud on the part of the defendants in the matter of the location of valuable oil lands in Kern county.

The government has filed objections to a number of the interrogatories to be made at the hearing of the case before Judge Bledsoe in this city November 1, and the defendants have likewise protested against some of the questions. The government is putting to witnesses in a hearing that is certain to become famous in oil litigation.

The cases involved in the hearing cover the issue of fraud raised by the government, and the whole field of "dummy entries," etc., will be explored. In every case it is alleged by the government that a combination was made by the defendants with a view of swindling and avoiding the operations of the law that limits the holdings of a single claimant of a mineral entry to twenty acres.

One hundred and sixty acres or a quarter section is involved in each of these cases. It is charged that employees and relatives of the principals made the location entry, these individuals numbering eight, thus allowing the entry of 160 acres or twenty acres each; that after the land was patented the locators deeded their interests to the principals without consideration in many cases, and finally all of the land was in the hands of a certain individual or corporation.

On the other hand the defendants will claim and try to show by the evidence that the entries were made by these persons in good faith, that every provision of the mining law was carried out to the letter, and denying the charge of fraud and misrepresentation generally.

The interrogatories go to the heart of the contention advanced by both sides, and it is believed that the hearing may be expedited if it is understood just what scope the inquiry will be allowed to take.

Judge Bledsoe estimates that, although the hearing beginning November 1 is certain to be long, time will be no figure in the inquiry, by reason of the magnitude of the interests involved. The oil men of Southern California, in the judgment of the court, have gone into the oil field and made heavy investments, involving millions of dollars, and will not be despoiled of that property unless the testimony in each case fully warrants the claims of the government. On the other hand, if they secured possession of the valuable property by devices not warranted by the law they will be ousted and all the time necessary for the determination of these questions will be taken.

The oil cases to be heard by Judge Bledsoe in Fresno in October will be the "withdrawal" sort, but as the Supreme Court of the United States has affirmed the legality of the executive order issued by President Taft September 27, 1909, there will be nothing left to determine but what date oil was discovered on the various tracts and whether or not the claims of the government, and this hearing, although

extensive, will not be as long as the Los Angeles trials.

In the Fresno cases it is set out by the government that oil was not discovered on the land involved until after the promulgation of the Taft order, the allegation in some instances placing the date of the discovery of oil as late as 1911. Whether or not the claim of the government is true will be easy of demonstration by the testimony of those who were engaged on the work of developing oil in the territory at the time the President acted under what he deemed his executive authority on the date mentioned.

THIRD BOAT FOR  
SMUGGLER HUNTS.GOVERNMENT TO CONTRACT  
WITH LOCAL BUILDER FOR  
NEW VESSEL.

Capt. Charles T. Connell, in charge of the local immigration office, announced yesterday that in addition to the Ellington and Azalea, powerful ocean cutters, to be used in the capture of smugglers, the government will soon make a contract with Joe Fellows of Wilmington for the construction of a third boat, to be used by the immigration authorities in Puget Sound, in the enforcement of the smuggling laws.

The third boat will be built on slightly different lines from the Ellington and Azalea, the latter coming off the ways in about three weeks, on account of the difference in the service on the Northern Pacific.

Capt. Connell hopes by the use of these three vessels to maintain a cordon along the coast that cannot be broken through by the violators of the law. The third boat will patrol the coast line from Puget Sound south, and the Ellington and Azalea will cover it from San Francisco to Esenada. The work of taking stores on the Ellington began yesterday. With the completion of the work of preparation and the adjustment of the compasses, she will be ready to be off at a moment's notice.

## FORGERY IS CHARGED.

## Naval Pay Check for Part of Price Money in Target Contest Figures Here.

Chester A. Ingolstadt, charged with forging the signature of A. W. Bubenzer to a naval pay warrant of \$20, was bound over to the Federal grand jury by United States Commissioner Williams yesterday in the sum of \$1000, after a preliminary examination.

Ingolstadt and Bubenzer were members of the crew of the United States battleship Colorado, and Bubenzer belonged to the target practice crew that won a money prize for excellent marksmanship when off San Diego last November. The \$20 was his share of the prize money.

Bubenzer is a member of the Los Angeles city fire department, connected with Engine No. 5, at Temple street and Edgeware road. The case was worked up by George W. Hazen, secret agent of the United States Treasury Department, and the signature of Ingolstadt was identified by the experts of the Navy Department at Washington.

## ATTACK DEFENDANT'S CAR.

Jack Cudahy was made defendant in a suit filed yesterday in the Justice court by Attorney R. A. Dunnigan in behalf of the C. H. Wolfelt Company of No. 432 South Broadway. The amount of the claim totals \$274.20 of which \$187 is for shoes and other merchandise alleged to have been purchased by Mr. Cudahy and for which, according to the complaint, he has refused to pay. The remainder is an assignment from the E. L. Potter Company, owners of the Hotel Van Nuys, for a board bill. A writ of attachment was issued on one of Mr. Cudahy's automobiles.

GAME OF CRAPS  
ENDS IN LAWSUIT.PLUCKED "LAMB" HAS TO  
FOR RECOVERED MONEY.

Bank Account and Register Attached as He Plans to Reopen and Court Decides He Must Recompense Man Who Was and Afterwards Altered Him.

The "wolf," the "lamb" and "wise guy" were playing craps in the back room of a Bluff (Craps) place when the "wise guy" sent the "wolf" a pitcher of water. He later made excuse to leave the room and the "wise guy" crooked dice, "as well as he got it."

The "lamb" was not pleased. The "wise guy" did not produce crooked dice. Out of this came over a game of craps, the "wolf" with the "wise guy" and the "lamb" with the "wise guy" recovered it, arose and went to Justice Palmer, sitting in Judge Son's court, yesterday.

Lawyer Crandall, a "wise guy," never received a \$300 the "lamb," Robert L. recovered through his efforts. The gambler had claimed that he was all he had of \$600 the previous night. "We will tell the police," said Mr. Crandall.

"If we do, that'll get a trouble," replied Mr. Bradley. "Well, let us take a chance the other, and a report was made to the police. The following morning and the met Wallace in charge of a police. The gambler compromised and claiming that was all he had to get back any part of the money neither Crandall nor Bradley thought much of the strange place to shake down the law.

At Mr. Bradley's suggestion Crandall told him of a Los Angeles bank where he could find his money. Then the men came to this city and opened a room. They arrived and several days looking for a suitable place to shake down the law. Mr. Crandall found the bank packed his bag and learned he had started for Texas via the bean route. Inquiry at the bank closed the fact that the \$1900 on deposit there, the money, as well as the bag, was touched.

Mr. Bradley was in court yesterday and told frankly about the game. The court asked questions, receiving first hand information as to the tricks and the long trade. He said he might give information in other lawsuits.

## SUFS ESPE.

Harvey B. Morehouse took action in the United States court yesterday to secure the Pacific Railroad Company to pay \$20,000 for alleged loss on account of an accident occurred at the E. L. Potter Company, owners of the Hotel Van Nuys, for a board bill. A writ of attachment was issued on one of Mr. Cudahy's automobiles.

Complete Your Enjoyment of the Los Angeles United Fashion Show by Seeing That Wondrous Fashion Pantomime at—

# Hamburger's "Theatre of Fashion"

## Children's Day in the Fashion Show

—We are wondering just what the kiddies will say when they see all the pretty fall togs.

—It is going to be worth while to hear —At Hamburger's the display is truly beautiful —bring every girl and boy of the family to see it.

### Girls Are Wearing Middy Dresses

—They like to be just a bit "dressed up"—and nine times out of ten will select a white flannel middy dress in preference to any other.

—At \$9.95 there is a very pretty belted model with long sleeves and large patch pockets. The gored skirt is especially becoming to girls of 13 to 17 years of age—illustrated at the left.

#### Tub Frocks at \$2.50

—Dresses in pretty dark colorings—which can be worn to school, all the week and still show signs of soft! and they are so beautifully made! 6 to 14 sizes, \$2.50.

#### Cardway Middies \$5.00

—Most school girls will have one of these this fall—they're so comfy, and so practical. In attractive colorings—6 to 12 sizes, \$5.00. (Children's Dept.—Second Floor)

#### Suspender Dresses \$1.95

—The very freshness of the white blouse topping a skirt of plaids or some bright color is particularly attractive—\$2.50 and \$3.50 models for girls of 6 to 14—special today at \$1.95.

#### Middy Blouses \$1.50

—Long sleeves, short sleeves—but to describe all is impossible. All white or fancy trimmed; jaunty models in 6 to 12 year sizes, \$1.50.

### School Boys—and School Suits for Them!

—When the boy has donned a Hamburger school suit, he will be "ready for the fray"—ready for the "test-out" of vigorous school life. Hamburger boys' clothing has stood the test—the "young man" will get "proven satisfaction" in every garment.

—Bring your son to Hamburger's, let him personally look over our suits for fall and winter—he will be sure to find a suit "just to his liking." Styles, patterns and materials are all excellent—sizes 6 to 18 years—priced \$3.95 to \$12.50.

(Hamburger's—Second Floor—Today)

### Salt Water Tackle

—Rods, priced \$2.00 to \$10.00.  
—Line, 5c to 90c.  
—Hooks from 10c to 80c dozen.  
—Reels from \$1.50 to \$5.00.  
—Gaff Hooks at 15c.  
—Grapple Hook, with lead body, 70c.  
—Bone Saddle, 75c.  
—Black Tin Squids, 35c and 40c.  
—Rhodes Wooden Minnows, 35c.  
—Sinkers from 5c to 15c.  
—Wilson Spoons, 50c and 75c.  
—Leaders, 5c to 35c.  
(Hamburger's—Fourth Floor—Today)

### Drinking Cups, 15c

—Individual folding drinking cups of metal—they're very much more sanitary than a public cup. Get one for the school children—15c.

—Paper Drinking Cups, 7 in package, 5c pkg., or 6 for 25c.  
(Hamburger's—Main Floor—Today)

### Tennis Rackets, \$1

—The "Kent"—well made, strung with white gut, with scored handle capped with leather, and with laminated throat—\$1.00.

—Other Tennis Rackets, \$1.25 to \$8.00.

### Croquet Sets at \$2.50

—Nicely turned mallets and eight turned balls—painted and varnished, all put up in strong wood box—\$2.50.

—Other Croquet Sets, \$1.00 to \$15.00.  
(Hamburger's—Fourth Floor—Today)

### Children! "Fairyland's" Picnic

#### on Hamburger's Roof Garden Today

—Yes, children, the Great Day is here—the day we have all been looking forward to for so long—that picnic on the Roof-Garden. Think of having ice cream and cake and lemonade and a lot of fun, all in the air. There is going to be a great surprise for you, too, but we can't tell you about that until this afternoon.

—You must bring your Fairyland Button to get on the roof—don't get it, or else you will be disappointed—I shall expect to see you at 3:00 o'clock sharp—Today—on the Roof Garden. Always yours, Fairyland.

"The Hamburger Story Girl."

LOS ANGELES TIMES

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1915.

SEASONABLE PLANTS

FOR PRESENT PLANTING

Looking forward to a Winter and Spring display in your garden we call your attention to the following list of plants which will not only add to its attractiveness but will furnish a splendid lot of cut flowers for the table besides. This is the best season of the year for the planting of a host of Annuals as well as Perennials. They grow away freely during the cool Autumn months, become firmly established before Winter, and will give you far better results than when

CALENDAR-WATCH IT CHAN

SEPTEMBER 18, 1915.



# GAME OF CRAPS ENDS IN LAWSUIT

PICKED "LAMB" HAS TO  
PAY FOR RECOVERED MONEY.

Bank Account and Backlog Attached as He Plans Deposition and Court Decides He Must Recompense Man Who "Set Up" and Afterwards Aided Him.

The "wolf," the "lamb" and the "wise guy" were playing craps in the back room of a Saloon (L.A.) last night. The wolf sent the wise guy out to the pitcher of water. He later made an excuse to leave the room and say the wise guy crooked dice.

"He's got a couple of hundred dollars," indicating the "lamb" by a twist of the thumb, "and we can as well get it."

The "lamb" was not pleased at the "wise guy's" did not produce a crooked dice. Out of the money he recovered a game of craps, the "lamb" with the "wise guy" to get him half of the money he had lost.

Justice Palmer, sitting in Judge's son's court, yesterday.

Lawrence Crummeton, the "wise guy," never received a cent of the \$300 the "lamb," Robert L. Bradley, recovered through his efforts.

and Justice Palmer gave him judgment for \$150. Both are minding the trial justice Palmer was known which Justice Palmer was known the trial justice Palmer was known.

When Mr. Crummeton had to play the crooked dice, the "lamb" was not pleased at the "wise guy's" did not produce a crooked dice.

after they left "Slim" Walker's room that the gambler had cleaned out of \$600 the previous night.

"We will tell the police," said Mr. Crummeton.

If we do, that'll get us in trouble," replied Mr. Bradley. They received word to go to a meeting the following morning and then met Wallace in charge of a police. The gambler compromised on a claim that was all he had, but to get back any part of the sum.

CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles Times



# Illustrated Weekly

TEN CENTS. THE UNIQUE MAGAZINE OF THE SENSUOUS SOUTHWEST. 1781-1915.

Up the Mount Wilson Trail.



Study by Mode Winemare.



**Hamburger Story Girl.**

## [384]



W  
HEN Broadway is all a-gitter  
with the glories of the fashion  
show and the lights strive to gleam  
white against a paroxysm of color the  
prudent husband pulls out the check-  
board and remarks to little wife that  
after all there is no place like home.  
For the moment the son of a gun  
sister Susie's hoop skirt one could  
snare about all the minnows in the  
creek.  
The transition from this to the  
glove-fitting, diaphanous skirt of a  
year or so ago would have been scan-  
dalous had it happened in one season;  
but fortunately it was spread over sev-  
eral years.

**Fashion and Folly.**

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

hard cider in the community he should be  
sentenced to drink a bucket of Owens River  
water every morning for thirty days, and  
write it in the presence of the probation  
officer at that. If a fit bus driver ran over  
a cripple he should be anchored in Spring  
street until a section of the traffic had  
passed over his worthless frame. If a  
wicked real estate agent misrepresented  
the property he was selling, he should be  
sentenced to live in a navy building. They  
are the kind of laws that should be enacted  
in the city of Los Angeles.

**Now, Will You Behave?**

By Eugene Brown.

[Saturday, September 18, 1915.]

**ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY  
(THE TIMES MAGAZINE)**

18th Year—New Series. (Single Copies, by mail or at  
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Jan. 4, 1913; May 31, 1913; March 27, 1915.

**OBJECTS, SCOPE AND AIMS.**

Devoted to the development of California and the Great  
Southwest, the exploitation of their marvelous natural  
resources and the word-painting of their wonders and  
beauties. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles  
strong in fact, statement and information; brilliant  
editorials, correspondence, poetry and pictures; the  
Home, the Garden, the Farm, and the Range.

Not partisan-political in character or affiliations. It is an  
independent weekly vehicle of present-day thought, ex-  
planation and description; a journal of views, opinions  
and convictions; the steady champion of Liberty, Law  
and Freedom in the Industries, holding up the hands of  
all good men and women, without distinction, who are  
honestly seeking to better their condition in life and to  
serve the cause of Home, Country and Civilization.

Californian in tone and color; Southwestern in scope and  
character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the  
mountains, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains of the  
"Land of Heart's Desire."

The Illustrated Weekly is delivered to all subscribers of  
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months for \$1.30 additional, in advance.

To Contributors: In submitting matter for publication, you  
are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manu-  
scripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not  
found available; otherwise the return is not guaranteed.

Entered as second-class matter, January 6, 1912, at Los  
Angeles (Cal.) P. O., under Act of March 3, 1879.



Average Week-end Output, exceeding 103,000.

**THE CITY AND THE COAST.**

A LITTLE girl at Alhambra made  
better than wages for her age by  
appearing on the streets in different lo-  
calities each morning with a tear-  
stained face for some weeks and an-  
nouncing to the ladies who stopped to  
comfort her, that it was her birthday  
and she had not received any gifts. Al-  
hambra is a city of ideas, and even the  
young ideas shoot high.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIANS feel  
a profound interest and sympathy  
in the arrival of a new baby boy at  
the home of Mrs. Bretherton, who lost  
her little daughter in the Lusitania  
disaster. Her little daughter's place  
could never be filled, but it is a pleas-  
ure to think of the comfort and conso-  
lation the mother will have in her new  
born.

POMONA does well to plan a big cel-  
ebration for October 7, at which  
time nine miles of asphalt paving and  
three miles of ornamental street light-  
ing will be dedicated to public use.  
Nothing brings a city more distinction  
than good streets, superbly lighted.

A MAN at Ganesha Park, Pomona,  
fell down an embankment 100  
feet deep and sprained an ankle. One of  
these days he may fall out of an aero-  
plane and break an arm.

SANTA ANA has discovered the  
jitney bus problem. When its peo-  
ple have answered the riddle they will  
please communicate with Seattle and  
Victoria, B. C.

THE longer the San Diego fair runs  
the more its beauty is appreciated  
by Californians and tourists. It has re-  
flected the utmost credit upon the  
Southland.

**The Real Progressive.**

THE most progressive thing under  
the glimpses of the moon in this  
year of grace is the fair city of Los  
Angeles. This has been her record for  
the past thirty years, and is going to be  
for the next century, and then for more  
centuries to follow.

Los Angeles was founded September  
4, 1781. The first census was taken in  
1790 and gave a population of 141.  
Fifty years after the founding of the  
city the population was 770. In Janu-  
ary, 1847, about the time the city  
came into the possession of the Amer-  
icans, the population was 1500. This  
was slow growth and such growth con-  
tinued for the next generation.

The United States census of 1880  
gave Los Angeles a population of  
11,093. About five years later began  
the real growth of the city. In 1900  
the population was 102,479, and the  
present estimated population is about  
550,000. The city has now about 800  
miles of graded and graveled streets,  
about 250 miles of these being paved.  
It has more than 700 miles of sewer,  
with an outfall system to the ocean,  
and also one of the most extensive  
storm drains in the country. This is  
only half complete, but will be com-  
pleted in time, and time runs mightily  
swiftly here in the heart of the Great  
Southwest and around the progressive  
city of Los Angeles.

The banks of Los Angeles number  
thirty-three, and these in January,  
1915, had deposits of \$163,590,044.52.  
In six months—by the first of July—  
the deposits in the banks had increased  
to \$174,508,180.92. On the first date  
the loans and discounts amounted to  
\$157,763,208.69. In July there was  
scarcely any expansion of the loans and  
discounts of the banks, showing how  
conservative the bankers had been dur-  
ing the dull times in business and the  
uncertain times created by the war in  
Europe.

The total valuation of all assessed  
property in the city by the latest  
figures is \$508,247,110. As the assess-  
ment figures are supposed to be about  
50 per cent. of the real value, the prop-  
erty of the city is easily worth \$1,000,-  
000,000.

It is a great railroad center, with six  
really trunk lines entering the city and  
reaching up and down the Coast and to  
all points to the Atlantic border. The  
street railroad system of Los Angeles  
is about the most complete of any city  
of its size in the world. It has 265  
miles of single track all operated by  
electricity. The suburban lines, also  
electric, radiating from Los Angeles,  
aggregate more than 1000 miles of  
single track. Many of these are four-  
track lines, and reach sixty miles in-  
land. A map of Los Angeles rail-  
roads, steam and electric, would look  
like the finest spired web ever woven.

**Counter Agitators.**

WE have had agitators a-plenty dur-  
ing the last ten to fifteen years of  
our national existence. It began with  
men like Carl Marx and Eugene Debs,  
and women like Emma Goldman. Gen-  
erally ideas go from the top downward,  
but in this case the agitation rose like  
froth on a boiling pot. It reached men  
like Brayn, La Follette, Roosevelt, and  
a lot of other ambitious politicians,  
some shallow-brained, others cunning,  
all ambitious for personal preferment  
rather than patriotic for the good of  
their country.

The trouble with this agitation was  
that it was a foul wind that blew al-  
ways one way. Thoughtful men who  
knew better were too busy with their  
own affairs to pay much attention to  
the agitators, perhaps too conservative  
to enter into a war of words with such  
gilt-tongued orators as those men-  
tioned above and others of the same  
ilk. The people, hearing no other line  
of reasoning than that of the agitators,  
naturally thought there was and could  
be no answer. So the poison spread  
and permeated Congress, legislatures,  
and all sorts of public places, until the

poisonous ideas were enacted into law  
to the awful detriment of the whole  
country.

The real people of the country have  
waked up to the necessity of some  
counter-blast, and the counter-agita-  
tion is working wonderfully in the  
minds of the people. The counter-  
blast is simply blasting the agitators  
off the platform and their results from  
the statute books of the nation and of  
the State. It has only begun, but it  
will go on and bear fruit as sure as  
truth is truth and fact is fact.

The States along the Pacific have  
had two anti-agitators giving vigorous  
and effective counter-blasts during the  
summer. One of these, and the king  
among them, former President Taft,  
and another and a real prince is Presi-  
dent Sproule of the Southern Pacific  
Company. That was a counter-blast  
of some effect that Mr. Sproule gave at  
Seattle on September 7. There have  
been perhaps more lies told about rail-  
roads than Belial ever fathered in the  
pit, and the railroad people have kept  
still and let the poisonous prevarica-  
tion work its will. Listen to the hard  
facts from Mr. Sproule's mouth:

"There are in the United States more  
than a quarter of a million miles of  
steam railroads, which have about 600,-  
000 share-holders and about a million  
and three-quarters employees. This  
figures roughly one share-holder to  
three employees. So little is thought  
about the share-holder that I would  
wish to speak about him. I take this  
opportunity to tell you that if you will  
average the railroad share-holders ac-  
cording to the railroad mileage they  
will stand within 700 yards of each  
other along every mile of steam rail-  
road in the nation. This means that  
throughout the United States each  
share-holder would be in plain sight of  
two other share-holders along the right  
of way under conditions of normal  
vision.

"If the buyers of meat had a voice  
in the price of meat it would not be  
long before the price would drop so  
low that the farmer would find it un-  
profitable to grow live stock. But the  
people have indeed a voice in fixing the  
rates of transportation and the buyer  
of transportation concerns himself lit-  
tle with the question as to what effect  
the price has upon the railroads. The  
price is seldom low enough to satisfy  
the purchaser. If he is satisfied, his  
satisfaction with any given transporta-  
tion rate is only temporary."

**Treasure House of the Nations.**

THE United States is the treasure  
house of the nations, and it is be-  
coming more so every day. In eight  
years, from 1904 to 1912, the wealth of  
our country increased so rapidly that  
the increment equaled the total wealth  
of either Great Britain or Germany, the  
next richest nations on the map. This  
was going pretty rapidly, but nothing  
compared with the way the wealth of  
the country has increased during the  
year the war has been impoverishing  
the European nations.

According to the highest German  
authority, the wealth of Germany in  
1913 was between \$75,000,000,000 and  
\$80,000,000,000. In 1914 Sir George  
Paish estimated the wealth of the  
United Kingdom at \$85,000,000,000.  
The Census Bureau shows that be-  
tween 1904 and 1912 the increase of the  
wealth of the United States was \$80,-  
000,000,000. In this latter year the  
wealth of the United States was esti-  
mated at \$187,739,000,000, for all the  
property in the country. The value of  
the real estate in that year was esti-  
mated at \$110,600,000,000. Including  
real estate, the wealth of the country  
increased between the years 1900 and  
1904 at the rate of \$4,646,000,000 per  
year, while from 1904 to 1912 the rate  
of increase per year was about \$10,-  
000,000,000.

During the current year gold has  
been flowing into the country in a ver-  
itable flood. The net importations of  
this money into the country between

January 1 and September 1 are estimat-  
ed at about \$200,000,000. The gold  
product of the country is about \$100,-  
000,000 per year. We are therefore add-  
ing to our actual money at the rate of  
about \$400,000,000 per year.

While this article is waiting for pub-  
lication day in the magazine, a com-  
mission of the ablest financiers in the  
world sent over by Great Britain and  
France, is conferring with American  
bankers seeking to establish an im-  
mense loan in this country to prevent  
the exchange between their countries  
and the United States from dropping to  
such a disastrous level that commerce  
between the countries will be practi-  
cally impossible. As it is, the deprecia-  
tion in British exchange makes goods  
bought in this country cost about 6 per  
cent. more than if things were on a  
normal basis. This is where the inter-  
ests of American bankers enter this  
puzzling and difficult problem. We  
have probably nearly 400,000,000 bush-  
els of wheat to spare for export, and if  
its normal price is about a dollar a  
bushel at tidewater, on account of the  
drop in British exchange it would cost  
the English buyer \$1.06. We are not  
the only wheat-exporting country on  
the globe, and we are the country  
where exchange with Europe has  
dropped to the lowest level. If wheat  
can be imported from Argentina at 6  
cents a bushel less than from the  
United States, it is obvious that the  
English will replenish their granaries  
there instead of here.

The loan which the British-French  
commission is seeking to arrange in  
this country is mentioned tentatively at  
about half a billion dollars. The abil-  
ity of the borrowers to pay will be the  
question discussed on the part of the  
American bankers. The government  
may assume what attitude it pleases,  
but it cannot control the action of  
American financiers. Great Britain has  
sent over recently about \$50,000,000 of  
gilt-edge American securities to help  
brace up the exchange between that  
country and this, and it is estimated  
that the Britishers still hold four times  
that amount.

As to the ability of the belligerents  
to pay their debts, a brilliant light is  
thrown on the subject by the history  
of French finance at the end of the  
disastrous war with Prussia forty-five  
years ago. The victorious Teutons  
muled the vanquished Gauls in the  
round sum of a billion dollars, and the  
treaty provided that France should be  
held by German armies until the in-  
demnities was paid. The civilized world  
was astonished at the promptness with  
which the French people discharged  
this enormous debt, the last franc of  
which was paid off within five years  
after the war closed. At this rate  
France could not only discharge her  
own present war debt but the enormous  
obligations heaped up by the British  
government, in less than ten years.  
The net revenues of Great Britain  
from foreign investments and foreign  
commerce in ordinary times is set  
down at \$2,000,000,000, so it is evident  
that even if the war should last another  
year and double the debts of the bel-  
ligerents, they might weather the ter-  
rible financial storm, not suffer bank-  
ruptcy, nor have to repudiate their  
debts. Of course if Great Britain  
should pile upon her shoulders a debt  
of \$20,000,000,000 it would be 25 per  
cent. of the total wealth of the king-  
dom.

W. H. Crane, the oldest living Amer-  
ican star who is yet before the public,  
intends to retire next June and make  
his home in Los Angeles. He and  
Mrs. Crane spent three weeks here re-  
cently, and of course nobody can do  
this and not ask to be permanently  
adopted.

If Mr. Bryan succeeds in getting his  
plan adopted for the building of twelve  
highways from the Atlantic to the Pa-  
cific we can recommend an excellent  
terminal city for the western coast.



# Experiences of a Jack-of-all-Trades.

By W. D. Browning

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### GOOD LITTLE POEMS.

#### The Grand Canyon.

O mighty canyon, pen of man is naught  
Thy grandeur to unfold; nor can proud art,  
With eyes of genius and with palette's  
charm,  
Thy temples and thy palaces portray.  
In awe before the scene sublime I stand.  
Methinks in ages past the worshippers  
In thy vast temples were of Titan mould,  
As now we see them in the tempest clouds.  
In thy great palaces did monarchs reign,  
And 'mid the thunder blast send forth their  
voice  
To battle with the towering Titans of the  
storm,  
Who lightning shafts hurled from their  
lurid heights?

Whence came the red men to thy mystic  
realms?  
Did they from Asiatic shores on great  
Leviathans the boundless ocean breast,  
Or o'er the Northern Straits the land be-  
hold  
That in the ages then unborn should sound  
Across Pacific and Atlantic seas  
The trumpet notes of Freedom's cause?  
When first they in thy presence stood, in  
awe  
They gazed upon thy shrines and battle-  
ments.

The horrid cries of wild and savage beasts.  
Defiant war whoops of contending tribes  
Disturbed thee not. Appalling thunder  
bolts  
That shook the slumbering earth and woke  
the heavens  
Ne'er roused thee from thy deep serenity.  
Didst learn from ages past when this great  
world  
Was rounded by the sun, and mountains  
vast  
With subterranean thunder rose to heaven?  
And when did mighty beings from the  
heights  
Descend to build their temples in thy  
realm?

Thy silence is but answer to my voice,  
And like the sphinx of old thou warrest me  
That mortal man can ne'er thy secrets  
know.  
I see thee not, when in the storm thou art  
To sight of man invisible. But, lo!  
The clouds before the western sun retreat.  
And thou unto my vision art revealed  
In grandeur and in splendor of a world  
Illumined by eternal light.

Farewell!

Though I encircle the revolving globe  
I ne'er shall look upon thy like again.  
—[Darius Cobb in Boston Transcript.]

#### A Railway Incident.

While I, a journey's tedium to relieve,  
A verse on memory labored to compose,  
A little maiden shyly touched my sleeve  
And said: "Please, sir, may I give you a  
rose?"

"Most certainly," I said, "and thank you,  
dear!  
But pray, why do you give this flower to  
me?"

"Because I like you, sir, and, too, I fear  
You need my rose and its sweet sym-  
phy."

We parted, and I kissed her with a sigh,  
For she gave more than just a rose to me.  
But, ah! how can I ever say good-by  
To such a heart-inspiring memory?

What was the occult bond between us two  
That she should thus such interest dis-  
close?  
How was it that, without a word, she knew  
My heart was hungering for an absent  
rose?

I, with my more than three score years and  
ten,  
And she, with even less than half a score!  
And yet of all that group of kindly men  
To me she wished to give the flower she  
wore!

—[James Terry White in New York Sun.]

### The Dirge of the Used-to-Be.

In the dark and gloomy graveyard of the  
things-that-used-to-be  
A group of ghosts were gathered 'neath a  
weeping willow tree.  
In mournful tones, with dismal moans,  
while tears streamed from his eyes,  
A melancholy shade explained the cause of  
his demise.

He said: "I was an Oil Lamp, and I still  
recall the day  
When folks thought I was bright enough  
to light the darkest way;  
But when, at last, I'd finally cast a glamour  
round myself  
They all installed Electric Lights and put  
me on the shelf."

"I was a Little Mule Car," another spirit  
cried,  
"And, for a time, upon my back the world  
was glad to ride.  
For many a day things went my way, but  
soon I, too, departed;  
The Trolley's pushed me off the track to  
perish, broken-hearted."

An ancient ghost wept softly as he told  
his tale of woe.  
He said: "I was a Mail Coach a century  
ago;  
But conservation taught the nation how to  
save its breath,  
And now the Phones and Telegraphs have  
just talked me to death."

And so, beneath the willow trees, these  
mournful ghosts reside,  
All dreaming of the good, old-fashioned  
days before they died.  
With plaintive wails they tell their tales of  
death and dissolution.  
For every one of them was killed by plain  
electrocution.

—[Charles W. Morris in Edison Monthly.]

### A Literary Family.

Ma's writing a book on the training  
Of husbands, to end the dispute;  
She spends twenty chapters explaining  
The best way to manage "the brute."  
It soon will appear in a binding  
The acme of artistic skill—  
The cover's delightful, the cost, though, is  
frightful,  
But father is paying the bill.

Jim's hustling like mad getting ready  
His pioneer volume on "Squash."  
He never before worked so steady,  
But sister declares it's all bosh.  
Her book's on "The Lost Art of Egypt"—  
Jim says it's a terrible pill.  
Although on all other points sister and  
brother  
May differ, pa's paying the bill.

The twins are compiling statistics  
On dialects of the baboon.  
It's meant for their work on linguistics  
That father is publishing soon.  
While father—you ask what's he doing  
To keep up his end? Never fear,  
He's busily signing the checks, while re-  
pinning  
His books will not balance this year.  
—[William Wallace Whitenick in New  
York Sun.]

### The City.

Last night, as from a tower,  
I watched a new-born city  
Where human works  
Stretched in death  
Toward heaven's mystery;  
And as the whirlwind  
Over arid plains,  
All unseen,  
Entangles in its nets  
Blind beasts,  
So, above that city  
Passed the ghost of sin,  
And laughing loudly  
Swept aloft  
A thousand heedless souls.

—[R. D. Skinner in Harvard Monthly.]

### HUMOR.

[Judge:] "When first he was married he  
used to boast that his wife had a way of  
her own."  
"Well?"  
"Now he complains that she has her own  
way."

[Life:] Centenarian: Waal, I smoke  
and chaw purty regular and ain't never  
been to a doctor, and—  
Specialist: There's a big mistake here  
some place. You should have been dead  
forty years ago.

[London Mail:] "You are not the boy  
who usually caddies for me?"  
"No, sir. I tossed up wif 'im for yer."  
"And you won?"  
"No; I lost."

[Detroit Free Press:] "They're dread-  
fully in love with each other."  
"So?"  
"Yes; they sat out on the front porch  
until after 11 o'clock last night, and the  
mosquitoes drove us in before 8."

[Birmingham Age-Herald:] "What chance  
have I got with that girl? One of her ad-  
mirers owns an automobile and the other  
has a motor boat."  
"Son, if she likes you a trip to the movies  
would please her just as well."

[Yonkers Statesman:] "There's a gentle-  
man in the parlor, sir," said the maid.  
"Did he give you his name, Katie?" asked  
the man of the house.  
"Oh, no, sir; but I think it's the one who  
wants to give his name to your daughter."

[Washington Star:] "Do you feel that,  
with your unfortunate habit, you can do the  
brightest thing to make anybody happier?"  
"Well," said Bill Bottop, positively,  
"whenever a man comes along wanting  
somebody to swear off he knows he can al-  
ways depend on me."

[Punch:] Commander: What's his  
character apart from this leave-breaking?  
Petty Officer: Well, sir, this man 'e goes  
ashore when 'e likes; 'e comes off when  
'e likes; 'e uses 'orrible language when 'e  
spoke to; in fact, from 'is general behavior,  
'e might be an officer!

[Judge:] Little Bobbie: Papa, what is  
a soup-house built out of?  
Papa: It is built, my son, out of the  
planks of a political platform.

[Houston Post:] "You went and fed that  
cake I made to the dog, you mean thing!"  
"I know I did; but, honest, I didn't know  
you were so stuck on that dog."

[Life:] Mrs. Climber: You will find  
society is made up of two classes, my child.  
Daughter: What are they, mother?  
Mrs. Climber: Undesirables and people  
we don't know.

[London Opinion:] The New Parson:  
Well, I'm glad to hear you come to church  
twice every Sunday.  
Tommy: Yes; I'm not old enough to stay  
away yet.

[Boston Transcript:] Boss (to new boy):  
You're the slowest youngster we've ever  
had. Aren't you quick at anything?  
Boy: Yes, sir; nobody can get tired as  
quick as I can.

[Detroit Free Press:] "My husband won't  
dare criticize my party gown next winter."  
"Why not?"  
"He's wearing a low-neck shirt himself  
this summer."

[Passing Show:] She: It's about the  
only time Jack indulges in a glass of beer,  
when he's gardening.  
Friend: And he's so fond of his garden,  
he's always at it, isn't he? (And the silence  
which ensued might be described as icy.)

[Louisville Courier Journal:] "Would  
you like some views of the hotel to send to  
your friends?"  
"Sir," said the disgruntled guest, "I pre-  
sume it will be better for me to keep my  
views to myself."

[Washington Star:] "When I put my  
foot down I mean it," exclaimed the positive  
man.  
"I used to feel that way," answered Uncle  
Floppole. "But since I took dancing lessons  
I'm compelled to reconsider."

[Indianapolis Star:] "Do you believe in  
marrying for love?" asked the sentimental  
girl, whose face was her principal misfor-  
tune.  
"Not necessarily," replied the gray-haired  
parson. "As a rule, I usually marry for  
money."

[Club Fellow:] He: Do you know Poe's  
Raven?  
She: Why, no; what's the matter with  
him?

[Birmingham Age-Herald:] "Did I under-  
stand you to say the woman Dubbins mar-  
ried is well off?"  
"No; she was."

[Louisville Courier Journal:] "I'd face a  
dragon to win that girl, just as the knights  
did in the days of yore. In fact, I'd wel-  
come a dragon to face."  
"Your wish may be gratified. Wait until  
you see her mother, my boy."

### LOS ANGELES WEATHER.

[From The Times of September 15, 1915.]  
THE SKY: Clear. Wind at 5 p.m., south-  
west; velocity, 8 miles. Thermometer, high-  
est, 73 deg.; lowest, 60 deg. Forecast: Fair.

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# Experiences of a Jack-of-all-Trades.

By W. D. Browning.

## FINDING WORK.

**O**F COURSE I could have made the title of this article "Hunting Work," you notice I didn't. I have read so many tramp stories and so many stories of the man who couldn't find anything to do that I am thoroughly tired of that kind of a story and judge that the majority of the reading public are too.

This is going to be a story of finding work, but first I have got to make a confession. I am a poet; also I try to write short stories. Now you know the worst and I will proceed. I don't drink or use tobacco, but my appetite for bread and meat and their accompanying garnishments is so insatiable that I honestly hardly know whether to be proud or ashamed of it. Such an appetite is out of reason for a poet to have, but I am a poet and I have the appetite and when my income from my poetry and stories does not satisfy aforesaid appetite I go out and hunt up something else to do.

I have done plumbing, painting and rough carpenter work, mason work, brick-laying and cement work. I have clerked in candy stores, collected pictures to enlarge and set type in a printing office and acted as a super in a theater. I have been a collector, ran a shooting gallery at country fairs, pumped air to a diver and half a hundred other things, from digging a ditch to acting as night watchman in a millionaire's residence, where I sat on chairs so costly that the price of one would have enabled me to write a year without stopping.

Some of the positions or occupations were but for a short time; others I might have held for a lifetime if I had wished, but the lure of my writing drew me too strongly, and as soon as I got a few dollars ahead it was "good-by job" until that insatiable appetite of mine called for fresh supplies.

On this occasion that I am starting to tell about I was writing a story in which my hero had an almost fabulous income and I was so busy surrounding him with every luxury that I disregarded my own supplies, or rather lack of supplies, until I got just about to the bottom of everything. A thorough examination showed me enough oatmeal for another meal, a few dried prunes and plenty of salt and pepper; but money, there wasn't any.

This was Sunday evening. Monday morning I got up early, ate the last of my oatmeal, and with a handful of dried prunes in each pocket went forth to seek my fortune.

The first indication of a job I spied was a load of plumbing pipes dumped in an alley in the rear of an unoccupied building. It wasn't 8 o'clock yet and there was no one on the job, but the man next door was out in the yard and told me in answer to my questions that it was a union job so I went on a couple of blocks further. There I saw a teamster dumping a load of wood in front of a house and promptly I went in and asked the lady if she didn't want it carried in and put in the cellar; but she had boys who could do that.

Then, in turn, I applied to a carpenter, a man building a cement wall and a man grading a lot for a job, but they all declared that they were full-handed. In my varied experience of finding work I have noticed that the nearer I got to the outskirts of a town or city and the rougher the lay of the land, the more likely I was to get a job. So now I kept working further out from the central part of the town I was in and pretty soon I ran across an old farmer-looking chap starting in to dig a patch of about half an acre of potatoes.

Here was a job I really wanted, for I had spent my boyhood on the farm and the chance of getting back to the soil, for a little while at least, appealed to me. However, the old chap declared that there were so few potatoes that he was ashamed for any one to catch him digging for them. He had planted what they call "White Mechanics," and I asked him if he ever tried the "Early Rose," which had been a favorite when I was a boy. That started us off into what to me was a most delightful talk of the potatoes and other things that we had spent our happy boy-

nood days hoeing. I fairly had to tear myself away from that old fellow, he was so interesting.

It was getting well along toward noon and that provoking appetite of mine was beginning to remind me that I had breakfasted rather lightly and I had to bustle. I sometimes think that if the doctors could remove a man's stomach with no worse results to him than when they remove his appendix I would get rid of mine, it aggravates me so at times.

After I left the old man digging potatoes I asked at several places for different kinds of work, but with no better luck than before. There was only one kind of work that there had been any chance of my getting that morning that I had not tried to get. I had seen several piles of wood that had been recently sawed by one of those moving wood-sawing outfits, and was waiting the coming of some tramp or poet to be split.

I like to split wood about the least of any kind of labor I have ever done, but my appetite was growing as insistent as an aching tooth and so I humbled myself and began to keep an eye out for wood-piles, which, now that I was looking for them, began to grow scarcer, and it was not until about 3 o'clock that I saw another one.

The old lady whom I asked for a job was an ample grandmotherly sort of a lady, and looked at me keenly, though kindly, over her specs as I talked. She didn't seem very anxious to have it split just then, but I was desperate. "I will split it all up nicely for a dollar and a half and my dinner," I told her.

"Mercy sakes alive, haven't you had any dinner?" she exclaimed. "You can have that whether you split the wood or not."

"But I don't want the dinner unless I can earn it," I protested.

"Well," she said, "you can start to split it while I get you something to eat and then we will see about the rest."

Well, I split away pretty lively for about fifteen minutes and then she called me in to dinner. Say, that was a dinner—beef-steak and eggs, and great, broad slices of the lightest of home-made bread, with a half-dozen different kinds of jams and jellies to coax you to eat another slice of bread just to get a taste of their richness. While I ate of these good things the old lady asked questions. Who I was and where did I live? How came I to be so hard up that I hadn't the price of a meal? I, in answer to her questions, owned that it was my own fault that I had not been more provident, but explained how I had been so interested in my story that I had not noticed how near I was out of things to eat until there was practically nothing to notice left.

I gave her one of my few printed poems to read, hoping it would at least serve to distract her attention from the havoc I was making with her jams and jellies. She read it through very carefully and declared that it was too bad that a young man that could write like that had to split wood to help himself for a living. But while I partially agreed with her I pointed out to her that it would be still worse for me if I couldn't find any wood to split.

"Well," she said, "I will give you a dollar and a half to split mine, and your meals, too. I always believe in feeding a man that works at that kind of work all he wants."

After I finished my dinner I hammered away at those fir blocks until nearly sundown, when she came out and gave me a half-dollar and told me I had better leave the rest until the next day. She wanted me to wait for supper, but I told her that I had eaten my supper and dinner together, as I really had.

I knew the local postoffice would be closed by the time I got out to the part of the town where I lived, but I stopped at two picture-postal-card stands and bought 25 cents' worth of stamps at each one, and the next morning on my way back to work I started a batch of my manuscripts on their rounds again.

I had slept splendidly through the night and during my walk to my job my trouble-

some appetite woke up and reminded me of its existence. I had a kind of wild hope that there would be warm biscuits for breakfast, and sure enough there were. I won't tell you how many I ate of them for fear you would think I was making fiction in a strictly true story.

I finished my pile of wood just as the whistles were blowing for noon. I got another one of those dinners that the poor poets seldom get, then the old lady gave me the dollar due me, and a note to a friend of hers who she thought might want some work done.

"She is a widow," she explained, "or, rather, a grass widow. Her husband ran off from her with another woman and the poor thing is still mourning the good-for-nothing rascal. If she gets to talking about him try not to laugh at her for she is very sensitive."

I promised that I would not. Then I set out toward the house the old lady had pointed out.

I found the little grass widow at home and after she read the note she smiled a wintry little smile and said: "You write poetry, do you? Well, I have just received \$25 for a short story I wrote. I want my house reshingled, my garden fence rebuilt and a front porch built. Do you think you can do all that for \$25?"

I talked a little more with her, finding out just what she wanted and how she wanted it done, and finally agreed to do it for the \$25 and my meals. I started to work on the garden fence that very evening.

Now right here I want to call your attention to one fact. This happened in what laboring men call a dead town, in which there were lots of idle men and not much work, and what I wish to emphasize is this: If I hadn't been willing to split that wood and had not done a good job of it I would not have gotten the other job. I have had the same experience, or practically the same, in half a hundred different localities. A job of splitting wood, spading up a garden patch, or any of the dozen little odd jobs that a property owner is apt to want done, done well, will in nine cases out of ten lead to something else.

I have seen men idle week after week while their children ran the streets in rags and their wives took in washing to keep the family in the barest necessities of life, and these men claimed they could not find work, and perhaps they could not, but I have time and again found a job of some kind within five blocks of the homes of such, and out of the multiplicity of such experiences I do not think I am unduly assertive when I sum up the results of my experience thusly: If you really want work and really look for it you will find it. I always do.

## Origin of the Kilt.

[Pearson's:] The exact origin of the kilt is lost in the mist of antiquity, though the history of the famous Scotch garment goes back to the time when it was also part of the national dress of Wales and Ireland.

In the Middle Ages the kilt was a kind of skirt called a lenn. It was worn with a jacket and a single piece of cloth thrown over the shoulders. In those days, though the lenn was colored, it had nothing like

the variety of colors of the present-day plaids.

It was found that this garment, reaching as it did below the knees, interfered with the Scots' love of fighting, and so it became tucked or kilted, and raised just above the knees.

Back in the Middle Ages the Scottish clans were always fighting among themselves and so it became necessary that each clan should wear some distinctive color, so that the clan one belonged to would at once be known. Why tartans should be chosen no one knows. Even as late as the early eighteenth century, as a matter of fact, tartans were not very common.

A special act, the Highland garb act of 1747, was passed to try to abolish the Scottish national custom, but fortunately it failed to have any effect, save perhaps to make the kilt more worn than ever.

## Postmen in the Trenches.

[Pearson's:] The task of the man who delivers letters to our soldiers in the trenches is no enviable one.

Besides the trenches themselves there are many isolated dug-outs and advance posts that have to be visited in order that Tommy may have his letters.

The only time when the postman can make his rounds is in the dark, when there is a lull in the firing; and, dodging about from one dug-out to another, it takes him the whole night to empty his bag. Even under cover of darkness he meets with many unpleasant adventures. Falling into holes made by Jack Johnsons and tripping over shells that have failed to burst are just two of his troubles!

When the postman is given his letters to deliver they are tied in bundles, and more often than not these have to be sorted without a light, for even if he happens to have a flashlamp with him there is great danger in using it.

But in spite of these difficulties, letters are always delivered punctually, the soldier generally getting them two days after their posting in this country.

It is calculated that the mail handled in this way amounts to something like 7000 sacks a day, containing in all 500,000 letters and 60,000 parcels, to say nothing of 37,000 newspapers.

[Yonkers Statesman:] "Is there any way to stop these cyclones?" asked the man from the East.

"Oh, no," replied the westerner; "the best way is to go right along with 'em."

## WOMEN (UNLIKE MEN)

Suffer frequent torture and thousands die in Change of Life BUT a California Missionary finds in Heathen Lands --Women and Men alike obtain quick relief (without cost) for all common ills by simply pressing the nerves of circulation. (GOOD HEALTH IS GOOD CIRCULATION FOR ALL.) Try it. Send for full method (16 pages) and free trial. "Printed by The Times Printing Co." Address Self-Cure, Ave. 61, Los Angeles, Cal.

## PERFECT HEALTH

Are you sick and suffering from an old chronic disease and cannot get well? Why not follow the footsteps of others who were in your shape, but found Perfect Health through Natural Methods of treatment? Why not allow Nature a chance? I have shown others how to get Perfect Health. My Methods include "RADIO," the Vital Nerve, Diet and Hydrotherapy. Four systems of Natural Cure in one. Advice free. Costs nothing to investigate. D. James Mackel, "Radio" Specialist 613 W. Eighth St. Hours 10-5. Phone P4324. Perfect Health is your natural birthright. Perfect health awaits you now.



## Is Your Child

Complaining of headaches after school hours? It may be the result of eyestrain and should have the early attention of our oculist. Examination free this month where glasses are ordered.

## Glasses Fitted

Here with an accuracy only possible by an oculist who is a post-graduate of the foremost college in Europe, the University of Vienna.

C. C. LOGAN, M.D., Oculist, 442 S. Spring St.

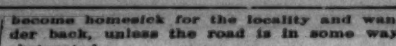


Competent authorities estimate that during the short space of seven years just passed, more than 150,000 inches of water

The year of citrus industry now drawing to a close in Southern California was not a prosperous one for the growers generally. It is most cheering, not only for the growers but for all the community of Southern California, to learn that the outlook for the coming year is much brighter. The Mutual Orange Distributors' Association, which is the central body of the growers, has just issued its report for the year just closed. It is a report that is full of optimism and hope for the future. The report is a long and detailed one, but the following are the main points:

of education existing here. It is not the city alone whose schools depended on the 13th of September. In all the suburbs and throughout the country many schools opened on the same day, and others during the week. The army of pupils and teachers enrolled in the city could easily be duplicated in the other

THE sun is circling the equator these mid-September days, and rhines from pole to pole from his rising to his setting. Here in California there is a tang of the South in the air and there is a whisper of coming rains in every breath from the southern sea. Far up in the Northwest the



It is difficult to account for the attachment of the Celtic races for the land of their birth, an attachment that narrows down to the house in which they were born or raised. It is only under dire necessity that they migrate. The Belgians, who are mostly Celtic, are scarcely found away from their own land. The French migrate but little, and it is only recently that the Italians, who have a good deal of Celtic admixture in their veins, have taken to wandering, while the Spaniards, Iberian Celts, in spite of the hard condition under which they live and the poverty of their land for so large a population, migrate but little.

Of course, there are exceptions to this rule as well as to others. Instance that migration of the Gaulish tribes who invaded Rome under their leader Brennus, Latin for Bryan undoubtedly. He was the chap who, when the Romans would buy him off from sacking their city and too much gold was heaped in one side of the scales, threw his sword in the other with the remark, "That will probably even it up." From there they crossed the Alps and really founded the city of Vienna. Thence they pursued their conquering way to Constantinople and across into Asia, where they founded a colony to whom the Apostle Paul addressed one of his letters known as the Epistle to the Romans.

one of his letters known as the Epistle to the Galatians. Then in the middle of the last century the potato family drove a great many of the Irish away from their homes to seek a living in foreign parts. But if you have ever read Lady Duferin's ballad, "The Irish Emigrant's Lament," you have seen the heart tears flow from the Irish as they stand at their native soil.

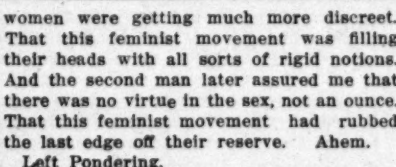
The Eagle has said above that he has been perplexed and amazed in reading about the patriotism of many of the belligerents in the war now tearing the heart of Europe. Take the Poles, for instance, whose country was torn by a former war and divided between three powerful neighbors, their kingdom being destroyed, their princes banished, forbidden to use their own language and suffering from various kinds of tyranny. Why should any patriotism burn in their hearts for the cause of Austria, Germany or Russia? Yet they have fought as bravely and valiantly as the real Russians or the real Germans in many battles. Pole slays

ly, but it is made obligatory on parents and guardians to send their children to school and embrace the opportunity offered them by their country, which treats them with the same compassionate care as the most tender-hearted mother.

Then how dear to every human being are his opinions. Here there is no power on earth to interfere with a man entertaining any opinion he pleases, political or religious, provided simply that they are not unimical or detrimental to the interests of the great body politic, that is the great citizenship of the country. Every American may worship the God of his fathers in any way he pleases, or any other god that he prefers to that of his father, and nobody can call him to account.

Then the sentiment of Americanism is so friendly to all other people and all other races that our country is a peaceable country intent upon maintaining the peace between ourselves and our neighbors at any cost except that of national honor. Think of the people of Europe burdened with \$20,000,000,000 which it will take a half-century to pay. Think of the destruction of private and public property that it will take a century to replace. An English economist has stated that but for the present war in a half-century the laboring people of Great Britain might have been receiving twice the wages they get now, or working half the hours they work now, or possibly both these blessings might have fallen to their lot.

Our country has been practically at peace with the world for a hundred years, and this more than our broad domain, more than all its rich natural resources, must be credited with the conditions under which our people live. It is not soil nor what grows out of it or comes from under it; it is not the climate, no matter how mild it is, that really should make a country dear to its sons and daughters. The greatest blessing is the form of government under which the people live and the ideals of the people, and surely no people can rejoice in these blessings anything like in the same measure as you Americans.



### The Male Gossip

I HAVE combatted the argument for years, but have finally come to the conclusion that the male is a worse gossip than the female. Far worse, because his ideas of what is wrong are so much further along the road and his insinuations therefore go so much deeper. They are getting rather prevalent, too, these male gossips, and have a subtle knack of wiping out a reputation with a wink.

The women have been accused of being the gossips for so long that they have learned to curb their tongues. They make a business of being kind and discreet in their comments on their own sex nowadays, just as they make a business of being charming. It is good form for women to stand by their sex now, to praise and refrain from blame. And it never fails to react to their own advantage—as they have come to appreciate.

And as the male gossip becomes more prominent thereby it likewise inevitably reacts to his own discredit. All that the feminists now know to the disadvantage of men they learn from the men themselves. There is nothing quite so confidentially unreserved as the modern male in his desire to appear recklessly devilish to the opposite sex. We shall soon have to pay dearly for this perverted vanity. Women are no longer entirely fools.

### The Longworths

ONE FEELS a pang of sympathy for Alice Roosevelt Longworth. She has just appeared on the scene here at El Monte and there is a flutter of excitement. It is quite obvious that if Alice fails to indulge in a multitude of brilliant indiscretions, we shall all be highly disappointed. The lady

Like the unfortunate hero in Ruddigore, she is under a spell to commit a certain number of social sins every day. No matter how earnestly domesticated and refined she may feel, she is under the necessity of looking and acting haughtily, naughtily sporty, and public taste demands that she outrage the conventions several times daily—so much so, that when she does behave with comfortable decorum, we feel quite confused—as though our own mediocre standards must be a little extra for all.

Nick Longworth is quite hopelessly bald, poor dear. The ladies are unanimous in wondering what on earth she saw in him. Indeed, they give a general impression of being a very ordinary, every-day couple, minus all glamour. There is a slight weariness about Alice. One feels that if it wasn't for that pesky reputation to live up to, she would gladly retire to suburban domesticity and lend a hand with the cooking. I should not be surprised to hear that she surreptitiously indulged in checking the linen chest on the quiet, and even occasionally borrows a neighbor's baby. There is a little wistful smile round her mouth in repose that looks like fairy tales and Peter Pan-nishness. But the fierce light that plays upon royalty forbids. Alice carved out her own reputation twelve years ago. . . . "Pass me a cigarette, old boy, will you?"

**The Harriman Eugenics.**

THIS is a delicate subject, but with such amiable millionairesses willing to invest fortunes in the physical betterment of the human race, one really can't ignore it. The main idea seems to be to prevent the wrong people from having babies. Wholesale sterilization first—and then start fresh with suitable stallions and mares, with modern hygienic stables.

Can one, should one, may one. . . ? And is it necessary? After all, the only really undesirable class is the near-society, pleasure-loving, smarty, self-indulgent class and they have an amiable way of sterilizing

Besides, what on earth is to become of the

medical profession in future generations? Cure is so much more remunerative than prevention. Is all that brilliant scientific cure knowledge to be wasted?

And when we have secured a race of healthy Venuses and Adonises how are we going to insure that they stay put? Nowadays, as sure as we meet a godlike-looking man, physically sublime, we learn that he is doing his level best to discount all his advantages—and only in very rare instances is he a decorous father of the race. The most splendid specimens of either sex—in appearance—are at considerable pains to avoid parenthood. It is your puny, meager, imperfect but gloriously moral little man who becomes the father of ten buxom children, your scrogy, weary, earnest, anxious, angular woman who becomes their mother nine cases out of ten. On their face value such people would be sterilized under the new eugenic plan, yet I know such a couple with nine offspring, seven of whom are splendid specimens of health and vitality.

### On With The Dance.

NED GREENWAY, one time terpsichorean beau of San Francisco, but now rather a personified reminiscence, decidedly plump and waistless, not to say elephantine, was assuring an interested audience last night that there was nothing like dancing to keep a fellow fit and preserve his figure. He used to take other exercise, you understand, but now he is assured his svelt lines and general well being are best attained with persistent dancing exclusively.

Nobody smiled but some of us did take off our glasses to see if they were magnifying too much. Of course there is always the question what he would have looked like without the dancing.

It reminded us of the lady with an atrocious complexion who persisted in recommending her own special pet face cream for beautifying the skin, or the gentlemen who enthusiastically recommended a certain specialist for stuttering "b-b-because b-b-h-he c-c-c-c-c-c-c-cured m-m-m-m-e".

Let us not deny Ned his faith.



# The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

Saturday, September 18, 1915.

## "Home, Sweet Home"

For Wife and Mother.  
For Daughter and Maid.

### NEEDLE NOTES.

#### Making Over Serge and Satin.

[Woman's World:] It isn't every year that we may take a shabby blue serge suit and an out-of-date black satin frock and, after cleaning and pressing, combine them into a dress that is quite up-to-date. This and similar delightful economies are quite possible now, and remodeling is robbed of its difficulties. A drop skirt of lining will be made and faced, about twelve inches deep at the lower edge with the black satin. The serge skirt will be drawn up at the waist, making it fuller here and about the hips, the fullness laid in a couple of plaits; or else this larger measure will be fitted into the waist size and the seams run out sharply toward the lower edge to give more "spring" or flare. Of course, cutting off the lower part of the serge skirt, where the edge is badly worn, is the simplest matter in the world. The sleeves may be made of the satin and the remainder of the waist of the serge. A wide belt of serge, with black satin buttons at the closing will connect tunic and waist.

#### The Hip Yoke.

And the new hip yokes! Do you realize what a blessing a yoke is in making over a skirt? When yokes were not in style, how often we have seen exactly the way to remake a skirt if we might only put a yoke at the top of it. Of course, the yoke must be the same material as the skirt. When we make these new-old combinations we must be a little careful in selection, but by taking thought we may go ahead and remodel dresses and suits that have seemed hopeless because color or material could not be matched.

### SOME HYGIENE.

#### Too Much Oil Used.

[New York American:] "Women may be interested to learn," says Mrs. Julian Heath, National President of the Housewives' League, "that the cremation of garbage has shown that American garbage is the richest in fat in the world, and the startling statement is made that this grease oil, clarified and purified, is being shipped to the other side and shipped back to us as olive oil." Far too much oil is used in cooking, especially in the South. From the strictly hygienic point of view it would be best if no oil at all were used in cooking, and only vegetable oil—olive, peanut, refined cottonseed—as salad dressing or taken separately.

#### Oil and Starch Antagonistic.

The mixtures of fats with starch foods, potatoes, bread and other forms of cereals, is especially injurious. Many who suffer from indigestion and biliousness maintain the trouble by the excessive eating of butter, lard and bacon, especially with fresh bread or biscuits. The throwing out of so much fat is wasteful, but the wrong use of so much fat in the average American home is woeful.

### CARE OF PERSON.

#### Good Hair Tonic.

[New York Evening Telegram:] A French preparation which is a commercial article of considerable value can be made in one's own home after the following recipe: Put in a double boiler one ounce of oil of sweet almonds, one dram of spermaceti, white wax or beeswax and dissolve with a very gentle heat. Remove from the fire and stir in three drams of tincture of mastic. Bottle and cork until wanted. Apply small quantity and arrange the hair loosely.

#### Attractive Coiffure.

A great aid to a neat and attractive coiffure in the summer time in a hair net. Somehow the stray hairs seem to get loose quicker in warm weather than in cold, and a net is invaluable in keeping all the ends together. Many women who never think of wearing a net in winter find they cannot do without one once the warm weather sets in, and they envelop their coiffure in this fine mesh, confident that no loose hairs will fly about to spoil their neat and tidy appearance.

### KINKS IN THE KITCHEN.

#### Scientific Dish Washing.

[Philadelphia Record:] Not one woman in a hundred really knows how to wash dishes. As it seems to be their special prerogative this sounds extravagant, but it is true. A peep into the sterilizing rooms of one of the big hospitals would provide some valuable suggestions along this line.

First scrape the dishes and then hold each one under the running spigot. Two dish mops with handles hang conveniently near the sink. One of these is the "dirty" mop. With it you mop off the actual food that clings to the dishes and then plunge them into a dishpan of boiling water, which is moderately soapy. Then take the clean mop and quickly rub off the dish. Fish it up to the surface of the water, remove it with a tea towel in your hand and place it to drain in the rack. The heat absorbed by the cup or platter will quickly dry it without the aid of a towel. But be sure that the water is hot, not lukewarm. Treat silver in the same manner, but instead of using slightly soapy water use water into which half a teaspoon of baking soda has been placed. Lay the silver out on a tea towel when removed from the water and when dry polish it off with a clean tea towel. You will be surprised at the luster of your "every-day" flat silver.

#### They Drain Themselves.

The best results are obtained in "scientific dish washing" if you do not hurry the draining process. Go about your other work and when you return everything will be ready for the cupboard. Boiling water, as you see, is the essential thing, and with this process there is no unnecessary handling or "wiping," and we have what hospital folks would call surgically clean vessels for food, meaning that they are free from germs.

### FOR THE KIDDIES.

#### Knitted Reins.

[San Diego Union:] For a pair of reins you will need one skein of scarlet and half a skein of white wool, a bone crochet hook (No 5) and three brass rings one inch in diameter on which to make the tassels.

Take the scarlet wool first and make a strip of afghan stitch, also known as tricot stitch, seven inches wide and three yards long. Join and break the wool.

Now take the white wool and make 1 s. c., 1 ch. in each stitch on both edges. This makes the reins.

Use the scarlet wool for the shield, making six rows of afghan stitch twenty-six inches wide. Then decrease one stitch at each end of every row.

This decreasing is quite easily managed. In picking up the stitches always skip the first stitch, put the hook under the next two stitches, wool over the hook and draw up a loop through both at the same time. Now pick up each stitch separately until there are only three left; put the hook under the next two, wool over the hook, draw up a loop, pick up the last stitch, working off as usual.

### ENTERTAINMENT.

#### Unique Bazaar.

[New York Sun:] This bazaar scheme was carried out with great success and was no more difficult than just having plain booths in the ordinary way. The poster said: "Come and See the Seven Ages of Women." At the first table the "First Age" was cleverly represented by having all the articles pertaining to babies, even "baby" books, which a book store sent on commission. The attendants were dressed as infants and were most fetching, I assure you.

The second table illustrated "Childhood," and had dolls and toys galore, with those behind the booth dressed as children aged from 5 to 10. "The Sweethearts' Table" came next, and all sorts of dainty articles for engagement presents, heart and slipper-shaped place cards, candy and all sorts of goodies packed attractively to go as gifts to college girls and sweethearts. As it happened two engaged couples had charge of this department and it created loads of fun.

### EARLY AUTUMN HAT.

#### Making Last Year's Over.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] If last year's straw hat is still of a desirable shape but is limp and bent by hard wear, remove all the trimming and give it a thorough brushing.

The stuff the crown tightly with paper to keep it in shape.

Have ready a quart of boiling water in which has been mixed a teaspoonful of gum arabic.

Dip a sponge into the solution and rub all over the hat on a flat surface covered with clean cloth and put weights at short intervals around the brim to prevent it from curling up as it dries.

Leave for twelve hours and the hat will be quite stiff and well-shaped again.

Should the straw be torn in places where the hatpins have gone through, gum inside the crown a patch of strong cotton material, matching the straw as nearly as possible in color.

#### To Restore Color.

Collect all the broken ends of the straw and fasten down firmly.

If the straw is discolored it is a good plan to paint it with hat enamel, which is inexpensive and to be found in all shops. It may be had in all colors.

If the stuff looks too shiny mix a table-spoonful of methylated spirits with it.

Apply the mixture with a large paint brush and let it dry for a day before trimming.

Chip straws, being soft and absorbent, should have the enamel diluted with a double amount of spirits.

### TABLE NOVELTIES.

#### Pistachio Cake—Stuffed Marrow Bones.

[Christian Science Monitor:] A cake of three layers, with a soft creamy filling and a soft frosting, before the frosting stiffens may be sprinkled with finely ground pistachio nuts, and on top, in star form, arrange candied mint leaves and finish the center with a rose made of the candied rose leaves deftly arranged.

Marrow bones stuffed with sweetbreads and mushrooms, with savory seasoning, when they are taken from the oven may be fitted with a high paper collar and narrow black necktie tied in a square bow, and a foolscap of paper, and they should be served on lace paper doilies.

#### Unique Salad and Dessert.

Extra mayonnaise is served in a half lemon skin that has been relieved of the pulp and had a slice cut from the end so it stands upright. It may also be covered with a fluted paper cap.

The yokes of hard cooked eggs may have pepper, salt, olive oil, a dash of Worcestershire sauce added to them and mixed to a paste, then formed into small balls, roll them in powdered nuts and drop them into the salad, using the rings of white for the garnish on top.

For the simple home luncheon the ordinary pancake may do duty for dessert.

### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

[Baltimore American:] We buy a pound of good coffee, have it ground at the store, then grind a second time at home, as we need it. It lasts twice as long.

Rub lard on grass stains, wash in warm suds and the stains disappear.

To keep a primula in healthy condition, water around the edge of the pot, never directly on the roots. This came from a horticulturist, and the advice carried out restored a once beautiful but dying plant to its former thrifty condition.

Curtains need no starch if borax is added to the bluing water.

To get a quick breakfast, put coffee on in cold water in a covered granite pan in the oven. Place potatoes boiled day before in jackets also in the oven. Bacon or chops in a covered pan will be done by time you are dressed. Orange juice prepared and on ice the night before. Use lemon squeezer to remove orange juice. Any or all of these hints carried out according to the breakfast desired are a great help where there are several to prepare for.

### HEARTSEASE.

#### "Believe—and Ye Shall Receive."

[Unity:] People think they should thank God for those things only which they have, but that is not the spiritual law. The law is that you should also praise and give thanks for the things you expect to have. If you want to bring things into visibility begin at once to praise and give thanks for them as though they were already yours. This is in keeping with the words of Jesus, "When ye pray, believe that ye have received and ye shall receive."

#### The Tryst.

It will be morning when you come for me,  
When all the glad spring winds go dancing by

To wake the blossoms, and the dew-washed sky

Is lit with rose and gold. Together we  
Will pass the first cloud-seeking bird.

Taking our upward way from star to star,  
And you will tell me that you heard

Me call to you, that you were never far;  
It may be you will tell me why you smiled

That day

You lay so still, and why you went away.

And you will tell me how our love has  
Overthrown

The dream of death, and I shall understand—

But now . . . I only know I walk alone,  
Calling your name, groping to touch your hand.

MAY STANLEY.



Marguerite Snow

Metro Pictures Star, says: "Sempre Giovine is necessary to my toilet table. It leaves the skin velvety."

## Sempre Giovine

Pronounced Sem-pray Jo-ve-nay

Meaning Always Young

A fragrant, convenient pink cake. Keeps the pores thoroughly clean and the skin clear. No crumbing—no massaging. Ask for a cake at your favorite toilet counter today.



Marietta Stanley Co.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

### KEEP COOL—WEAR A



California Ventilator Sun Hat. Superior to any Sun Hat ever made. Will last indefinitely. Made of Jungle Grass, hand woven. For children, misses and women. Regular price \$5. Introductory offer \$3. If your dealer can't supply you, we will send one direct prepaid on receipt of \$3. California Sun Hat Co., 1915 Pasadena Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

### THE MILK DIET TREATMENT

is good for any wrong condition of the body, such as anemia, indigestion, common stomach troubles, liver and kidney affections, rheumatism, eczema and other skin diseases, high and low blood pressure and certain forms of heart disease, constipation, etc. Those wishing to gain weight address

MILK DIET SANITARIUM  
606 Friend Ave., West Hollywood, Cal.

## DO YOU ITCH

From Any Cause—Instant Relief by

MILLS' ECZEMA REMEDY

FREE For Sale by Druggists.

Laboratory, 223 W. Second St., Los Angeles.



LOS ANGELES TIMES

LOS ANGELES TIMES

# California, Land of the Sun, by the Western Sea.

## Tang of the South.

THE sun is circling the equator these mid-September days, and shines from pole to pole from his rising to his setting. Here in California there is a tang of the South in the air and there is a whisper of coming rains in every breath from the southern sea. Far up in the Northwest the rainy season has set in, and along Puget Sound and the Columbia River and all down into Northern California it will rain with a good deal of persistence until about the first of next June. There will be scarcely a whole day of uninterrupted rain anywhere in those regions, and there will be many weeks, perhaps several months, when it will rain more or less every twenty-four hours.

Airs are very calm in California these autumn days as the trade winds shift from the northwest to the southwest, and the weather is about as charming as ever in the twelve months. The tang of the South in the air does not mean that the rains are near at the door in great volume, nor does it mean that we shall have no more warm sunny days. You know Bryant, who was a New Englander, sings of the November days in the region in which he was well acquainted, "For still bright days will come." They often come with torrid heat in Southern California, but these hot spells do not last long at this time of the year.

In Southern California the harvests are about all over, most of the fruit being gathered in except the grape crop, and that is well forward in mid-September. Here again one has to speak with circumspection or be misunderstood by readers abroad. Every day in the 365 that go to make up a round year, California farmers are harvesting some kind of crop. Lemons, for example, are coming in the whole year around. The Valencia orange crop is not yet all marketed, and before the last car of this orange is shipped out the first cars of the navel crop will be on the way.

As the days become shorter and electric light switches are pushed earlier in the homes of the Southland, and as the electric lights are illuminated in the mornings, there is no preparation of a very strenuous kind for the approaching so-called winter. There is little or no covering of stacks of provender in the barnyard, and there is not a bit of putting in double windows with list along the sash, nor the building of storm porticoes before the front doors. The rainy season is in a way the most charming of all the year here. We shall look by the end of the year to have fields green all over the Southland, and all winter long there will be the song of the plowman as he follows his team in the furrow.

## The Hope of the Future.

SEPTEMBER 13 of this good year of grace came on a Monday, which was a very unlucky day in the minds of a great army of youth all over Southern California because generally speaking the schools opened that day. In the city of Los Angeles, for example, with all its annexes, 175 public schools of all grades opened their doors to receive the youth of the city, giving them an opportunity to prepare for the duties of life. The city will spend about \$5,000,000 on the overhead expenses of the schools this year. There will be about 100,000 pupils enrolled during the school year, and they will be under the instruction of a great army of teachers numbering 2800. These are mostly women, and many of them still, if not in the bloom of youth, certainly are not in the sere of yellow leaf. Weatherwise the opening day was most auspicious, with mild atmosphere, a thing not quite normal in the day for school opening in Los Angeles city. It has often seemed to many of us as if there were a hoodoo on the opening day of school, so sultry and muggy is the atmosphere very often.

The school system of Los Angeles city is justly the pride of most of our citizens who understand how it is arranged, and most of us understand it very well. The school buildings are the admiration of all visitors who come to the city, and educators throughout the whole country wish

they could introduce the advanced system of education existing here.

It is not the city alone whose schools opened on the 13th of September. In all the suburbs and throughout the country many schools opened on the same day, and others during the week. The army of pupils and teachers enrolled in the city could easily be duplicated in the other cities of Southern California, and in these other cities the school buildings are as handsome, modern, in every way admirable, as in the city. If there is any difference in favor of the Los Angeles city schools it is simply in their size, and many of the suburbs have schools of as magnificent proportions as anything in the city.

It is a great responsibility for teachers and pupils. Here is where the foundation of character is laid, and here is where the boy becomes father of the man, and here if ever coming events cast their shadows before. The conscientious teachers can father or mother dozens, scores, hundreds of the next generation, reduplicating themselves in the characters, manners, in the very gestures and voice-tones, of their pupils. There is one thing that all far-seeing persons wish to change in the education of the young. That is the teaching of history. In this branch of education every effort should be made to minimize race prejudice, to eliminate national animosities and to teach history in such a way as to elevate the arts of peace and its triumphs over those of war and its massacres. We do not mean to make mollycoddles of the boys of the country, but they can be taught to cultivate national peace without becoming in any way effeminate or weak.

America is the melting-pot of the nations, and the public school is the center of the pot where the reduction of base metal goes on apace and the fusion of the various ores is accomplished most successfully. The public schools of the country should be made propaganda for peace, and at the same time the pupils' minds should be instilled with the idea that until the nations come together on an elaborate peace programme we must always be ready to repel any invasion and to avenge any insult to national honor, from whatever source it may come.

## A Real University.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA is proud of its public schools, and equally so of its private institutions. These are very numerous, well equipped in buildings, libraries, apparatus and professors of various kinds. The leader of them all is easily the University of Southern California, an institution founded thirty-five years ago when the city of Los Angeles numbered but a little more than 10,000 people, when the whole population of Southern California was probably less than that of Long Beach or Pasadena today. This institution is a genuine university, with all the various schools thoroughly organized and very well equipped. The colleges opened on Thursday, September 16, and during the coming week every branch will be in full swing. It is a matter of interest to the whole of Southern California to learn that the indications are for the most prosperous year in the history of this great institution. Fifty years ago, mental pabulum was about all the average school furnished the pupils enrolled in it. The modern educator recognizes the trinity in humanity, and courses of development are prepared for body, mind and soul. A good deal of fun is poked at the colleges on account of the attention paid to athletics, but unless this branch of education is allowed to dominate too much it is a very important thing for the coming generation. The football team at U. S. C. has already an elaborate programme arranged for the year which will involve the team traveling nearly 3700 miles. Another important branch made much of in this institution is debating. Contests have been arranged with Stanford University, the University of Idaho, and with Pomona and Occidental colleges. It is always well to remember Francis Bacon's recipe for educating a man: "Reading maketh a full man, speaking a ready man, and writing an accurate man."

## Bright Citrus Outlook.

THE year of citrus industry now drawing to a close in Southern California was not a prosperous one for the growers generally. It is most cheering, not only for the growers but for all the community of Southern California, to learn that the outlook for the coming year is much brighter. The Mutual Orange Distributors, the second-largest selling organization handling citrus fruits in the State, recently met at Redlands, where an elaborate report was presented by the general manager, A. Gregory. He showed that the organization handled about 5000 carloads of fruit, an exact total of 1,987,436 boxes, sold in the eastern markets for a gross sum of \$5,250,000, netting the 2000 growers \$3,250,000, or about \$1.70 per box. This is probably a much better record than many growers had of their year's operations.

## Brave-hearted Brawley.

IN SPITE of the great strides made in the Imperial Valley in winning from savagery to civilization the most ferocious desert ever attempted, farming down there is not all "beer and skittles", nor yet "cakes and ale." The floods have threatened the valley, and to keep them back has cost as much anxiety as the Russians feel in keeping the Teutons from invading holy Russia, and the cost has been no bagatelle. An earthquake during the current year did a good deal of damage down in the valley, and now in these fall days Brawley has been swept by fire. The total damage was put at \$133,000, about \$100,000 of it covered by insurance.

But the spirit that won the desert from the wilderness to civilization is not easily daunted. The people who faced the turbulent river and conquered it came up smiling the day after the earthquake and courageously replaced the destroyed buildings. So with the fire at Brawley, where the brave-hearted people promptly and undauntedly burned their fingers in the hot ashes in clearing away the ruins to rebuild their destroyed homes and stores. Winning the wilderness is no child's play, and the wilderness in its grim reality is no place for the weak-hearted. Pioneering in America, from the time the Pilgrims landed at Cape Cod and the Cavaliers on the coast of Virginia, has required men, and has developed men in the doing of it.

## The Great Problem.

FLOOD control in Southern California is an exceedingly great and puzzling problem. Not more so than in any other country, but quite as great as in most. The only difference between flood control in California and flood control along the Mississippi River is that in Southern California we can scarcely afford to let the sweet water in the run-offs in flood time take its way straight and rejoicing to the ocean. We need all the water we can get for irrigation in this country, and this complicates greatly the task of flood control.

The other day a consultation was held in the city of Los Angeles touching this important subject, and Isador Jacobs of San Francisco said: "I believe that California will double in population within seven years after the war closes. I believe that it is for us to say whether the expansion of the State in an agricultural and industrial way shall be infinite or circumscribed."

There were experts at the meeting, a leader among them being Col. W. H. Holcomb, receiver of the California Development Company. He told in succinct statement and eloquent words the story of the Imperial Valley, where the Colorado River had to be controlled or it would have destroyed the rich valley that now its waters bless and fructify. R. W. Pridham, chairman of the Board of Supervisors of Los Angeles county, was right, too, when he said: "I believe that we should first determine the amount of water that can be retained in the mountains, then the quantity that can be forced into underground reservoirs by seepage. Afterward we can take up the other problems of flood control."

Another expert, J. B. Lippincott, a trained and experienced engineer, said: "The water level in the wells from Compton

to Santa Ana and through the whole artesian belt is falling. In the city wells at Long Beach the drop has averaged two feet a year for some years past. There is real necessity for augmenting the supply."

Competent authorities estimate that during the short space of seven years just passed, more than 150,000 inches of water have been developed in underground sources, an amount sufficient to irrigate more than 1,000,000 acres of land. There is the cause, the effect of which is the lowering of the water in the wells referred to by Mr. Lippincott. The aqueduct, which is bringing a river of water into Los Angeles valley, will hold to fill up the underground reservoirs to some extent. Of course not all the water brought down by the aqueduct will be available for this purpose, as most of it is used for domestic purposes and run into sewers which carry it out to sea.

## Reviving an Old Idea.

WHEN E. P. Clark and Gen. M. H. Sherman constructed the electric road through Hollywood, they brought it into the city through the northern part. Up on the corner of Sunset boulevard and North Broadway they built an immense warehouse, intended to handle freight in and out of the city. The idea was to make a market where the crops of the Hollywood district might be marketed, and where goods might be shipped out for that portion of the suburbs of Los Angeles. This was nearly fifteen years ago. The structure was 300 by 60 feet, and immediately the doors and windows were battened up, and the concern has remained closed until the present time. It was one of the premature ideas that the energetic people of Los Angeles have fallen into from time to time, just a few years ahead of time. Now, anticipating a great traffic to the northern part of the city, the old building is to be remodeled and renovated and put to its original purpose. The contract provides for the expenditure of \$184,800, and there will be damages amounting to \$86,645.75 to pay. It will be nearly a year before the work is entirely finished.

## Another Canal Benefit.

COMPETITION is a much better regulator of railroad fares than any government commission ever devised will be. The Southern Pacific Company has applied to the Interstate Commerce Commission for permission to lower the transcontinental freight rates on sugar to 40 cents a hundred from California terminal points to similar points on the Atlantic Ocean. The present rate is 60 cents, with a minimum of 60,000 pounds per car, and with the lowering of the rate one-third the minimum is to be raised to 80,000 pounds per car. This is simply to meet the competition of the canal.

## Better Still and More of It.

A WEEK ago in this department of the Times Illustrated Weekly it was joyfully announced that the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco had paid its debts, burned its last mortgage, and was on the road to further triumphs. The ink on the statement was scarcely dry when a dispatch came from San Francisco announcing from the managers that they were then forehanded in the amount of \$250,000. They have still three months and a half to run, and with further good luck they will have a big melon to cut when the great exposition closes.

## Notes of Progress.

PROPERTY owners on Mountain avenue from Tenth street to Twenty-fourth street at Upland have plans completed for a paved roadway thirty feet wide.

The Pacific Electric Railway Company is about to spend between \$20,000 and \$30,000 on a new station for San Bernardino.

Deposits in the national banks of Long Beach show considerable increase during the last five months.

The Postoffice Department is about to establish a new postoffice of the name Triunfo, just at the boundary line between Los Angeles and Ventura counties, beyond Owensmouth.

The wool clip of Arizona will aggregate between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 pounds.



For Wife and Mother.  
For Daughter and Maid.

"Home, Sweet Home"

[Saturday, September 18, 1910.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

## The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

### New Burnless X-Ray.

THE curative effects of radium in certain diseases are now unquestioned. These effects are believed to be the work of the gamma rays, which are also given off by the X-ray tube. Indeed it is generally believed by persons familiar with the use of radium and the X-rays in therapeutics, that the X-rays have several points of superiority. Dr. Howard Kelly, for example, who probably had a more extended experience in the use of radium than any man in America, has expressed his belief that if the the X-ray tube was susceptible of control it would perform even greater curative marvels than radium itself.

But until very recently the X-ray operator has had relatively little control over his mysterious medium; and this lack of control was likely to be disastrous to the patient, who was sometimes badly "burned." These "burns" are not the kind of injury due to excessive heat, which is familiar to every one, but are deep seated, and due to the chemical effects of the piercing rays. Usually they do not appear until several days after the X-rays have been used, and the treatment itself may have caused no discomfort to the patient. Yet the "burns" not only cause great pain later on, and great destruction of tissues, but eventually may even result in malignant growths. For this reason a "burnless X-ray" has been the quest of the operators for several years. And now Charles H. Stanley of New York has invented an apparatus which generates X-rays that appear to do the work of the gamma rays of radium, but are burnless and harmless to bodily tissues.

### What Burnless X-rays May Do.

The therapeutic use to which these burnless X-rays may be put, was explained to a Congressional committee recently by Dr. Kelly, in referring to the action of the gamma rays of radium. "Radium goes further than surgery," said Dr. Kelly, "because surgery only treats that which is visible, and the surgeon is under the constant impulse and desire to save the face of the patient. He does not want to mutilate the patient, and so he thinks that taking out just so much will do. He fails, and there is a recurrence. But radium, like the blessed light from heaven above, bathes the part, throws its gamma rays, which are its active rays, into the part, acting on all the myriad microscopic cells, not only the manifest, gross surgical lesions, but all those little cells through the surrounding tissues; and it acts like millions of microscopic knives to destroy them, or like a lash to drive them back. In other words, radium will not only do what surgery does, but it goes beyond and takes a class of cases which are utterly beyond surgery."

It is generally believed that such a disease as tuberculosis, for example, which is caused by bacteria, would yield to the action of the X-rays, were it not for the fact that it is impossible to expose the sufferer to the rays for a sufficient length of time without exposing him to the danger of dreadful "burns." With the Stanley X-ray apparatus it has been possible to treat a patient with tuberculous lungs for four hours, seemingly with much benefit, and without the slightest trace of burning. Such a prolonged treatment with the older form of X-rays would have produced serious injury almost inevitably.

The full value of Mr. Stanley's invention is still a matter of conjecture because of its novelty. But from present indications it would seem that such diseases as diabetes, and Bright's disease, as well as tuberculosis, may be benefited, and perhaps cured, by its application.

### Walking.

The Life Extension Institute, in one of its health letters, has this to say about walking: "Walking is the surest method of securing daily exercise. Callisthenics for those who cannot arrange for a daily walk to and from business would prove beneficial, but few have the will power to carry out these monotonous and uninteresting forms of exercise. If you cannot play golf or polo, or tennis, or fence, or paddle a canoe, or ride horseback, or swim, or dig in the garden, or climb the Alps, at

least you can walk, walk, walk, and if you try no doubt you can do it in good company, on interesting highways and byways, thereby resting and cultivating your mind while working your body—a health-producing combination."

"After all," says Medical Progress editorially, "there is only one form of exercise that is available and suitable for all ages and conditions and in all seasons. Walking is the national pastime of at least one great foreign nation whose women are renowned for their beauty and vigor. It is a form of exercise which has been a favorite with many sages since a Greek philosopher rambled with his students through the hills and valleys of Attica. It is the best all-around exercise. It should be dignified by receiving at least the same attention in schools that grammar and elocution have, and popularized by the formation of walking clubs, of which there are already a goodly number. A high score of miles weekly attained in these organizations might receive as much acclaim as the low and boasted golf score. Such clubs might foster popularity by means of distinctive dress, emblems and customs, which have characterized less useful institutions, or by certain requirements and attainments, especially those relating to posture. This democratic sport, this simple pleasure, this invaluable therapeutic measure, may well receive enthusiastic endorsement from every source."

### Air in Relation to Lung Troubles.

For lung troubles and other minor afflictions, Hinsdale gives the following prescription: Two miles of oxygen three times a day. This is not only the best medicine, but cheap and pleasant to take. It suits all ages and constitutions. It is patented by infinite wisdom, sealed with a signet divine. It cures cold feet, hot heads, pale faces, feeble lungs and bad tempers. If two or three take it together it has a still more striking effect. It has often been known to reconcile enemies, settle matrimonial quarrels and bring reluctant parties to a state of double blessedness. This medicine never fails. Spurious compounds are found in large towns; but get into the country lanes, among green fields or on the mountain top, and you have it in perfection as prepared in the great laboratory of nature.

### Autumn Colds.

This is the season for "catching" the peculiarly disagreeable type of colds which cause annoying secretions from the nasal membranes. At this time of the year these colds are prevalent from Maine to California, because conditions everywhere are favorable to the growth of the germs which cause them.

At this season of the year the air is filled with dust particles, and these particles are laden with the cold-producing germs. These are inhaled continually, and in this way are deposited upon the mucous membranes of the nose and throat. Thus a certain number of the germs find their way into the circulation; but ordinarily the white corpuscles or other protective agents of the blood are able to destroy them, so that no harm results. The process of invasion and destruction is going on constantly at all seasons. The germs never cease their attacks, and the corpuscles never relax their vigilance in repelling them, so long as the vital forces of the body are normally active.

The moment that the vitality of the body is lowered, however, the advantage lies with the germ invaders. And even a slight chilling of the body may produce this effect; or insufficient covering at night, particularly toward morning when the vital forces of the body are at their lowest ebb. This would produce little effect ordinarily, but since at this time of the year the dry air is filled with germs which lodge in the nose and throat, there is always danger that the temporary lowering of the vitality will be followed by a "summer cold" a few hours later.

### Starving Out Cancer.

One of the most persistent beliefs, which has been handed down through many gen-

erations, is that the growth of a cancer may be checked, or even stopped, by "starving it out." The idea seems to have originated in the conception that cancer is a parasitic growth which is dependent upon the body tissues for nourishment. What could be more rational, therefore, than to cut off the supply of nourishment by starving the tissues? Starve the body until it will afford no nourishment to the cancer, and necessarily the cancer must cease to flourish.

Unfortunately the results of this starving process do not sustain the conception. The cancer continues to take its toll of nourishment from the tissues, while the tissues themselves are being starved. As a result, the growth of the cancer is somewhat hastened rather than retarded.

Another fallacy is the belief that certain foods affect the growth of cancers, tomatoes being credited with hastening the progress of the growth. There is no foundation whatever for this belief. Neither tomatoes nor any other vegetables, so far as is known, have any affect whatever upon the growth of cancers.

### Intestinal Fermentation and Flatulence.

In an article dealing with the treatment of intestinal fermentation and flatulence, Dr. F. Richard Newman, writing for the New York Medical Journal, makes the following useful observations:

Hoffman's anodyne, in dram doses, repeated every fifteen minutes until relief is obtained, is the best carminative we possess for general use. Spirit of chloroform is also useful. In intestinal flatulence camphor, asafetida and pancreatin will be found beneficial. For flatulent colic in old persons and adults, capsicum is the remedy; it not only acts as a carminative, but will prevent the development of gas. In all cases of intestinal flatulence an enema of castor oil and sodium bicarbonate and hot applications to the abdomen will give wonderful results. Intestinal antiseptics are very disappointing, and prevention of stagnation is the most reliable antiseptic we possess, drugs being, as a rule, highly deleterious to the gastrointestinal mucosa.

Dietetic treatment is of the greatest importance. Careful dieting should be insisted upon; tea, pastry and vegetables should be forbidden and preference given to articles of food which have comparatively high nutritive value and small volume. Lean animal meat, fish, poultry and eggs, when properly prepared, are the most suitable foods. If this routine of treatment is carefully carried out, a majority of cases can be permanently cured.

### The Psychology of Desertion.

One of the interesting developments of the present war is the fact that deserters from the ranks, like wandering hobos, are usually persons of defective mentality. Prof. Specht of Munich has made a study of these individuals in the German army, and finds that in practically every instance of desertion the soldier was in an abnormal state of mind.

Thus, one man who deserted "was captured and submitted to a mild punishment. When set free he committed suicide by drowning. A second was an imbecile, noted in peace time for running away, who had also deserted before the war. He is now in an asylum. A third subject is a mental defective and alcoholic degenerate. He deserted when drunk and was found eight days later in a swamp. It appears that men of this type, not being taken at the period of mobilization, are accepted later as volunteers, largely because of their great patriotic fervor, which suggests the old quotation to the effect that patriotism is often the last refuge of certain undesirables."

### Passing of the Pepsin Fad.

It is only a few years since pepsin was widely and freely prescribed in all sorts of gastric disorders. Today this custom is practically discontinued, and even the ubiquitous chewing gum no longer has its sales increased by the device of including the alleged presence of pepsin among its claims. The reason for this decline in the popularity of pepsin as a remedy to diges-

tive disturbances is perhaps to be found in the fact that analysis of the gastric contents have revealed the constant presence of the digestive ferment in all but the most exceptional cases of organic disease.

Furthermore, the administration of pepsin alone rarely gives occasion to suspect that this form of medication produces any curative effects. Recent observations in the laboratories of the University of Chicago have indicated the enormous "factor of safety" which the human organism seems to possess in respect to the pepsin of the gastric secretion. An adult normal person, if hungry, may secrete from 600 to 700 c.c. (20 to 23 ounces) of gastric juice on an average palatable dinner, or about 1500 c.c. of gastric juice in twenty-four hours. Carlson has found by actual experiment with the product of human secretion that 1 c.c. of the juice will readily digest 10 gm. (150 grains) of finely divided boiled egg in three hours. From such data it is easy to calculate that the normal human stomach secretes pepsin far in excess of the actual needs of gastric digestion of proteins, or at any rate in excess of what is required under ordinary conditions.—[Journal American Medical Association.]

### The First Tin Mill.

The first tin mill in the United States is about to be established at Perth Amboy, N. J. No country in the world uses more tin than the United States, but it has never produced any. The mill referred to is now in the course of construction, and it is expected that it will be in operation by the first part of next year, and it will produce from 3000 to 5000 tons a year. It will be supplied mainly from ore brought from Brazil.

### LEWIS HOWELL ROGERS Discovers the Mainspring of Life

#### THE VITAL NERVE

and without asking, is awarded a DOCTOR'S DIPLOMA OF HONOR BY STATE OF NEW JERSEY CHIROFRACITOR'S ASSOCIATION. This greatest discovery of the century shows that "Good health is good circulation only," and nothing more is required in any sickness or supposed incurable disease. Consumption, Typhoid Fever, Paralysis, Heart Disease and other "bugbears" vanish like a dream. (All can do it.) Everybody, without cost, can reach the Electric Center of their own body without a moment's delay and obtain relief from the numerous ills of life, as recorded of the age of mystery, but grossly withheld for speculation by the most civilized nations.

Mr. Rogers finds this ancient practice to be strictly natural and used daily by California Indians, also by the sturdy Japs, who are models of health and the women strong like men. The Times Printing Co. has printed the full method with free trial in 16-page booklet, which will be sent free to all who are interested in the subject of health. Read the wonderbook, Address Mr. Rogers, 303 Ave. 61, Los Angeles, Cal.

**HARRY BROOK, N. D.,** former editor Times Health Dept., still teaches how to cure chronic diseases, through dietetic advice by mail. Send for pamphlet. Dr. Brook now edits **BRAIN AND BRAWN**, monthly, one dollar a year, ten cents a copy. Chamber of Commerce Building, Los Angeles.



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There are numerous Arch Supporters put on the market to correct flat feet are made over a form, and in some cases answer the purpose. There is no ready-made Arch Support manufactured in this way that will give the desired results in more than 10 per cent of the cases. The reason is that there are different ligaments in the foot that may be affected and thus cause pain in the various joints. Our Arch Supports are made by perfect measurements and are guaranteed to relieve every case.

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It took five minutes, hard work to bring the girl back to consciousness and even then the doctor said her heart was weak and she must not leave the bed for at least three hours. When Wilfred heard this he broke right down; he vowed he wouldn't leave his wife's side for anything on earth, and said the race could go to blazes for all he cared. But the little woman wasn't made of that kind of stuff. She lay there so weak she could scarcely move and yet she insisted that her husband drive the car. "Wilfred," she said, "it's too late for you to withdraw now. If you had pulled out last week when I wanted you to, it would have been all right, but it's too late now."

The last full strains of "Home Sweet Home" came drifting the length of the enormous tent. It was the signal that the Metropolitan Auto Show was over for the night; and almost instantly, it seemed, the exhibits were emptied of their crowds of eager sightseers. The rows of shining cars which, all day long, had been the focus of admiring eyes, now seemed in their white coverings to be an army of watchful ghosts. The little group with which Wilfred came, now seemed to be an army of watchful ghosts. The little group with which Wilfred came, now seemed to be an army of watchful ghosts.

The upper classes are exclusive. Not many years ago the higher-class women were hardly seen upon the streets. Ladies do not receive male callers, although the men are not so particular. The upper classes are exclusive. Not many years ago the higher-class women were hardly seen upon the streets. Ladies do not receive male callers, although the men are not so particular.

We leave the market and go to the fashionable parts of the city. We are walking down the Ovidor. It is one of the best business streets. The show windows are of plate glass and on the narrow road-way, paved with tiles, it is like going through the sides of a museum. Here is a jewelry establishment. See the diamonds.

# Snapshots of Rio de Janeiro. By F. G. Carpenter.



The Avenida do Marquês.



Children going to school.

## A Picturesque City.

A WALK THROUGH THE CAPITAL OF BRAZIL WITH A CAMERA.

MILES OF PALM TREES—A CITY OF PEDDLERS—INSIDE THE GREAT MARKET, WHERE MONKEYS ARE SOLD—ON THE OVIDOR AND AVENIDA CENTRAL—THE THEATERS AND CAFE CHANTANTS—A CITY OF SPORTS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

**R**IO DE JANEIRO.—I want to give some snapshots of Rio de Janeiro. This is the most picturesque city on the two American continents and there is no capital of Europe that has stranger scenes on its streets. It is a great and a fast-growing city. It has doubled in size within the past fifteen years. It has now more than a million and it will some day be among the four or five greatest cities of the whole world.

It is a beautiful city lying on the sea at the foot of magnificent mountains. It covers an area greater than that of the District of Columbia; it has suburbs on the islands and harbor and its houses are rapidly climbing the hills. It is a clean city. The streets are watered and swept. There is no dust anywhere. Flies and mosquitoes are as few as at Panama, and a continuous cleaning goes on all the time. The miles of park and beautiful gardens are kept in perfect condition. The grass is shaved close, the trees are trimmed and everything looks as though it had just sprung from the earth. The city has wide playgrounds surrounded by palm trees. On one or two avenues there are statues at every two blocks, and the chief boulevards, as I have already written, are paved with mosaic.

The city is a child of the sun and it delights in gay colors. The house fronts are of the brightest of hue. You may see red, green and blue upon the same building and rose-pink, cream, lavenders and golden yellow houses in the same block. Many of the residences are covered with stucco laid on in carvings, and many have real tiles set into their fronts. Often a whole building will be plated with tiles of various colors, the windows having balustrades of iron curiously wrought. Other windows are of small panes and of irregular shapes. The second story windows go down to the floor and they are covered by balconies to keep the babies and young people from falling out. Many of them have wide ledges upon which the people sit and look at the crowd passing by. The ceilings are universally high and the rooms large to give the air needed in this tropical climate.

There are many magnificent homes, some close to the streets and others back, surrounded by palms and other tropical plants. There are roses and flowers everywhere and the whole town makes you think of a botanical garden.

**The Street Traffic.**

Rio is beautifully paved. It has as much asphalt as Washington city and there are long boulevards of wood blocks with sidewalks of cement and mosaic. The city has



A snapshot of the porters.



Man peddling melons.

all kinds of traffic. It has thousands of automobiles which fly hither and thither without regard to speed limit. It has ox carts and mule carts which go side by side with the street car. The drays and wagons are hauled by mules, which in most cases are not bigger than ponies. The mules are white, black and gray. Their drivers make them go on the trot. Some of the ox carts are drawn by bullocks of the long-horned Indian breed known as the zebu. They look like those you see on the banks of the Ganges. They have humps on their backs and their stride is majestic. There are also horses and carriages, but these are owned by the rich.

Much of the carrying business of Rio is done by the men. Boxes and bags are pushed from place to place upon trucks. There is a porter with a great load of trunks, and down that side street comes one pushing a half-dozen barrels. The people carry all sorts of things on their heads. Here comes a barefooted negro with a trunk, weighing 200 pounds, balanced upon a cushion that rests on his crown. There is a man with a great basket of bread on his head, and beside him walks a boy with a bottle balanced on the top of his pate. In another street I see a porter from the market carrying a basket of apples and grapes the same way, and a little further back another porter with a tub full of meat. They even carry pianos that way. I have seen four men walking along with a grand piano resting on their crowns, their boss in the rear telling them to step lively.

**All Sorts of Peddlers.**

This is a city of peddlers. All sorts of goods are brought to the houses. The women prefer to buy at their front doors to going out shopping, and there are peddlers of dry goods and notions who go through the streets clapping two sticks together as the sign of their trade. There are fruit peddlers and fish peddlers. There are men with long brooms and brushes, and bakers who carry bread and cake in blue tin coffins on the tops of their heads. The coffins have windows in the sides and you can see the wares through the glass.

Here comes a man peddling melons. He has two low baskets, each as big around as a wash tub, filled with papaya and

watermelons. The baskets are hung to a pole which rests on his shoulders. They bob up and down as he goes through the street. Behind him is an onion peddler, who has strings of onions fastened to each end of a pole laid across his shoulders. Onions are sold by the string. Their tops are so braided that the onions look like knots in long braids of white hair.

How many of the people are barefooted! I am writing of the working class and such as you see on the narrower streets. The most of the men have no shoes, some of the women wear sandals, but for others the calloused skin of their soles is the only protection from the hard street. You see barefooted carpenters and masons going about in hat, shirt and trousers. Their clothing is cotton, for Rio is warm.

There are some children going to school. They carry great portfolios, some have bags for their school books. The girls are bareheaded and barelegged. The better classes wear shoes and low socks, but the legs are always bare from the ankle to the knee. This is so of both the boys and the girls. They think it more healthy that way.

We must take the shady side of the street as we go. We are now in the tropics and the sun is hot overhead. The Brazilians say that only dogs and strangers walk in the sun.

The narrower streets have many small stores and each store is a workshop. There is a great deal of house industry and the wares used by the people are often hand-made.

**The Market.**

The market is on the edge of the harbor so that fish, vegetables and other things can come in by boats. The market buildings cover six or eight acres. They are a little city of themselves surrounded by walls of stores with a glass-covered tower at each corner and a clock tower of glass in the center. The interior of the walled city is divided up into streets which radiate from the tower with cross streets running through them. The streets divide the market building into blocks in which the stalls are. Each block has its own kind of merchandise. Here is one devoted to vegetables and fruits, there one which has butter and cheese, while farther on is a third

where meat only is sold. Some of the blocks are filled with live animals. Here, for instance, are cages of dogs, large and small, and cages filled with rabbits and guinea pigs and cages of monkeys and cages of birds.

The monkeys are of all sizes. Some are as big as a collie; others are not larger than a kitten just born. The small ones are marmosets. They have tufts of gray hair over their ears and long tails. There are also screaming parrots and parakeets and also sweet-singing birds.

The market has plenty of chickens and game. The chickens are sold by peddlers in basket-like crates. They poke their heads out through the slats and squawk or crow as the man trots through the streets. One of the porters asks us to take a snapshot. As I open my camera four others come up and stand by his side. They have great baskets on the tops of their heads. They grin from ear to ear as my camera clicks.

We stop at a meat stall. Fresh beef brings 8 cents a pound. It is a queer thing that dried meat brings more than fresh meat. Dried meat or jerked beef is much liked by all classes. It is made in Brazil. It is also brought in by the shipload from Buenos Aires and Montevideo, being corded up as we cord up hides. The meat is sold in flat sheets one or two inches thick. It has a strong smell and is salty. Another high-priced meat is fat pork. This is put up in rolls about a foot in diameter and two feet in length. It is sold by the slice.



**The City and the Home Beautiful.**  
*By Ernest Brautson.*

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1911. ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.	[Saturday, September 18, 1911.]
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## The Status of Black Scale Control

**By M. V. Hartranft.**

## INSECT PESTS.

Spraying with Gold Dust washing powder has proven very successful at Covina and Monrovia, and is growing in favor. It costs hardly one-fifth the price of fumigating. The money, to the amount of nearly \$1,000,000, spent each year in fumigation has created a commercial interest which is quite capable of defending and perpetuating that plan of control as long as black scale lasts. It is therefore necessary that public officials should not be too stiff-necked when a new and inexpensive process for the eradication of this horticultural pest comes on the scene. Certainly they should not be too ardent in slamming the door in the face of any process which would relieve our citrus industry of \$1,000,000 of damage per annum. Many of the most serious insect pests have been utterly wiped out by simple processes, too numerous to mention here; and every public official should be open-minded, at least, in his approach of this subject. We state this preliminary to the record of apparent mistakes that have been made in handling the so-called investigations of the use of fungus against the black scale, as given below.

### Fungus Treatment Sustained.

Among those who do verify the results of the fungus work as accomplished in their own orchards are some of the most prominent citizens of Southern California, men who have been identified with citrus fruit on the basis of hundreds of acres at all times. The men in this group comprise E. M. Ross of Glendale, United States Circuit Judge; E. D. Roberts of San Bernardino, formerly State Treasurer; the Harper Brothers Company of Los Angeles; West Riverside Estate Company; J. Harrison Wright of Riverside; Fred L. Boruff and F. A. Powell of San Fernando; S. A. Pease, Horticultural Commissioner of San Ber-

### Officials Denounce Fungus.

This report read as follows:

"The following is the report authorized by the delegation, comprising many well-known scientists and experts in this branch of knowledge:

"On June 17 the delegation—including besides ourselves, Dr. A. J. Cook, State Horticultural Commissioner; J. P. Coy, Horticul-

tural Commissioner of San Bernardino county; William Wood, Horticultural Commissioner of Los Angeles county; S. M. Woodbridge, Ph. D., of San Bernardino; R. Jones, Deputy Horticultural Commissioner of Los Angeles county; D. J. Carpenter, San Diego; J. H. Wright, Riverside; Kenneth McRea, Cucamonga; Mr. Putnam, Inglewood and Mr. Hurdick, Riverside—visited several groves of citrus and olive trees in the San Gabriel Valley, Glendale, Pacoima and San Fernando, some of which had been treated with the fungus which, it is claimed, has controlled the black scale (*Saissetia olea*) and others which had not been so treated, and find no evidence that either in the treated or untreated groves that a fungus of any kind has entered into the control of the pests in these districts.

"No difference was noted between the treated groves and the untreated ones under similar conditions."

Knowing many of the members of this delegation and believing that the report had been authorized by them, we believed that the subject was settled and stated that "the report sounded quite conclusively negative to the fungus plan of scale treatment." We were misled by this report if not directly deceived.

### Fungus Men Charge Trickery.

Dr. Woodbridge has now issued a bulletin giving his history of the investigation. He claims he was invited by William Wood, Horticultural Commissioner for Los Angeles county, to attend the investigation "for the purpose of reaching as large a number as possible of the groves treated, and of being sure that the matter was presented in an absolutely fair light to all."

The trip occurred June 17. Woodbridge, in his bulletin, makes the following statements, which are condensed and abbreviated by us:

"Commissioner Wood did not ask where and treated orchards were, but dashed away in the lead auto without telling the other two autos where they were going. One auto, with J. P. Coy, Commissioner from San Bernardino, was unable to follow and had to return to Los Angeles. In this auto were Kenneth McRea and others who were reported as being present. Extract of letter from Commissioner Coy corroborates this. Therefore, four or probably five of those reported present were not on hand.

"The second auto, in which was Wood

"That Albert G. Harper, prominent in Los Angeles, writes Woodbridge as follows: 'I am amazed at the Horticultural Commissioners' report on the control of black scale with fungus not to be able to find a difference in a treated orchard with your fungus and those not treated. On the morning of June 17, when Horticultural Commissioner Wood was preparing to take the investigating committee out, I urged him to be sure to take his party out to our orchard, Harper Brothers Company, at Hollywood. I told him of the splendid demonstration made on our place, and am surprised that the party did not go to our place.'

"The Ross ranch, Glendale, was reached about 3 p.m. An hour was spent there. Against the glittering generality of the committee in reporting that no difference was noted between treated and untreated groves under similar conditions are cited two letters from Hon. E. M. Ross, Judge of the United States Circuit Court, to the effect that of three different orchards belonging to him, which were examined by the investigators, two had been treated and were practically free from scale, while the Mesa grove, not treated, but adjacent, had 'lots of black scale,' and ordering as a result of the June investigation that Woodbridge also treat the badly infected Mesa grove.

"This is competent testimony of two clear groves so treated, adjoining a badly infested and untreated grove. An important, forcible denial of the findings of the committee.

"The second letter of date August 23 signed by Judge Ross, says that 'the Messing Grove, having been treated by Woodbridge in July, is now practically free from black scale.' In a concluding paragraph Ross says: 'While there is no doubt that there is some live scale in all of my orchards including fumigated ones, I feel quite sure that there is as much, if not more, to be found in those that were fumigated than in those in which the Rhizobius and your fungus were placed by you. I do not know whether your fungus had anything to do with the killing of the scale, but the lady birds or your fungus or both combined did in my opinion, do the work. I think it is but just to you for me to say this.'"

Committee at San Fernando.

Woodbridge's bulletin further claims that the "official" party refused to go to the Wright orchard at Sunland, en route to San Fernando, although the owner, J. Harrison Wright, was a member of the party. A letter is then published from Mr. Wright which reads as follows, of date July 5: "I made a careful inspection of scale conditions on our olive orchard at Sunland on June 18, and found the trees practically clean and free from live black scale. The Lewis orchard, just eighty rods north of our place, was full of live scale, smutty and dripping with the honey dew exudation. I am sorry Mr. Wood avoided showing these orchards to the investigating (?) committee."

Here is competent testimony of a forty-acre grove successfully treated by the fungus and ladybirds—and a badly infected grove only eighty rods away. A direct contradiction of the official report. It is also from one of the party whom the writer and the general public were led to believe had acquiesced in the denunciation.

At San Fernando, Woodbridge reported they went to one of the Consolidated Scurtles groves which had only been treated a few days' previous and, as expected, found lots of scale. The Boruff groves, one-half mile away, had been treated earlier and were clean. The committee visited the Boruff groves, but, according to Woodbridge, the autos went a roundabout way of green-

distance to avoid the comparison of an infested grove and a clean one within half a mile. Letters from the Consolidated Securities Company of San Fernando, and from the manager of the Boruff groves, and the following from Mr. Boruff personally are published: "I am well satisfied with the work of inoculation you did on forty-five acres of my olives and oranges and if you call at my office and bring in your contract to keep all my 115-acre orchard free from black scale for the next three years I will sign up."

### What Does This Mean?

In twenty-five years close affiliation with the citrus industry the editor of this department of The Times Illustrated Weekly was never imposed upon so completely as he was by the publication of this alleged report of an investigating committee of public officials. The importance of the subject to our rural homes is understood. To what extent some of the men who signed the report were misled we cannot say. That many of those reported "present" were not on hand is now known. That the report was not "authorized by the delegation" entirely is also certain from the position of J. Harrison Wright.

That the report gave no data appears on its face.

Prof. Cook, the chief State horticultural official, was present but did not sign, although his chief deputy did. Commissioner Wood of this county was present and did not sign. We have always had reason to hold both these officials in highest esteem. Do they assent to the statement that "the report is authorized by this delegation," or did they also pass as onlookers? Their names were used to imply their acquiescence in the report.

Our readers should form no conclusions as to how or why this happened; for the writer cannot.

Those who signed the report may be able to give very strong reasons for doing so.

The contradiction of the finding of the report does not necessarily establish all the claims for the fungus treatment; that is yet to be demonstrated. But, instead of it being conclusively proven that there is no hope of relief from the million dollar losses to citrus growers by fungus control on black scale, it is conclusively proven that some one has tried to slam the door in the face of a welcome aspirant for this burdensome work of pest eradication.

To the extent that any public official have been misled by their deputies in the field, future discussion will afford opportunity to illustrate. If the letters quoted and the statements made by Dr. Woodbridge are correct, the report of the committee of scientists is far from being "competent opinion backed by recognized authority." It was so recognized at first, but at least enough has developed to make it necessary to begin the investigation over again.

## When It Storms in Texas.

[Houston Post:] The hurricane came to the night, and on our left and on our right chimneys were sent through roofs, and high uprooted trees went hurtling by; our chicken stepped outdoors to see what all of the strange noise could be, and ere she made her second track her feathers were blown off her back! And the wind caught our poodle up, and right now a Chihuahua pup has a whole lot more hair than we on our little poodle dog has got. The wind picked up our high-board fence, and we've not seen a splinter since. It took our shade tree bough by bough, and it ran down and milked a cow, and it tore down electric wires, and it blew up a set of tires, and it blew the whiskers off our face, and left the mortgage on our place. We can be thankful always, some. We're thankful that our house is plumb.

### What Worried Them.

[Washington Star:] "Is your son Joe going to be much of a help to you on the farm?"

"That ain't the question," replied Farm Cornloss. "What me and ma is worried about is whether we kin keep out o' Josh's way when he's playin' lawn tennis an' golf."



# Snapshots of Rio de Janeiro. By F. G. Carpenter.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

Saturday, September 18, 1915.

The fat is used for cooking with butter, and with the carne secca, or dried beef, it forms a part of almost every Brazilian meal. The meat seller is a negro woman. She wears a turban and her low-necked dress shows her black arms bare to the shoulder.

## Down the Ouvidor.

We leave the market and go to the fashionable parts of the city. We are walking down the Ouvidor. It is one of the best business streets. The show windows are of plate glass and on the narrow roadway, paved with tiles, it is like going through the aisles of a museum. Here is a jewelry establishment. See the diamonds, pearls and other precious stones displayed in the windows. Brazil is one of the best diamond markets. The chief stones come from South Africa, although many are still found in Brazil. There are jewelry establishments to be found on every block of the Ouvidor and also on the Avenida Central. There are windows filled with blazing stones beautifully set. There are quite as many rings for men as for women. The Brazilian men are fond of jewelry, and a stone ring on the first finger was formerly the mark of a professional man. There are many perfumery shops, not drug stores, but shops that deal in perfumery only. They are patronized by both men and women. There are also lottery shops. The government here has a daily state lottery and the peddlers cry the tickets throughout the streets. Every bootblack sells lottery tickets.

Are you fond of fruit? There are fruit stores on all of the principal streets and fruit is sold in front of the hotels, railway stations and outside the cafes. You may buy alligator pears for 5 cents apiece and take them in to eat with your meals, and you can get apples from Oregon, which have crossed the United States and come from New York to Brazil. The apples will cost you from 10 to 15 cents apiece and they are sold everywhere. There are also grapes and pears from Argentina, oranges from Bahia and grapes from Portugal. There are bananas and pineapples and all the other fruits of the tropics as well. There are also watermelons and muskmelons and the papaya, which is a fruit and digestant as well. It looks like a melon but its golden flesh is loaded with pepain and you can mix it with a meal of mince pie and fat pork and survive.

## Brazil's Coffee Defined.

It is interesting to sit down with the crowd outside the cafes and watch the people as they go back and forth. We select a cafe on the Avenida Rio Branco and call for the waiter. He brings us a cup of coffee which holds about as much as half an egg shell. The coffee is fresh made and the price is 3 cents. It is served without milk and it will tone up the nerves like a cocktail. It has the elements of what the Brazilian calls good coffee. That is, it is "as strong as lye, as bitter as death, as black as ink, as hot as hell and as sweet as love."

I have had little experience with hell, but from what I have heard I am inclined to think the Brazilian coffee fills the bill. As to its sweetness, this is produced by half filling the cup with cane sugar, which is more sweet than the beet sugar we buy in the lump.

Drinking such coffee has a serious effect upon the nerves. The Brazilians drink all the day through and they show it. They are never still. The men sitting about us have their legs bobbing up and down as though they were running a sewing machine. If one tries to rest his muscles by keeping his heels on the floor he does it but a few minutes before the leg begins to twitch and resume its almost perpetual motion.

Another thing that conduces to nervousness is smoking. Nearly every one here has a pipe or cigarette in his mouth. People smoke at almost every hour of the day. They smoke between the courses at meals and many of the children are saturated with nicotine.

Now look at the Brazilians as they pass. How small the people are and how lean the men. The average height of the latter is not more than five feet two, and many of the women are no taller than our 12-year-old boys. The women are inclined to fatness and some of them fairly waddle as they walk. The men are lightweights. Many are not more than 100 pounds. They are sallow and dark-faced as a rule and not a few are mulattoes. I despair of be-

ing able to give you the Brazilian female type that one sees on the street. There are many beautiful women and girls with ivory complexions, dark eyes and beautiful hair, as black as the wing of a raven. They are of Portuguese ancestry. Others are pure negroes and others show a trace of the Indian. This is among the lower classes. Brazil has its aristocracy also, which prides itself on its purity of blood.

## Polite and Fastidious.

The upper classes are exclusive. Not many years ago the higher-class women were hardly seen upon the streets. Ladies do not receive male callers, although this is becoming less common than it was in the past.

The Brazilians are very particular as to their manners and dress. Rio has first and second-class cars and it is against the rule for a man to take the first-class car if he has not on a collar and necktie. You cannot carry baggage in a first-class car and there are often baggage cars as trailers, where you put your valise and pay extra therefor.

The people are very polite. Men friends embrace each other when they come together and shake hands a half-dozen times before leaving. It is common for a man to throw his arms around his friend and pat him on the back as a mark of affection. It is not uncommon for a man to kiss the hand of a woman when he meets her or for the son to kiss the hand of his father. Every one says thank you and the servant who carries your baggage on board wishes you a good voyage.

As a nation these people are temperate. Of all this crowd that is moving back and forth on the avenues you will not see one that has a flushed face. Indeed I have yet to see a drunken man in Brazil and I have been mixing with all classes from the statesmen down to the laborers. The people drink coffee rather than beer, and although many of them are all nerves and skin very few are addicted to liquor. They drink wines at their meals, but not to excess. I doubt whether many of them are drug fiends, but they run to caffeine rather than cocaine.

## Fond of Pleasure.

But let us go on with our walk. We can drop into a moving picture show or stop at the Cafe Chantanta. Rio has theaters of all kinds. The city theater belongs to the municipality. It was built at the time the great avenues were cut through and that at a cost of \$10,000,000. It is modeled after the opera house at Paris and is most luxuriously and extravagantly constructed, although its seating capacity is only 1700.

These Brazilians like sports. Rio has its races, the best of which are held upon Sundays. It has football games and regattas, and also a carnival which is held once a year. The feast lasts for four nights, during which the Avenida Central is thronged. Last year it is said there were 200,000 on the street at one time. During the carnival the people come out in masks. They are dressed in gay costumes and young men and young women go about with squirt guns and shoot scents at one another. They sometimes aim at the eyes and of late the people have taken to wearing automobile goggles to protect their eyesight.

The town has also its clubs and societies. It has some where gambling is done and where roulette, baccarat and other such games are played notwithstanding the law. The Brazilians are natural gamblers. They will bet upon anything and they have the American desire for getting rich quick, and of getting something for nothing. I have already spoken of the lotteries. The tickets are sold daily and almost every one buys. One form of gambling is betting on the two last figures of the number that draws the prize in the federal lottery. Chances to this are sold by all the lottery peddlers. The custom arose, I am told, out of what is known as "The Game of Beasts." This was originated by a former manager of the zoological gardens. He wanted more visitors to come to the zoo and originated a scheme whereby prizes were given to the persons holding entrance tickets that bore the names of certain animals. If I am correctly informed there were twenty-five animals on the various tickets and a certain one of these was picked out for the prize. The game became popular and the zoo was kept crowded from Sunday to Sunday. The name of the game was "Jogo do Bicho."

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## [The Last Race. WHY WILFRED HASKEL BECAME A QUITTER.

By George W. Fenimore.

The last full strains of "Home Sweet Home" came drifting the length of the enormous tent. It was the signal that the Metropolitan Auto Show was over for the night; and almost instantly, it seemed, the exhibits were emptied of their hordes of eager sightseers. The rows of shining cars which, all day long, had been the focus of admiring eyes, now seemed, in their white coverings, to be an army of watchful ghosts. The little brook still babbled through the tent; the pine trees that supported the huge canvas rustled slightly; but all else was still.

In the last exhibit on the enter aisle the salesmen were about to leave for home; most of them were already in their overcoats when the word came that they must wait for the sales-manager. Grumbling a little, they sat down, and began to while away the time as best they could. As is the way with automobile men, the talk soon drifted to racing, and one driver after another was brought up for discussion. The reputation of each one was summed up, usually with a word, but at most with a highly descriptive phrase, until at last a name was mentioned that could not be so easily disposed of.

"Wilfred Haskel," a little silence followed the speaking of that name. No man seemed inclined to offer comment until Robert Pannard, the youngest salesman of the group, blurted out: "Haskel is a quitter."

Another silence followed this statement, then Magee, one of the older men, asked quietly: "Why do you say that, Pan?" "Why?" the younger man answered, "Because he is one, that's why. A quitter is one who quits, and Haskel quit the racing game cold, just because of one measly accident. If that isn't being a quitter, what is?"

"Did it ever occur to you," Magee replied, "that there might be a good excuse for a man's being a quitter?"

Pannard shook his head negatively. "I never heard of one," he said. "Then it might interest you to know the inside of that accident which made Haskel give up racing," Magee remarked; and the other men drew their chairs closer in expectation of a story.

"In the first place," he began, "did you know Haskel was married? No? I didn't think you did. The fact is, hardly anyone knew it. You see Wilfred's folks had a lot of money and they kicked like everything when they heard of the engagement; so the couple thought it best to keep their marriage a secret. I was mighty close friends with Haskel in those days, and that is the way I happened to find it out."

"They were married just a week before the Grand Prize Race, and honestly, fellows, I've seen some pretty affectionate newlyweds, but the way those two kids were wrapped up in each other beat anything I ever saw. Mrs. Haskel, Grace was her first name, used to come down to the course each morning to see her husband practice, and I can remember the way she used to stand, with her hands clenched and her pretty eyes just a little bit shiny, as she waited for Wilfred to come by. And how he'd come by! He was making faster time than any of the other drivers, but that didn't seem to console Mrs. Grace a bit. She was all of the time begging him not to start in the race, and I was the only thing I ever saw him refuse her. He seemed to think that if he could win the Grand Prize it would put them in right with his folks."

"The day of the race came at last, and such a crowd turned out as I had never seen before, or since, for that matter. The whole nine miles of the course was lined solid; and the estimate that placed the number at ninety thousand people seemed pretty conservative to me. At the north end of the grand stand was the hospital tent, and one look at the crowd was enough to convince anyone that the tent was likely to come in handy."

"I didn't see Haskel that day until about half an hour before the start of the race. He was with Grace and they were sitting in one of the boxes trying to look cheerful. Finally he got up to leave; his wife got up too, and he kissed her; then she seemed to get all limp and sank right down in his arms. Haskel was terribly frightened. He took one look at the crowd and then carried her straight to the hospital tent."

It took five minutes, hard work, to bring the girl back to consciousness and when then the doctor said her heart was weak and she must not leave the bed for at least three hours. When Wilfred heard this he broke right down; he vowed he wouldn't leave his wife's side for anything on earth, and said the race could go to blazes for all he cared. But the little woman wasn't made of that kind of stuff. She lay there so weak she could scarcely move and yet she insisted that her husband drive the race.

"Wilfred," she said, "it's too late for you to withdraw now. If you had pulled out last week when I wanted you to, it would have been all right; but if you do it now they will call you a quitter." Haskel didn't look convinced, but the doctor spoke up and said that if Grace lay still for a few hours she would be all right; so Wilfred made his wife promise not to leave the tent, and went out to his racing car.

"You fellows know how the race went. Haskel drove second up to the sixth lap, then he took the lead. About that time the race started to get exciting, and the people began to crowd out on the track. There should have been guards to hold them back, but the management cared more for its profits than for the safety of the spectators, so the people surged onto the course without restraint. They would wait until a car went past, then pile out on the track and watch it disappear in the distance. As you fellows know, that is a pretty dangerous way to watch an automobile race. The crowd kept right on doing it though, and in the thirteenth lap, I think it was, the inevitable happened."

"The crowd rushed out on the course as usual and almost filled it solid. Then having put the cork in the bottle, Dame Fate proceeded to wedge it in. Almost simultaneously, two small private reviewing stands, which had stood opposite each other just beyond the hospital tent, collapsed. Their occupants were thrown forward upon the track, and so pressed upon from both sides, the mass of people on the course were held there as securely as though they were in a prison cell."

"Just at that moment Wilfred Haskel came down the track doing a good eighty miles an hour. I have often tried to imagine how that course must have looked to him just then. In front and to the right was a solid mass of people; while on the left and offering the only chance to avoid a slaughter was the hospital tent. Hurl two tons of iron and steel, traveling eighty miles an hour, into a solid mass of humanity and there is only one thing that can happen. Haskel knew what that one thing was; but he also knew who was lying, so weak she could scarcely move, in that hospital tent. And fellows, coming down that road, eighty miles an hour, with death staring him in the face, Wilfred Haskel had to choose. Choose between killing a score of people he never had seen before, and the one creature who was dearer to him than all the world combined."

"He chose. Not after days of pondering, but in the slightest fraction of time. He chose; and wrenching the steering-wheel around, he skidded straight into the great white tent."

Magee ceased speaking and sat gazing idly at the expanse of canvas above him.

"Oh, God! Magee," Pannard said, and his voice was far from steady, "make it end happily. Say the girl wasn't in the tent. Say anything, only don't leave it like this."

"Grace Haskel was in the tent," Magee said slowly. "If she had not been, the lives of those fools out on the track would not have been paid for. And in this world everything you get is paid for."

"So Pan," he continued, "according to your definition Haskel is a quitter, for he has never touched the steering-wheel of an automobile since that day. But don't you think that sometimes one can be a quitter and still be a man?"

Pannard did not reply, but in the dim light his eyes looked suspiciously shiny.

[Farm Life:] "Did you tell Budlong that I was a jackass?"

"Indeed, I didn't. Budlong has a jack that he thinks a lot of, and I was afraid of hurting his feelings."

[Ohio State Journal:] Another thing on which the sexes probably will never come to full agreement is the relative importance of a spoonful or so of stewed cherry juice on the tablecloth.



# The Status of Black Scale Control.

By M. V. Hartman.

[Saturday, September 18, 1915.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

## The City and the Home Beautiful.

By Ernest Branton.

Gardens, Grounds, Streets, Parks, Lakes.

### Outdoor Life.

#### THE GARDEN AS A PLACE OF REST AND RECREATION.

ALL will concede that in Southern California we may have a maximum of outdoor life, but the writer does not now have in mind the beach, the mountains, or the motor trip. The greatest lesson our people have to learn is how best to get that outdoor life every day, at home. Therefore, the necessity of having a garden. Not merely a garden either, but a garden teeming with interest and attraction. The perfect garden is one that yields recreation to the young and relaxation to the elder and more staid.

We should make our gardens livable and then live in them, to an extent equal to the English, who pass a greater portion of their time in the garden than any other people. It is largely a matter of attitude. As a nation we seem to think that whether one has a garden or not is a mere incident or a matter of taste. We should learn to regard it as a necessity; necessary to the preservation and enjoyment of perfect health, both collectively and individually. Dr. Wilhelm Miller says: "We cannot be a pink-cheeked nation until America is one great garden, as England is."

We must first make our garden comfortable, and in gaining this most important point will come the true California garden. For it will never do to seek comfort in a garden that every day looks as though it had just come from the barber shop and Turkish bath. One of our greatest American park and garden builders, after being shown through Southern California's most spectacular garden, said it might be likened to a freshly-trimmed French poodle. No rest and relaxation, spiritually, may be found in such gardens, no matter how many seats, benches and arbors may be provided for physical rest, for heartfelt comfort and relaxation, both mental and muscular, will still be lacking. We need more of comfort, less of formalism and if we make our garden comfortably beautiful in the fullest sense of the word, we cannot choose but to love it.

#### The Queen of Flowers.

AMONG all the flowering plants that make beauty, grace and ornamentation, there is none that eclipses or possibly can compare with the rose. The wide range of color, shape and size of bloom and the diversity and character of the foliage as well as the wide range of territory over which it successfully thrives, gives it a wider range of usefulness than any other single group of plants. When added to the qualifications are ease of culture, quick and ample response in blossoms, it is not to be wondered that the rose has been so aptly and appropriately termed the "Queen of Flowers." In nearly all collections of flowering and ornamental shrubs it occupies first place. It matters but little what occasion exists, the rose is an appropriate flower for the occasion and its beauty and fragrance never fail to find the responsive emotion of its admirers.

#### Landscape Gardeners Scarce.

LANDSCAPE gardeners are scarce in Missouri. From fifteen to twenty applications have been on file in the Landscape Gardening Department at the University of Missouri during the last year. At least seven of these positions remain unfilled at the present time. The work includes supervision of grounds about institutions and parks, planting, designing, care of arboreta and nurseries.

#### The Potato Vine.

SOLANUM jasminoides, usually called potato vine, is a very free bloomer throughout the year, doing well in either sun or shade, though if in a sunny exposure it must be kept well watered. So treated it will yield a mass of blossoms all through our dry summer, and while it seems to thrive best near the seashore, plants are now well covered with large umbels of flowers as far inland as Redlands. No vine in local gardens is more responsive to regular and sufficient supplies of water.



AMONG THE ALDERS.

One of California's most beautiful native trees is the alder, *Alnus rhombifolia*, found along streams everywhere, from nearly sea level to mountain top. It will not, however, thrive except where the water supply is abundant and for that reason it is often called the water alder. Wherever well grown it is a noble tree of unusual attractiveness.

#### Poisoning Slugs.

ALL who garden extensively are familiar with "those nasty, horrid" things known as garden slugs, a repulsive-appearing member of the small family that bears no shell and attains a length of six inches or more.

An Ontario correspondent writes that he has fed several sorts of poison on lettuce leaves that the slugs ate with evident relish, even with avidity, and still they smiled and lustily grew. He found no sure remedy, except to kill them with a club or other implement of garden warfare. We should be pleased to hear from anyone who has been successful in poisoning slugs. We are fully aware that salt will kill them. It is also said to catch birds if you sprinkle it on their tails.

#### Climatic Influence.

ALL who journey to beach resorts where there is a residential district (some have none) will notice how much fresher and more vigorous all plant life is compared with that of Los Angeles and inland regions, where the same amount of care is bestowed. Particularly is this true of Long Beach, nor will anyone who knows the writer of these lines remark that 'tis but fancy. As an observant and practical gardener of thirty years' experience in the local field, the City Beautiful man must say that for many years he has thought the garden vegetation in Long Beach looked cleaner, fresher than at any other point in Southern California. The strongest contributing influence is climatic, due to situation of the city. Secondly, freedom from dust and dirt is an important factor, for Long Beach is a clean city.

#### The Matilija Poppy.

HOW sufficient is this beautiful native bush poppy. A large clump of it began blooming in March, one that never has had water except the winter's rains, unless due to accident, as in the present case. About a month ago this clump received a copious dose of water, owing to a lawn sprinkler having been left running all through one night. Now the poppy has large, perfect blooms on new shoots four feet high; just as good flowers as it bore from March until June. Why not have two flower crops each year, one in spring and one in autumn?

#### The Yellow Ginger.

HEDYCHUM Gardnerianum, the yellow ginger, is now in bloom and much admired by all who see it, for aside from its showy heads of blossom, there is a tropical luxuriance of foliage that is very pleasing. The yellow blooms freely each year in the writer's garden, in full sunshine, while the less hardy white species, *H. coronarium*, has steadfastly refused to send forth a flower in the half-dozen years that it has grown beside its yellow brother. *H. Gardnerianum* is a high-class, attractive tropical plant with a foliage much more tough, durable and attractive than the canna, and about three feet high.

#### Showy Crinums.

THE crinums, often called spider-lilies, are an interesting and ornate group. Many of the older and narrow-petaled strain may be found in local gardens, but the better sorts, such as *Mooreanum*, *Powellii* and their white varieties, are not so common. They are much to be preferred to the pink amaryllis as garden ornaments, for the latter bear no foliage at time of blooming, while the crinums have enormous strap-shaped arching leaves throughout the year. The flowers are also much larger than those of *Amaryllis belladonna*.

#### Crackers as Chips.

[Zim, in *Cartoons Magazine*:] The use of small round oyster crackers is advisable as a substitute for poker chips, as they are easily devoured and the crime hidden should the police raid the place. Cards alone are no indication that poker dominates therein. It requires chips to furnish that evidence. If a banker is onto his job he will spread lightly a coating of tempting cheese upon the crackers as he issues them. This practice will, in a great measure, relieve him of the responsibility of cashing many at the lion of the game.

#### Happy Benedick.

[Houston Chronicle:] Jones: I don't see your husband at the club of late, Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Brown: No, he stays at home now and enjoys life in his own way as I want him to.

#### A Gorgeous Vine.

MORE gardens should contain a vine of *Tecoma grandiflora*, a trumpet flower from China, bearing the largest blossoms of any member of an extensive and showy family. The color of the flowers is orange-red and so showy, produced in such quantities, that one will overlook the fault of its being deciduous. The vine grows rapidly and thrives splendidly. The writer considers it the showiest vine, when in blossom, that he has in his garden.

#### Roses in Shade.

DURING the present summer the writer has been watching some roses that by his advice were planted under the shade of lofty trees, for the purpose of getting good blossoms during hot weather. The scheme worked splendidly and there are now before us some pink Maman Cochet's that would tickle the eye of any rose fancier, albeit scarcely recognizable as Cochet's.

#### San Diego's Park.

THE physical setting of the San Diego exposition is incomparable. On a grand mesa in a natural park that has been made magical by the work of man, where pyramid flowers, shrubs, trees are forever in bloom and blossom—on a hill of 200 acres that looks down on sea and shore and the sunny waters of the sunniest of all harbors that stretch away to the rolling billows of the sea—the San Diegans have set the stage for their show.

#### The Avocado.

IN ABOUT three years Southern California should be growing all the avocados necessary for the present local demand, and by that time the price should have been lowered sufficiently so that the fruits may themselves do much more but effective missionary work looking to wider popularity as a standard food. At present such an influence is not possible. Few will pay 25 cents or more for the pleasure of sampling a fruit known to them only by hearsay. To be popular the avocado must become cheaper, though its value and palatability as a food remains unquestioned by anyone having tasted a good specimen of the fruit.

#### Vines for Concrete House.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know what vines she should plant to completely cover a concrete house of rough exterior finish, the enveloping process to be as rapid as possible. Plant alternately, about six feet apart, all around the house vines of *Ficus repens* and *Bignonia Tweediana*. The former will spread laterally and cover the lower parts, while the latter will rapidly ascend to the higher parts. It may be as well to cut off the lower shoots of *bignonia* in order to hasten its upward growth, for the *figs* will surely cover all below.

#### Fall Flower Shows.

THAT best flower show in the world, under similar circumstances and environments, will be held in Pasadena during the closing days of October. At Redlands, in early November, a flower show will consume two days in its exhibition and the present intent is to hold it while the Southern California Arbicultural Association is in session at annual convention, so that the tree lovers will descend and condescend to look at the posies.

#### FOR FIGHTING FIRE USE GARSTANG GRASS BURNER

For the city lot owner, or rancher. Designed solely for fighting dangerous and useless brush and weeds. Clears off city lots or vacant acreage. Kills the seed of weeds and rank vegetation at the right season. Safe, inexpensive and an efficient safeguard against accidental fires. Burns oil, distillate or gasoline. Prices on application. Richard Garstang, Patentee, 224 W. 30th St.

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8th St and Santa Fe Avenue.



[illegible]

Absolutely Hygienic. By W. W. Robinson.

[Saturday, September 18, 1915.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

*The Mascot of the Panama-Pacific Exposition.*



**Katherine Haglund.**

The mascot of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, Katherine Haglund, is one of the dearest little women before the public today. The accompanying pictures show the child actress easily assuming for the time being any part assigned her. As a little Dutch maiden in wooden shoes she is transformed in appearance to a masquerading princess among the Holland dikes. In the pose in an Indian costume, while she could not be said to have any of the features of Pocahontas, she nevertheless makes a charming picture. And in the Japanese kimono, she has the baby face of a child of four, which she is, and the assurance of a woman. With the big hat and white drapery, as well as in the picture with the shawl, the actress instinct is shown so well that one could easily think that the stage had been reversed and that instead of Maud Adams, Viola Allen, or Ethel Barrymore playing children's parts, Miss Katherine Haglund was acting theirs. As the exposition mascot in 1914, she headed the great automobile parade up Market street in a tiny machine the focus of all eyes, and the most attractive feature of the pageant. Before and after the opening of the exposition, the little girl visited the principal features of the exposition in company with a reporter, making comments that were published broadcast throughout the country.



**M**ISSOURI EGG RATION.  
JCH has been said and written on the feeding of poultry, for carcasses as well as for eggs. And well it may be a live topic of keen interest to poultrymen, for upon its correct practice very largely depends the commercial success of poultry-keeping. Many breeders are more or less in-adequate in their knowledge of the correct feeding of poultry.

men. Now is a good time to do it, so as to reduce feed bills and give the better quality birds more room.  
Quality of feed is good in its way, but to attain the highest results the manner of giving it must also be taken into con-sideration.

## Balanced Rations for Egg Production.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

LOS ANGELES TIMES

Saturday, September 18, 1915.

## Building Up a Strong Strain of Turkeys.

By M. M. Stearns.

### METHODS NECESSARY.

**H**ALF the battle, in successful turkey-raising, is to have strong stock—to secure and maintain a strain of turkeys that will be large, vigorous, healthy and relatively immune from disease.

That is something that is easily written, but is a thing that can usually be obtained only with a great deal of care and effort. To find and obtain good birds to start with usually takes time and money, and perhaps some little good luck in addition, while to keep the quality of a flock of turkeys up to standard from year to year, seeing each season that the average of the flock is higher rather than lower, necessitates constant care, good sense, and not infrequently a good deal of planning.

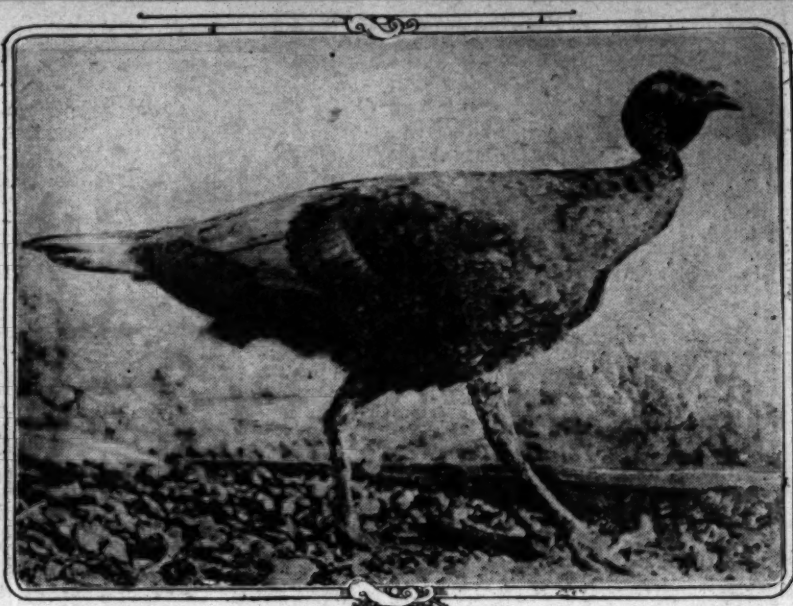
Two things go into the make-up of every turkey—as of practically every other living organism: heredity and environment.

It is to secure the former of these two that careful buying of original turkey stock is necessary; added to the wisdom of the original purchases there must be the necessary care in breeding, to keep the strain up to the mark, and improve it from time to time.

The attention the birds receive from day to day and from month to month determines the degree to which they can be made to profit by the latter of the two essentials—environment. The nature of the quarters, the amount of range the birds have, the nature and quality of their food, and the resultant health or weakness of the flock, the rapidity of the birds' growth, and so on, all help in determining to what extent the flock will benefit from season to season from its environment.

To secure the best possible start in building up a strong turkey strain it is usually advisable to locate birds of better than average quality in two widely separated localities, and cross them. If the hens that are to form the nucleus of the future flock are purchased here in the Southwest, let us say, it would be well to import a splendid gobble from east of the Rockies, or from the Northwestern States. Of course this is not absolutely necessary; widely divergent strains, that will make a splendid cross may sometimes be procured from a single district. But this is not ordinarily the case, and for the sake of making absolutely sure of getting the right start it is better, whenever practicable, to secure mature birds from opposite corners of the country, and bring them together.

The quality of the parent stock cannot necessarily be determined from advertise-



BUFF TURKEY HEN.

This bird shows good size and bone, but is not full enough in the breast. Crossing with a very full-breasted gobble would improve the strain.

ments, or even from the reputation of the breeder. There is such a thing as an over-developed type of turkey—a class of birds that runs to size and showiness, but that is not necessarily either hardy or vigorous—a class of birds that have good show-room qualities, but that does not possess the necessary stamina. But this is not customarily the case; as a general thing good birds can be secured from those breeders, east or west, who make a specialty of growing breeding stock for sale, and whose advertisement can be found among the poultry periodicals, while the quality of their birds may be inferred from the success which they have gained in the show rooms.

The exceptions to the rule are not so much to be found among the few breeders who advertise widely but who do not always deliver the goods as among the unknown growers, who do not advertise and who are correspondingly hard to locate, who sometimes grow turkeys that possess the most desirable qualities. If you can get in touch with a turkey-raiser who has been growing birds successfully year after year for market, and whose birds have improved from season to season until they are known for their good qualities by at least the people of the locality, you are lucky, for you have

come in touch with the very person from whom to purchase one end of your original flock—usually at very reasonable rates.

Next in importance to securing the right birds to start with comes the matter of proper cross-breeding, and the infusion, from time to time, of the right kind of new blood. By cross-breeding is not meant, in this sense, crossing between divergent breeds, but only between varying strains of a single breed.

Let us say that from your original matings you secure fair turkeys, good in most points, but lacking in some important particular—for instance, suppose your poult shows the necessary characteristics of rapid growth, good size, and good shape and bone, while at the same time they appear to be deficient in vitality—do not show sufficient immunity from disease—show too great a proportion of mortalities. Obviously, the thing to do is to bring in some new blood that will carry with it the desired quality of hardiness. Your problem resolves itself for the time being into one of locating the very hardest stock that can be found. All other qualities may for the time being be overlooked—your birds already have them; irrespective of size, irrespective of proper feathering, or any other feature, you have

to get blood that is extremely vigorous. It may be that in the small, half-wild flock of some neighbor you will find a degree of hardiness that will prove the very thing necessary to bring your flock to a higher all-around condition.

After securing new blood that is calculated to bring into your flock some added desirable characteristics, or a greater degree of such characteristics, proper selection is necessary among the poult of the ensuing generations to perpetuate the points desired, while eliminating possible undesirable features that have come in with the new blood.

If, for example, the gobble procured for hardiness is undersized, all poult that, while showing the necessary vigor, are yet undersized, should find their way to the chopping-block, while only those birds that combine the vigor of the tom with the size and other good qualities of the hens should be preserved.

As a rule this subsequent selection by which proper matings can be utilized to their fullest extent is possible in far greater degree in the second and subsequent generations than in the first. The first generation after a particular mating is apt to show a great preponderance of the characteristics of one particular parent; the subsequent generations, however, will show in greater degree the divergencies of both parent lines, and from these varying poult can be selected birds that embody the points desired, and that will be found to breed true to these characteristics, in great measure, generation after generation. When, after mating large, weak turkeys with a small, hardy gobble, poult of the second and later generations are at once good-sized and vigorous, the battle is practically won.

It is only by the exercise of care that the environment of the birds can be made to aid to the fullest extent in developing the desired characteristics that are obtained through the proper matings. Any amount of attention cannot develop into turkeys characteristics that the parent stock do not possess—at least in any appreciable degree; but incessant care is essential to bring out and develop to the highest possible point those characteristics that the matings have produced.

Bad as well as good features are brought together by matings between divergent strains of turkeys; the process of selection is necessary to eliminate as far as may be the bad points, and the aid of proper environment—good quarters, proper food, proper conditions of exercise and the like—is essential to properly develop the points that it is desired to perpetuate.

## A Touch of Rain.

WHEN NATURE SHEDS A FEW TEARS OVER THE COMING OF AUTUMN.

By Neeta Marquis.

A touch of rain in August—what magic it can work! The other day, when all Southern California was protesting and mopping its brow under a bit of "eastern" sultriness, the rain began to drop through the clear white sunshine while I was at work near the windows overlooking the back garden, and a scent was suddenly wafted through the room, so sweet, so foreign, so appealing to the imagination, that I raised my head and almost listened to discover some audible and personal word of reminder in it from half-forgotten things of the heart.

"It smells like Kentucky!" I exclaimed inwardly.

There was the aroma of leafy woods in it, with a fragrance different from the fragrance of western trees, and of opulent, though unrecognizable, floral beauty.

It was a little while later, when I was down in the garden, that the solution of the pleasant mystery came. Instead of the sudden warm rain having distilled the pungent scent of the eucalyptus or the pepper trees, or of the Bermuda grass, brown under the midsummer sun, it had seemed to fall only upon the bed of blooming asters and a few spikes of goldenrod growing there in our little California garden, for the asters, of a soft, dull, lovely pink, were still bathed in that atmosphere of subtle, searching fragrance.

It brought back my whole memory of Kentucky fence corners in September, which are as prodigal in beauty as nature ever makes any place. As clearly as if photographed on my mind by the new color process, I saw the Kentucky woods as I knew them for just one September out of my whole life—the vivid, airy green of grape vines swinging from sweet gum, hickory, beech or oak trees, whose leaves were already tingling with purples and scarlets, with clear, green ferns lacing the roadsides, and the stately stalks of gorgeous goldenrod intermingled with the purple-red of ironweed flowers in a tumbled mass of loneliness between the interlacing brown fingers of fence rail, with a sky as blue as California's own smiling in deep and soft perfection above. The ineffable sadness which veils all perfect beauty came back, too, with the memory, like the blue, smoke haze which filled the distances among those tree-clad hills and hollows.

The purple of the ironweed was impressionistically reproduced by these soft, purplish-pink asters in the garden, and while our goldenrod was scant in quantity, still in richness of color it was gold enough to justify Whittier's comparison of it to the flowers of beaten yellow metal which, the legends say, the "tawny Incas" fashioned for their sumptuous gardens.

And all this memory of beauty was evoked by the magic of a few raindrops on a California back yard at the height of the "dry season."

To me, California is at her least-attractive period in September. So many things are

on the wane, while winter charms have not yet begun to bud—at least, it is so in our garden. The hollyhocks of white and rose and pale yellow, like little chiffon rosettes, are quite gone. The pentstemons, of mingled white and delicate pink, are down to their last stalk. There are no roses, and the poor pansies have a pinched, haggard look—as if they needed a month's sojourn at the seaside. The gaillardias are beautifully bronze and gold and the asters are still holding their own, but they are merely the exception which proves the rule.

Even the vegetables are, one by one, starting off on their long vacation. The last of the roasting ears have been gathered, and the cornstalks, browned and dry, are melancholy enough, even through the illumination of a moonlight night. The pear tree has yielded its all of beautiful fruit—"the lute-like pear, most musically shaped," as Florence Wilkinson Evans says of it; the beans are "all in," and such of the firm-headed cabbage as has not found ultimate self-expression in the form of salad has linked destinies with its affinity, corned beef, and gone the way of all boiled dinners. Only the figs remain to us in plenty, with luscious honeydew dripping from their blossom-ends, and the winter squashes, which promise pies as golden as the blossoms still appearing on the vines with the well-grown fruit.

It seems stereotyped to speak of autumn sadness any more. It has been written of so much by all the poets, and painted by all the artists until the expression seems, at first thought, almost a conventionalized

form, without real force. And yet if you try to get away from it and put a new aspect upon the age-old autumnal fact, something grips you with a sense of the inevitable fitness, the unescapable truth of it. Human nature cannot evade that sadness which is as inevitable as age or death, however it may seek to soothe itself with platitudes of complacency or joy. It can, after all, only accept it, and become grave and gentle under the touch of it, even while never, never forgetting the earlier sweetness which had to pass on in order to make a place for it. Thus the cycle has swung from summer to autumn once again, and the transition was marked in the garden by a few tears of August rain.

### A Curious Mineral.

[Geological Survey Bulletin:] Perhaps the most curious mineral found in the United States is staurolite, otherwise known as the "fairy stone." This is an iron-aluminum silicate found only in Virginia and North Carolina, the reddish-brown and brownish-black crystals occurring in well-defined single and double crosses. There is some commercial demand for the crosses as curios, which are worn as watch charms or on chains in the manner of a locket or lavalliere—a demand perhaps stimulated by the quaint legend which is told of their origin; the fairies living in the caves of the mountains, on hearing the sad tidings of the death of Christ, fashioned these crosses as mementos of Him.



# Absolutely Hygienic. By W. W. Robinson.

## HUMAN FRAILTY.

**A**S WAS his matutinal habit, J. Fletcher Wilberton pushed back the covers and, still lying in bed, devoted his lean pajama'd limbs to fifteen strenuous minutes of physical culture. Having thus begun the day a la Bennett, J. Fletcher leaped out on the rug (his bedroom floor was innocent of any unhygienic carpet) and, standing stiff-kneed, swung his finger tips to his toes exactly fifty times. Then he took into his lungs the fresh air of the alley, inhaling seventy-seven deep draughts before the wide-open window. This paved the way for a dash across the hall into the icy shower-room. When he reappeared, five minutes afterward, goose-pimpled and blue and quaking, he flung hurriedly into his raiment linen. J. Fletcher Wilberton was now ready for his ante-breakfast drink; he stepped over to the corner of his room and from a large bottle resting on the table poured out two quarts of distilled water, which he slowly sipped until the last wholesome drop was gone.

A quarter of an hour later, at half-past six o'clock, one might have seen the fully-garbed Wilberton walk out of the door of the apartment-house and descend to the sidewalk. His was a medium figure, that of a man of either 27 or 45, lean as a lead-pencil, and odd as Dick's hat band. He wore a white silk cap on his head and a pair of white canvas shoes on his feet. So loose-fitting were his gray coat and trousers and so spare was his frame that, as he came down the steps, he resembled a bag of bones. J. Fletcher Wilberton wore no vest; and, furthermore, no belt to hold up his pantaloons, for he pinned his faith in the more hygienic suspenders.

His face was cheekless and pale, with a pair of blue eyes peering out over a sharp white nose. It was clean razored, wholly free from hairy ornament; no germ might find lodgment on his countenance. One could not but remark that had J. Fletcher sold his soul to the extent of permitting a mustache, such mustache would have been bright red in hue. The black locks which strayed from beneath the man's cap were of such thickness as could only have resulted from nightly scalp-massages. Determination lurked about the rigid lips and ample jaw-bone.

Such was J. Fletcher Wilberton, by avocation hygienist and dietetic student, by vocation editor of a small monthly magazine entitled "Nutrition—a Magazine for Those Who Eat."

It was his custom of a morning to take a three-mile walk. This particular day he set out from his apartments with the intention of passing through the Plaza and Sonoratown and as far north as the old North Broadway cemetery.

He had not gone as far as the Federal Building when pride impelled him to walk down a block to Spring and stroll by his own little window-front.

As he drew near the editorial office he was happy to observe some one gazing in at his literary display. The interested person was a rather chubby woman, inflexibly garbed in white, whose general appearance proclaimed the age of 40 years, if a day. She was flattening her nose and lips against the glass, peering in at several copies of "Nutrition" which lay open at different pages, and at the piles of new red books, whose covers bore the words: "Salt—A Necessity?"

J. Fletcher Wilberton was flattered to see her evident interest. Furthermore, had he been willing to be honest with himself, he would have admitted that the lady with the literary inclinations found favor in his eyes.

To show her that he was proprietor of the place, he thrust a hand down into the baggy reaches of a pocket, drew out a ring of keys, and unlocked the door.

He walked in, stirred about among some of his magazines, then took more bundles of "Nutrition" out to the window-front.

Looking up and noting, as if for the first time, the chubby lady's presence, he threw his features into a smile.

The woman at once walked over to the open door and came in. Her face was the epitome of amiability.

"You're interested in dietetics?" he inquired, still preserving the smile.

"Yes! Very much so! It is my hobby." She spoke in intimate tones, as if she had known the man for three years and seven months.

"Possibly you would be interested in my little magazine," J. Fletcher Wilberton casually picked up the latest "Nutrition" and presented it to her.

"Oh! Thank you! Then you're Mr. Wilberton, the editor! I always read this." At such speech the editor's chest expansion was five inches.

"I'm charmed to know you," she went on. "And I am Miss Hilpiltrim."

J. Fletcher Wilberton's spare limbs fairly trembled in utter delight, but he feared her advances. He attempted to dismiss her by saying:

"Any time, Miss Hilpiltrim, that you"—"But what I want to ask you," she interrupted, "is—can you furnish me with a dozen copies of those red books?"—throwing a forefinger at "Salt—A Necessity?" "You see," she explained, "I am helping to start libraries in some of the orphanages of the city."

Five minutes later the chubby Miss Hilpiltrim had departed with her books, leaving behind \$18 and an overwhelming impression.

J. Fletcher Wilberton did not complete his three-mile walk. He felt uneasy—pleasantly uneasy.

He went back to the vegetarian cafeteria to breakfast. When the girl had placed a 23-cent check on his tray he sought his usual table near the front. He spread out on the white cloth a plate of whole wheat toast, with an accompanying square of comb honey; a bowl of rice—not ordinary rice, but the natural, unpolished variety; two ripe prunes and no water, for he did not drink during meals, fearing lest liquids dilute the saliva of his mouth and the gastric juice of his stomach, thereby entailing indigestion.

He had scarce chewed his first bite twenty times when, to his infinite astonishment, Miss Hilpiltrim, carrying a tray and a smile, plumped down at his table.

"Well, isn't this a coincidence?" she laughed.

When the editor of "Nutrition" noted the contents of her tray all former misgivings began to vanish. It held rice flakes, toast, a dish of almonds and raisins and a small glass of fruit juice.

A gust of emotion shook J. Fletcher Wilberton as he realized that he had at last found a soul dietetically attuned to his own.

Over their little dishes they chatted pleasantly.

"I must apologize for this fruit juice, I fear," she remarked. "I have my weakness, you see."

"Who has not?" Wilberton generously shrugged his shoulders and smiled broadly. "We must not be extreme. The faddist has had his day. This work a day world demands the normal man, the normal woman."

Secretly he felt pleased at uncovering her weakness—the meal-time fruit juice habit. She was more attractive to him now. Just as every woman takes pleasure at heart in the mild vices of her fiancé, though outwardly protesting, so J. Fletcher Wilberton felt wickedly gay at beholding the little glass of sweetened orange juice.

A half-hour later the two of them parted at the corner of Third and Hill. The bag-of-bones editor of "Nutrition" had given his word that he would bring all the back copies of his magazine—five years of them—out for her perusal and study. Miss Hilpiltrim lived in Altadena with her aunt.

"Day after tomorrow night, then, I shall see you!" were her last words.

Wilberton went back to his office, self-admittedly in love. During the course of the morning he gathered together a host of unbound "Nutritious." While so doing his eye chanced to light upon a certain editorial which he had written but six months before. It read:

"Divorce is the most logical institution of our present day life. Why? Because nine-tenths of our marriages are the result, not of love, but the overeating of albuminous foods. Ignorant parents stuff warm-blooded girls and boys with eggs, then expect them to remain innocent and restrained. As Prof. Whitely so tersely stated: 'When

young folk—and older folk as well—fancy themselves in love, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they are merely suffering from stomach disorder, traceable to albuminous poisoning.'"

Throughout the day J. Fletcher reflected somewhat ruefully upon this editorial. He recalled the fact that a week before he had found it next to impossible to refuse an egg omelet while dining at the home of an uncle; in fact he had eaten the attractive dainty and had found it delicious. Was he now reaping the whirlwind?

Furthermore, the editor of "Nutrition" remembered that he had always taken pride in his consistently unmarried state. He regarded his bachelorhood as a dietetic and personal triumph. And like the priest, sworn to black bread and celibacy, he drew an immense satisfaction from his self-imposed martyrdom. And now he felt himself slipping, weakening.

For the next two days he did not eat a mouthful of food. A fast, he believed, might free him from the obsession of love. To be sure, he drank a half-cupful of grapefruitade, but this was only for the purpose of keeping up the peristaltic action.

At the same time he committed to memory whole pages of Milton's "Paradise Lost." This, he fancied, would fill his mind to such an extent as to exclude the plump image of Miss Hilpiltrim.

When the evening came for him to call upon his troublous admirer, J. Fletcher Wilberton, editor of "Nutrition," said to himself:

"I have conquered." He sucked a lemon and set out to catch an Altadena car.

Before 10:30 that night the food fast and the poetry had proved themselves utterly inefficacious. The editor had thrown reason to the four winds and was heels over head in amatory emotion. He had made a manly fight but had gone down to defeat after Miss Hilpiltrim, successively, had held his hand overly long while shaking it; had tactfully dismissed her aunt; had pulled down the blinds; had immediately assumed her most intimate of tones; had shown him her Battle Creek photographs, on the short settee; had drawn unhygienically close while discussing dietetics in his face; had laid bare her heart and stomach, and finally had suggested—incidentally placing a hand on his sleeve—that they stroll out and see if Venus were yet in the heavens.

As she made this last suggestion, she smiled and displayed an immaculate row of nacreous teeth, teeth that could have resulted only from constant care and the avoidance of sweetmeats.

At this sight J. Fletcher Wilberton capitulated. In a saturnalia of passion he seized both her arms and deposited a chaste kiss on her wrist-watch.

"I love you!" he cried, tears shining on his cheekbones. "I love you enough to eat you."

The wedding bells rang a week later.

Following the ceremony the honeymooners set out for the north to spend a fortnight at a nature-cure sanatorium in the St. Helena mountains of Mendocino county. They carried with them in a grip enough food to last during the two days they would be on the train. Five times on that trip the porter brought them a folding table; on such occasions the heavy black grip would be opened and little cans and packages taken out. The silly couple would breakfast on rye sandwiches spread with peanut butter, accompanied by large handfuls of lettuce; they would lunch on dried apricots soaked up in the distilled water contained in their thermos bottles, with dessert of hulled walnuts and raisins; they would dine on rice and honey, shredded tri-biscuits, sun-dried figs and—one's honeymoon comes but once—little squares of sponge cake. Following a meal the editor of "Nutrition" would assemble the few dirty dishes and, when no one looked, would cleanse and dry them in the men's wash-room.

Once arrived at Healthatoria, Mr. and Mrs. Wilberton took one of the little huts which fringed the sanatorium.

It was a pretty place where they stayed—the large central building in Swiss chalet style, brown and white in hue, nestling in among the sweet-smelling pines, and surrounded by a cluster of tiny replicas of

the mother chalet. A half mile away, at the foot of the mountains, could be seen the town, shrouded in the mists of the valley.

The newly-married pair put in a glorious week at Healthatoria. In the mornings they would take their physical culture exercises and then experiment with the trails and by-paths that abounded everywhere, breathing deep of the mountain air. Their meals they obtained at the sanatorium; these—to the Wilbertons' delight—were on the Battle Creek plan. After the name of each dish the menu card gave its value in calories and its chemical composition. In the afternoons and evenings the honeymooners would read books and magazines which were supplied them from the sanatorium's library of dietetics. J. Fletcher Wilberton was positively gaining in flesh.

One morning Mrs. Wilberton arose earlier than her husband. When she had dressed and fastened on her panama hat, she remarked:

"I simply must get a letter off to my aunt on that 7 o'clock train. I am going to the postoffice, Fletcher, dear."

She left the cottage and started down the trail toward the town.

Fifteen minutes later the husband had assembled his bones and gray suit and was ready for a hike also. He set out hot on his wife's heels.

When he reached the dainty little post-office she was not there. He strolled down the board walk of Main street.

Happening to glance in through the large window of a lunch counter establishment he saw a familiar chubby figure in white, topped off with a panama hat, sitting on one of the high stools. It was a close-up, side view of his wife that he was having. She was manipulating a knife and fork.

The editor of "Nutrition" could not believe his eyes. He rubbed them vigorously and then pressed his whole face against the glass.

Mother of Moses! His wife had a huge stack of half-eaten buckwheat cakes on the plate before her; they were swimming in butter and black syrup. Near the plate was a gravy-laden platter containing a half-dozen sausage balls. The most immoral dishes on any bill of fare. His wife was eating like a mad woman, too.

J. Fletcher Wilberton reeled away, dead-white, trembling in every bone. He staggered down the street, not an atom of his faith in humanity remaining.

Then he remembered that the town possessed a drug store. His mind was made up. He would purchase a small amount of powdered strychnine. Suicide was his duty.

Just this side of the drug store was a large restaurant, the Cafe des Montagnes, reputed to be the best eating-place in town. In passing before the window Editor Wilberton looked with glazed eyes in at a display of big red lobsters arranged about a dressed turkey.

A new thought flashed into his brain. Strychnine was not always quick, was it? No! He recalled that people sometimes suffered agonies for an hour after taking it. Wilberton knew something better than drugs.

He entered the Cafe des Montagnes and dropped like a dead man into a chair at one of the tables. Tearing a scrap of paper from a memorandum book he took a pencil and scribbled these words:

"My dear, I am doing this for you. I loved you to the end, Fletcher."

He fumbled at his lapel, found a pin and then mechanically fastened the farewell note to his shirt-front, over his heart. A waiter came up and bent over him for the order.

"Bring me a double order—of liver and bacon!" he began, his speech as thick as glue. "And I want—some stewed tripe! Mince pie—a mode! And a small black!"

## A Hard Job.

[Farm Life:] One of the hardest jobs I know of is to take a ride, when you're feeling nice and sociable, in a left-hand drive machine with a fellow who is deaf in the right ear and has to stop the car and turn his head toward you every time you make a remark to him.



## Building Up a Strong Strain of Turkeys.

By M. M. Stearns.

[Saturday, September 18, 1915.]

## Balanced Rations for Egg Production.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

### A MISSOURI EGG RATION.

**M**JCH has been said and written on the feeding of poultry, for carcass as well as for eggs. And well it may be a live topic of keen interest to poultrymen, for upon its correct practice very largely depends the commercial success of poultry-keeping. Many breeders are more or less in the dark as to just what a practical egg-ration should consist of, each having a slightly different idea, based on available supplies as well as on experience and individual opinion. In order to arrive at a reasonably correct solution a number of experiments have been carried on at the Missouri Experiment Station, the results of which have demonstrated some definite conclusions that are significant and worthy of careful observation by egg farmers. According to these experiments, feeds and feeding for eggs has a scientific basis that is vital to breeders everywhere.

These tests for the different rations employed covered pens of five hens each. The test with a wide ration, containing elements which would produce three yolks for each white, laid 379 eggs in the first six months. The test with a narrow ration, containing elements which would produce two whites to each yolk, produced 269 eggs. The test with a ration containing equal yolk and white material, but without minerals to produce the shell, produced 161 eggs. The test where the ration contained elements necessary to produce equally all parts of the egg, produced 1603 eggs in the same time. This ration is called a balanced ration for egg production.

The yolk is principally carbohydrates; the white protein; and the shell minerals. Thus the three parts of the egg are made from three kinds of food. The following ration is fairly well balanced for egg production. Instead of using the term "carbohydrates" and "protein," the terms "yolks" and "whites" have been used. All fractions are omitted, therefore the table is only approximately correct:

	Lbs.	Yolks.	Whites.
Grain—			
Cracked Corn	150	382	198
Wheat	150	365	273
Mash—			
Wheat Bran	20	31	41
Middlings	20	41	44
Corn meal	20	52	27
Ground oats	20	39	31
Gluten meal	20	46	86
Beef scraps	30	31	332
Alfalfa meal	5	7	9
Oil meal	5	8	25
Total	440	1003	1066

The hens had access to oyster shell and grit and were given two pounds of fine table salt and four pounds of fine charcoal in the above mash.

The basis for computing the number of yolks and whites produced by each kind of feed was that one pound of carbohydrates would produce 3½ yolks; one pound of protein would produce 16½ whites, this being the rate of the average hen in that station.

It will be seen that from 150 pounds of corn 382 yolks and 198 whites are produced, therefore it is not a balanced ration. The extra yolks are built into fat. In this way, hens fed on corn alone get extra fat, and we hear the old expression that the "hen is too fat to lay." The expression should be changed to read: "The hen can't lay is the reason she gets too fat."

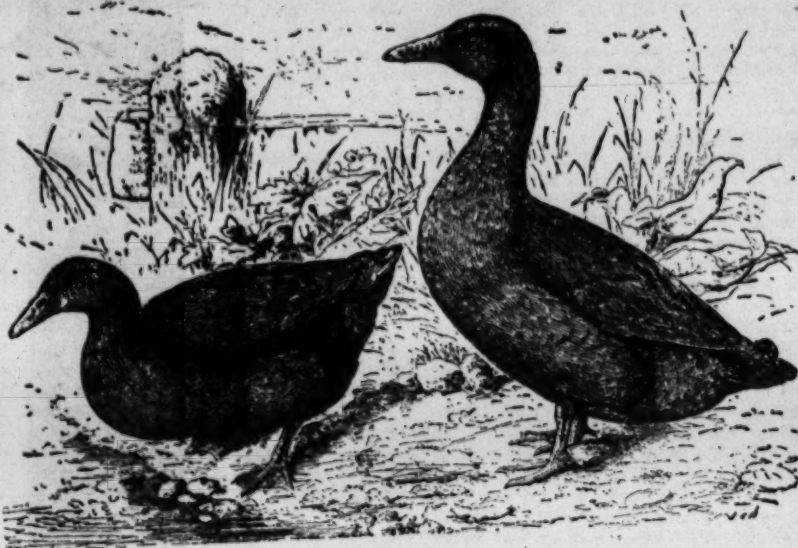
A simple ration may be made as follows:

	Yolks.	Whites.
150 lbs. cracked corn	382	198
150 lbs. wheat	365	273
25 lbs. beef scraps	25	275

This ration would give best results where the hens have free range, because it contains no mash, thus requiring the hen to do the grinding of the food. The kind of food she gets on the range should be considered, however.

If a hen has the ability to produce twenty-four eggs in one month when fed a balanced ration, but is fed an unbalanced ration like corn alone, which produces two yolks for one white, instead of making forty-eight yolks in order to produce twenty-four eggs, she makes only twenty-four yolks, but can complete only twelve eggs. The same thing is true of the whites. It is the same proposition of "no chain being stronger than its weakest link." No hen will lay more eggs than the weakest part of the feed ration.

It must not be forgotten that these re-



A PAIR OF BUFF ORPINGTON DUCKS.

Among the later introductions to our domesticated ducks the Buff Orpington is commanding more than passing notice. Like the Buff Orpington chickens, it owes its introduction to William Cook, a breeder and fancier of long standing in England. The blood that is represented in its creation is said to be Indian Runner, Rouen and Cayuga; others question this, however, and claim that it came from the British Isles, and that by selection it has been advanced to a perfect variety. Color of plumage is a fawn buff, the drake having a light seal brown head and neck; beak yellow or horn color; legs a bright orange yellow. In size they resemble the White Pekin. They are hardy and mature rapidly, producing a carcass of five pounds at eight weeks of age; bodies long with full breast; meat dark and of excellent flavor. The ducks are good layers of large white-shelled eggs, and stand confinement well.

sults were obtained under intensive care, hence it is debatable whether on a large scale and under average circumstances and conditions the results would not be more or less modified; in the main, however, the facts elicited merit careful consideration, and certainly present arguments that may well be studied and observed by poultrymen whose leading object is a profitable yield of hen fruit.

### Other Grain Feeds Than Wheat.

Verily, there is a compensation in all things. The prevailing high prices for wheat during the past year have led poultrymen to seek for substitutes for this popular and valuable food, with the results that other grain foods have found a wider, as well as satisfactory, use. Among these, the sorghum grains, especially the black hull kafir corn, has been found valuable wherever available at reasonable prices; in size sorghum grains are sufficiently small to be readily fed without cracking or crushing. Farmers Bulletin No. 686, of the Department of Agriculture, gives some valuable data on the use of these grains in the preparation of "balanced" poultry rations. An investigation made in 1908 showed more than 100 firms engaged in the manufacture of over 200 brands of poultry feed. Figures furnished at that time by thirty-three of these firms showed an annual output of about 30,000 tons of these products. Approximately one-third of this quantity, or 10,000 tons, consisted of the seed of blackhull kafir. This was used mostly in mixtures with other grain such as corn, wheat, screenings, etc. It probably is safe to estimate that kafir or other grain-sorghum seed forms fully 25 per cent. of the prepared poultry feed sold in this country. It is probable that kafir grain would form a still larger proportion of the total poultry feed manufactured if it were always available at satisfactory prices. Barley and oats have also found wider usage with no appreciable negative results. All of which goes to show that the poultry breeder's horizon on the matter of feeds and feeding has been broadened to the extent that though wheat may rule high, that fact of itself should not overmuch jeopardize his profits.

### From Far and Near.

Morristown, Tenn., must be regarded as the Petaluma of the inland South. During the month of June there was shipped sixty-eight carloads of poultry products from that

point, forty-eight of which represented eggs. During the six months including June the town sent out 433 carloads, of which 127 were poultry and the remainder hen fruit.

Texas enjoys what is considered the largest turkey ranch in the world, consisting of 30,000 acres, amply watered by twenty-two flowing wells. It is situated near the town of Seguin.

The price of eggs in Tacoma, Wash., covering a period of twelve months, averaged at retail 31½ cents per dozen, which we believe is slightly in advance of average prices covering the same period in California.

A report says that some of the poultry farmers in and about Fallon, Neb., are trying out a new scheme as a source of animal food, viz., drying and cracking grasshoppers for use as feed next winter.

The Plymouth Rock Club of Southern California has declared its wishes that the Los Angeles show this year be a score card function.

If all classes fill the total premium money that will be "up" for poultry exhibits at the Fresno Agricultural Fair, to come off September 28 to October 21, will be \$5,538.

For the first seven months of 1915 the increase in the arrival of eggs in the San Francisco markets was over 800,000 dozen more than for the same months in 1914. In other words, the exposition crowds called for that many more eggs. Some call.

The New Zealand poultry breeders want the imported egg from California labeled much as we do the Chinese egg. In a late issue of the New Zealand Poultry Journal we learn that American eggs from Petaluma are palmed off on an unsuspecting public as New Zealand fresh laid. Producers are urged to organize and in the meantime write letters to members of Parliament, urging them to pass laws for the branding of imported eggs. If such legislation is unconstitutional in California does it follow that it will be equally inoperative in New Zealand?

### Pin Feathers and Wing Flights.

Some poultrymen report the use of dried sugar beet pulp as a good substitute for green food in cases where the latter is scarce or difficult to obtain.

There is no grain so uncertain in weight and feeding value as oats, there being a great variation between hull and kernel. There is no food value in the hulls.

No matter how good a strain of birds you may possess it is nevertheless good policy to eliminate the off-color and runty speci-

mens. Now is a good time to do it, so as to reduce feed bills and give the better quality birds more room.

Quality of feed is good in its way, but to attain the highest results the manner of giving it must also be taken into consideration.

If the American business hen does not appeal to your sense of the beautiful and the useful, if the poultry industry does not inspire you with ambition and love of the bird, you are in the wrong business and a change of occupation is in order.

Pullets hatched in January and February should show signs of commencing to give results in the egg basket.

Your ideas and whims may be all right, but if you are out for business, a knowledge of the taste, whims and desires of the market will be apt to lead to better results.

In females the pelvic bones should be wide apart and pliable; the male should be alert, active and pugnacious.

A feature of the State poultry show to be held in Sacramento, January 14-18, 1916, will be an egg show, similar to those conducted in many Eastern States and by several experiment stations. It is believed an exhibit of this kind will do much to encourage the better handling and marketing of hen fruit.

The New Mexico State Fair, to be held at Albuquerque, October 11 to 16, will make a feature of the poultry display, which will be in charge of J. D. Natgrass, an experienced breeder and fancier.

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# War Really a Matter of Air Fighting Now.

By Edward Marshall.

## WHAT EXPERTS SAY.

**T**HE WAR IN THE AIR! How many novelists predicted it, how the possibilities of the aeroplane thrilled the imagination of the crowd, how the tacticians puzzled and the military experts worried over the thought of it?

Yet, now that it is literally here, the world, faured to wonders, takes it for granted. As a matter of fact, in these days when we have become familiar with the thought of flying men in combat, we are prone to underestimate, not over-guess, their real importance.

As a matter of fact, the airmen and the craft which carry them have done things in the way of changing war procedure more extraordinary than the fiction writers dreamed of.

They have buried Europe's fighting hosts in trenches upon land, at sea they have done more than submarines (their sister terrors and coincident marvels) to make naval warfare a new thing.

They have made it possible for Germany, for one example, to keep London dark at night and terror-struck by day, wondering when the major blow will come, while smarting from minor assaults, although it is divided by wide seas from the great combat.

According to the view of the best expert, it has been Russia's lack of aircraft which has cost her most of that which she has lost, just as, in their opinion, it was the possession by the French of skilled airmen and good aircraft that saved Paris from the Germans early in the war.

### Probably 3000 Men Now in the Air.

Not less than 2500 aviators, and very likely 3000 of them, daily prowling among the clouds above the fighting armies. That their number is not twice as great is due to the mechanical impossibility of supplying new machines with proper motive power.

Extraordinary events dot all the history of this first warfare in the air. Confident opinions have been utterly disproved, new records have been made, failure has come when it was least expected, some successes have been marvel-work. The world is fighting as it never fought before, and its most extraordinary fighting is air fighting.

These things being true, I decided to seek information about all manner of air fighters, their relations to this war, and what we, as a nation, ought to do to get the greatest possible benefit from them (and, after all, that is our due, for we created them) from the greatest general American authority on aviation, endeavoring to select as this authority the one man who, by reason of his position and his expert knowledge, should be able best to take a bird's-eye view of the whole field—which, by the way, is just the sort of view which would be expected of an aviator.

Much talk with many of those interested developed that this man scarcely would be one of the stunt-doing "birdmen" of newspaper fame, and certainly would be none of the several important manufacturers of aeroplanes, but would be, unquestionably, Alan R. Hawley, president of the Aero Club of America.

I spent an afternoon with him, and soon after we began to talk we were joined by Henry Woodhouse, one of America's most informed and celebrated experts in all matters connected with aviation.

So the interview which follows unexpectedly became a composite affair, and the answers to my queries, as they are given here, really are compounded of the expert knowledge of both Hawley and Woodhouse.

"How many aircraft, do you estimate, are engaged in the war, counting the air forces of all the belligerent nations?" I inquired. "How many of these are aeroplanes and how many dirigible balloons?"

### Ten Thousand Aircraft in All.

"Not less than 10,000, of which not more than sixty are dirigibles, including all of the German Zeppelins remaining in commission," was the answer.

"It is hard to estimate the number of

aeros which may be eventually employed in the great combat, but it is safe to say that next year, if the war continues, each one of the belligerent powers will have a very numerous navy of the air.

"It then will be very largely an aerial war. That is absolutely certain. We have knowledge which convinces us of it.

"The new machines which will engage in this war will include all the present types of air craft. The Zeppelins, which have so lamentably failed at many tasks, as at bomb-dropping and range-finding, have done amazingly well at others.

"Recently one machine carried three or four tons of shell-making material from Germany to Turkey. Thus it seems possible that they may be the principal emergency freight-carriers of future wars.

"The Zeppelin of today shows much advance over that, for instance, which was built by Walter Wellman at Atlantic City for the trans-Atlantic voyage and which later exploded, especially as regards motors and the material used for the construction of both frame and envelope.

"Still the dirigible balloon, of whatever type or material, remains importantly affected by the very changeable and uncertain factor—cold in winter and wind at all times, in other words, the weather, and that is a serious handicap.

### Enormous Bulk Catches Wind.

"Two hundred men cannot get a Zeppelin out of a hangar in much less than two hours. If a cross-wind happens to be blowing, even at so low a rate as twenty miles an hour, a Zeppelin, no matter how many men may be on hand to help, can leave a hangar only by taking four chances of being broken in two to one chance of escape.

"Because of the importance of the Zeppelins of weather conditions, England has stopped publishing weather reports and thereby has greatly hampered Zeppelin raids.

"The Zeppelin of today is almost as heavy as air and to some extent sustains herself by means of her planes when she travels at high speed.

"The eighteen balloonette device, as used, and the flat bottom, acting on the air as a hydroplane acts on the water, helps the gas sustain the weight. The record for time is forty-two hours of night and day flying.

"As fighting machines they offer too large a mark. They cannot fight by day, and even at night their efficiency is absolutely limited by enemy aeros, every little aero being a match for the biggest dirigible, as was shown by Warneford's remarkable performance.

"Their very weight protected some which actually passed over London in the darkness, dropping bombs. It would have been easy for British gunners to have brought them down, but it was estimated that the fall of so many tons in almost any portion of the metropolitan district would do more damage than their bombs would, and so they were fired upon rather carefully.

"I, myself, however," said Mr. Woodhouse, "have gone in a balloon over the country where fighting now progresses and have found one condition which is greatly to the Zeppelin's advantage.

"The fog there frequently fills the air at night to a distance of 200 or 300 feet above the surface of the earth. In a country where fog is common Zeppelins might be far more useful than they could be in most parts of the United States, where it is rare. In Europe the big gas machines are now being painted a fog-gray.

### American Machines Doing Great Work.

"The discovery of some means by which the noise of the exhaust may be further decreased or eliminated is a problem to worry the makers of aeroplanes, as it is a problem to worry the makers of the Zeppelins. Fairly effective mufflers are in use on Zeppelins and have been devised for aeros, but to the latter they add a pound of weight per horse power.

"In the effort to discover means whereby the engine of an aeroplane may be rendered

measurably noiseless, American manufacturers are doing their full share.

"Horse power is being steadily increased in aeroplane engines, and the spread of wing is being constantly enlarged. Great changes have taken place since the war began in these regards.

"Their distance possibilities have been enormously multiplied, and principally by American ingenuity. The 'America,' which was built here for that voyage across the Atlantic, which was abandoned because of the outbreak of the war, (the same model which was practically rejected by the American government,) is actually in duty on the European firing-line and doing splendid work there, conveying ships across the channel. Fort, the aviator who was to make the attempt, is in command of her and of a fleet of similar craft built here, and has demonstrated the fact that he probably would have succeeded in making the trans-Atlantic voyage if the beginning of the war had not interrupted the execution of his plans.

"Curtiss is now perfecting a land machine in Toronto, which will be equipped with two motors, each of 160 horse power, with the expectation that either motor will be able to sustain the machine, thus adding greatly to the margin of safety. This machine probably will prove capable of lifting 2000 pounds useful load.

"The aeroplane industry has advanced enormously in the United States since the beginning of the European war. Not long ago the Curtiss Company gave an outing to employees at which 2400 were in attendance.

"If we are to do our share, as it surely is to be hoped we shall, toward the maintenance of international peace after the ending of this war, a larger proportion of America's native genius, from which Europe so freely has profited, must be used to the advantage of the nation which has given birth to it.

### What We May Learn from it All.

"Many lessons which our navy may well take to heart already have been fully learned by those engaged in the European war, as is shown by every-day events," said Mr. Hawley, Woodhouse frequently approving.

"Our present naval administration has done some very admirable things.

"The appointment of the Naval Advisory Board, which resulted from the suggestion which Mr. Edison made in one of your interviews with him, is an especially fine thing for Secretary Daniels to have done, and for it he deserves the highest praise. I have not the slightest doubt that this board, among other things, will do much toward the development of aviation in this country.

"Conditions existing today in the naval branch of American aeronautics, however, are far from ideal. We have asked too much of air craft, and so have not profited by what they have to give.

"The American naval mind has demanded of the aeroplane the staunchness of a battleship and has asked other sheer impossibilities, thereby stunning the creative effort of our experts. We have imposed upon our manufacturers conditions far more onerous than those imposed by European governments.

"At a time when the American naval authorities have been saying that American manufacturers did not supply machines good enough for our own use, European governments have been buying exactly these machines and have been far better satisfied with them than the product of their own manufacturers.

"And these American machines in use in Europe are doing startling service, even to the extent of terrifying the steel fortresses which compose the greatest water navies in the world.

"To the minds of most of the important members of the Aero Club it seems certain that Pensacola is too far from Washington to be used successfully as a training camp, and it seems certain that the methods in vogue there are not those which will develop for the service of this country just the sort of highly-trained men, efficient in

this delicate art, which the needs of the nation require. The camp lacks equipment to the extent that most of the men assigned to it are without machines to train with, and red tape surrounds and hampers even fuel supply and repairs."

### Aeroplane Scouts for Submarines.

"What is the most important achievement which they are known to have accomplished?" I inquired.

"Probably their most important service has been that of scouts, rather than that of actual fighters, although they have done much and very terrible fighting.

"At sea their work in searching for and locating approaching submarines has been of the utmost value.

"The only portion of a submarine which is visible to surface scouts is its tiny periscope and that, if cleverly painted, becomes invisible at a slight distance, even to the most powerful field glasses.

"But the operator of an aeroplane, even when flying at a great height above the water, can see a submarine distinctly, although it be completely submerged. If he succeeds in putting himself directly over it. I have seen some amazing photographs of submerged submarines taken from the air above."

I was shown some of these. They are, indeed, remarkable.

"The airman's ability to detect the presence of floating mines is as important, and the fact that air machines have been developed until they readily can be operated from and use as a base hangar-ships (which now are included in all European fleets) adds to their effectiveness as naval adjuncts."

At this point the interview developed into a series of suggestions for our own government, although I had intended to touch upon these phases much later in the talk.

### Great Weights Carried.

The Royal Aero Club, in 1914, published the altitude records which, up to that time, had been made, with the weight carried, and three months before the outbreak of the conflict Sykorsky, a Russian, carried fifteen passengers 984 feet into the air.

"The importance of this achievement is not generally understood by the public. Here were at least 2000 pounds of men transported to an immense height.

"A few of these machines, transporting two or three hundred men at immense speed at a vital moment, might do, and, as far as we know, may have done, enormously important military work. At Przemyel aeros were the only carriers of provisions, taking canned goods in great quantities into the besieged fortress. It was an old-time siege and the aeros beat it.

"How valuable must such machines be, also, in the transportation of commanding officers; say, for instance, a general and his staff. They are now enabling the directing minds of the European armies to remain much longer in one spot than was the case in the old days of horse, or even in the new days of wheeled-motor-transportation, for even the speediest automobile cannot, over the rough terrains of war, hope to equal the speed of an aeroplane's flight. An aeroplane carrying Garalt, a French aviator, and six passengers, covered a distance of 107 and a fraction kilometers in one hour."

### What We Need at Present.

"Exactly what, in the way of military and naval air appliances, does the United States at present need?" I asked.

"The first great need is an absolutely reliable motor. That no one has, so far as we know at present. The Curtiss motor is good, but we need something as admirable for aeros as we have developed for motor cars, and that we have not developed as yet. Nor has anyone.

"The problem is peculiar, weight entering largely into it, together with other things which so far have defied analysis.

"But we in America cannot get away from the fact that foreign governments are using our aeros and engines and are not only glad but anxious to get them.

"We have shipped from 300 to 500, not



...the night in the wilderness and the dawn of a new day as still as a ... along his own front it was as still as a ... and see flashes from the searchlights. But ... could hear the dull booming of cannon ... his way, inch by inch. Far to the west he ... backmen, and, hat to the ground, worked ... rain had set in. He crawled over the em- ... quarters directly to the forward trench. ... Private Barton went from the colonel's ... have got it out of pawn so many times." ... "If, sir, if it hadn't been I wouldn't ... yours a good one!" ... watch and compared it with Barton's. "Is ... signal." The colonel snapped open his ... Good luck. If you live we will get you ... Col. Street rose. "My boy, good-by and ... he was ready to start. Suddenly he turned for- ...

...night in the wilderness and the dawn of a new day as still as a ... along his own front it was as still as a ... and see flashes from the searchlights. But ... could hear the dull booming of cannon ... his way, inch by inch. Far to the west he ... backmen, and, hat to the ground, worked ... rain had set in. He crawled over the em- ... quarters directly to the forward trench. ... Private Barton went from the colonel's ... have got it out of pawn so many times." ... "If, sir, if it hadn't been I wouldn't ... yours a good one!" ... watch and compared it with Barton's. "Is ... signal." The colonel snapped open his ... Good luck. If you live we will get you ... Col. Street rose. "My boy, good-by and ... he was ready to start. Suddenly he turned for- ...

were very hard-working, self-respecting men. The burdens fell the heaviest upon the mothers of large families, and there were many of them. The life of the pioneer mother is hard enough when the head of the house is governed by the law of kindness, but all are not—more's the pity.

I had a never-to-be-forgotten experience in such a family. There were five children and the wife was anticipating motherhood again. She told me that she had done washings for the family when her anticipations were so nearly fulfilled that she could not lean over the tub, but had to put it on the floor and kneel beside it in order to rub the clothes. The children had the scarlet fever. Three of them took cold and had a relapse. The doctor came to me and told me that they were in a pitiable condition. I hesitated about going to them lest I bring the contagion to my own, but the doctor told me how to care for myself and my clothes and I went to them many times.

I was in the kitchen one day preparing food for one of the invalids when a pretty little two-year-old, lying in a cradle in the room, woke up and cried. I said to the father: "Can't you take her?" The brute took the little creature, and holding her by one arm, shook her and said: "D—n you, shut up." I was never so angry in my life, yet I dared not utter a word of reproach, lest I add to the burdens of the mother who was caring for a dying child in the adjoining room, so I only said, "Give me the child," and I cuddled and comforted the poor little darling till she cooed in content. When the little one-year-old was buried the mother threw her self on the ground beside the grave and begged God most piteously to let her die.

Our new life seemed a bit dreary on the Sabbath. The children played around the mill pond and profanity was common. Thinking of these things, and wondering if I could not be of use and happier if I could forget myself, I visited the school and invited the children to meet me there the following Sunday for some songs and a story. I was quite surprised to find eighteen awaiting me. The following Sunday there were thirty-six, and that was the beginning of a little Sunday-school that lasted thirteen years, and which resulted in the organization of a union church.

We formed a Y. P. Society. Our pledge cards declared our trust in God's love and care and we promised to try to be temperate, truthful and pure, and always willing to "Lend a Hand." We met in our dining-room every evening for a while, where we accommodated all by putting boards from chair to chair. A bit from the Bible, a prayer, songs, a story and sometimes light refreshments, filled the evening and sent them home happy.

When the church was organized we had donations and socials to help remunerate the minister, who kindly offered to speak to us every other week. It is pleasant to recall the enthusiasm with which these hard-working farmers brought teams and axes to build a bower for an outdoor entertainment.

How such work travels beyond our ken! One of our willing helpers lived in a city later, and she walked a long way every week to help in social work where help was sadly needed.

One person said: "Why is it that the young people in this district seem so much more refined than those in an adjoining district?"

The reply was: "You forget the Sunday school and the social gatherings that have been held here these many years."

I had my first sight of blanketed Indians when we came West in 1867. The dreadful scenes of the New Ulm Massacre were so fresh in my mind that I felt timid and hastened to lock the doors if there was one in sight. A shadow was thrown across the room one day and upon looking up I saw an Indian, with his face painted black and pressed close to the window.

He was in mourning for a child and had come to beg flour. They moved so noiselessly in their moccasins that they could come into the house and sit down in a rocking chair, as one did, before we knew he was there. I lost all fear of them later, unless they were under the influence of liquor. One bitter cold night three of them begged for shelter. The squaw's feet were freezing and we decided to let them stay in the kitchen all night. Needless to tell that we had to scrub every inch of it before we could get rid of the camp smell—but they had a good time with the boiled dinner for which we gave them the materials.

There was a reservation not far from us, and long trains of loaded ponies passed through our little hamlet on the way to the blueberry patches.

As I was on horseback one day I met a large number of them. My horse being a little timid I drew him to one side and watched them pass. Hanging on each side of the ponies were empty blueberry boxes, which would hold a bushel or more. The ponies were loaded with rolls of blankets, cooking utensils and squaws. The papooses were clinging on behind or in their mothers' arms.

On the top of one of the houses was a tall, peaked roof, and as the wind blew it rolled back and forth as the gusts came plodded on. Sticking out of the blueberry box, right near the baby's head, was the head of a little pig, who voiced his discontent by squealing right lustily, but never a bit did baby mind, for he slept serenely on. The road lay between the attractive bluffs, the day was charming and it was all very picturesque.

Word came to me of the death of a baby, with the request that I go to the afflicted mother. They were very poor, and the father was a rough, profane drunkard. He came in, carrying an empty soap box. My heart sank as I asked what he was going to do with it and he replied: "Bury the baby in it." I could not endure the thought of laying the little one in that bare box, so I said: "Please let me take it a minute." I rushed home, padded it, covered it with white, put in lovely flowers from the garden and then took it to the house and laid the baby in it. There were half a dozen men and women present with the weeping mother—the father standing back in the room and looking hard and cold.

I said to him: "It is ready now."

He took the cover, hammer and nails, and stepped to nail it down; but after glancing in the box he stayed his hand, and turning to me said, in subdued tones: "Mrs. Evans, will you pray?"

If ever my heart flew above for strength and wisdom to say the word that might comfort the mother and help the father it did then. I did the best I could, conscious of being sustained by a power not my own. Then we buried the baby under a tree in the yard.

# The Married Life of Helen and Warren.

By Mabel Herbert Umer.

## A LESSON.

"I THINK Miss Wilson is out," came the drawled voice of the colored maid. "But hold the phone—I'll see."

As Helen waited she pictured the dingy shabbiness of the rooming-house hall and the slattern colored girl shuffling up the dark stairs to knock at Laura's door.

Laura had once said the only bright moment in that sordid place was when she was called to the telephone. There was always the hope of the unexpected.

"Hello!" It was Laura's voice.

"Oh, I'm glad you're in! Warren's gone to Philadelphia and won't be home till late. Can't you come over and have dinner with me?"

"I'd love to, but I—I'd only depress you. I'm too blue to go anywhere."

"Then that's just the time to come. It's not six—take the subway—you'll get here by half past. Don't dress—come just as you are."

Helen was keenly sympathetic with Laura's long struggle to get a foothold in New York. Knowing that her cheap, haphazard restaurant meals were not over-nourishing, she tried to have her often for dinner.

"It seems I'm always coming here to air my troubles," bitterly, when half an hour later she threw her hat on Helen's bed and sank wearily in the window-seat.

"No, don't sit down there. Dinner's ready—we'll go right in."

Even under the shaded lights in the dining-room Laura looked wretchedly pale. Helen poured her a glass of sherry.

"Well," pushing back the empty glass and staring at it grimly, "I'm out of a job again!"

"Oh, no!" breathed Helen. "Why, I thought they'd reduced your salary for the summer, but that you were sure of the work."

"That's what I thought until 2 o'clock today, when Mr. Murphy called me in. He very politely handed me my pay envelope and said my services were no longer needed."

"But why? What reason did he give?"

"None."

"And you didn't ask him?"

"No. I was too stunned. But afterward I went to the director himself. Oh, I wish I hadn't—I only humiliated myself for nothing."

She paused, stirring moodily her untasted soup.

"I asked him point blank if it was my work. I told him I was at the studio every day, but they wouldn't give me the parts—I'd been in only two pictures in three weeks. I said I knew there was a feeling against me and I wanted to know why."

"What'd he say?" prompted Helen.

"Oh, he was evasive. Said there hadn't been any parts lately for which I was suited. That they were putting on a five-reel picture and thought it best to make certain changes in the company. If he could use me later on he'd send for me. He was just letting me down easy. But I know—I KNOW!" fiercely; "It's that assistant director."

"Mr. Breton? The one you said wanted to take you out to supper?"

"Yes. He tries that sort of thing with every girl that takes his fancy. If they don't stand for it they don't stay."

"Oh!"

"I suppose I might have jollied him along—but I couldn't. I loathed him—I almost told him so. Ever since he's been working against me. He assigns the parts in the pictures, and I knew if he didn't use me I wouldn't be kept on."

"Don't talk about it any more until you've had your dinner," soothed Helen. "You'll feel better then."

"It means beginning all over," desperately; "going from one studio to another, trying to get work. And in the pictures—it's harder now than ever."

"But you've got some money saved?" anxiously.

"How could I save with all my clothes to get? They don't furnish clothes for the modern plays. And you have to have good clothes or you don't get the parts. That's why I went back to the rooming-house, to try to save—I felt this was coming."

"You're not eating a thing," pleaded Helen. "Is that too rare?"

"Oh, don't ask me to eat!" her hand at her throat. "It makes me sick to think of starting out again to look for work. It's too hard! It's too HARD!"

"But you're a good stenographer. You can always fall back on that."

"Yes," bitterly, "with every employment agency flooded with girls willing to work for almost nothing. Go down to the type-writer offices and see the crowd sitting there—all day waiting for a \$6-a-week job. I'd rather go out as a housemaid—I'd at least get \$25 and decent food."

"But you must try to eat something," as Laura held out her glass for more sherry.

"You mustn't drink that on an empty stomach."

"Oh, it won't hurt me." Then grimly, "I'll take a good big dose of chloral when I get home."

"Laura, you don't take chloral?"

"Not often, but I've got to sleep now—I can't stay awake and worry all night. And in that wretched little room—oh, you don't know!"

"Stay here tonight—you can sleep in my dressing-room."

"No; it'll be just that much harder to go back in the morning."

"Then I'm going home with you," impulsively. "We'll ride down on top of the bus, the air'll make you sleepy. I'll tuck you in and wait till you get drowsy—so you'll not need chloral tonight."

"Oh, I shouldn't let you go—you're never out so late alone."

But Helen was determined. She insisted on starting right after dinner so they would have plenty of time. It was a hot, sultry night and the bus tops were crowded.

When they left the bus they walked through several blocks of a dreary boarding-house district. On every stoop sat a shaggy, warm-looking group, driven out of their stuffy rooms by the stifling heat.

They paused before a house a little shabbier than the rest. Two women and a man in shirtsleeves moved aside to let them pass.

Laura's room was the second story back. As she lit the gas Helen looked around with shuddering depression. Scarred wall paper, a narrow iron bed, a bureau with handleless drawers, a washstand and two chairs.

"Four dollars a week," announced Laura briefly. "There's a place across the street where I can get dinner for 40 cents."

"What do you do for breakfast?"

"Twenty-five cents at the same place, but now that I'm out of work I'll have crackers and milk in my room."

For a moment the hopeless depression of it all overwhelmed Helen. Then she forced a brisk cheerful:

"Well, we won't talk any more tonight. You're to get in bed and I'm to read to you."

While Laura undressed, Helen looked across the cluttered back yard to the dimly-lit windows that gave glimpses of other dismal rooms, gloomily lighted with cheerless, unshaded gas jets.

"Oh, if I could only go to sleep and never

wake up," sighed Laura as she got into bed.

"That's foolish. Things won't look so black in the morning—they never do. Now close your eyes." And drawing a chair under the flickering gas, Helen turned through the magazine she had brought with her.

Knowing there is a certain comfort in reading about others more wretched than one's self she turned to a story she had already read, a vivid picture of a tenement family in surroundings more sordid than these.

Laura lay with closed eyes but Helen felt she was listening. The story was long. It was after 10 when she finished.

"I'm all right now," drowsily. "You mustn't stay any longer. I can't tell you how good you've—"

"Sh-sh, don't talk—you'll only wake yourself up. Phone me tomorrow and let me know how you are."

Helen turned off the gas, pushed the shade higher to let in every breath of air and softly closed the door after her.

There was no light in the halls. Holding to the banister she groped down the dark stairs. The roomers, dreading to go to their heat-baked rooms, still lingered on the stoops, most of them sitting hunched over, their elbows on their knees, staring listlessly down the street.

It was 11 when Helen reached home. In her room, the first thing she saw when she switched on the lights was the box from the cleaner's. The chiffon waist that had come that morning—almost ruined!

All day she had worried over it; worried herself sick, but it seemed a very trivial thing. Contrasted with Laura's very real misfortune, her own petty troubles were infinitesimal.

As she went into the front room to raise the windows she glanced about with a thrilled appreciation of her home. After that dismal, grimy rooming-house, it looked almost palatial.

At that moment Helen's genuine distress over Laura's adversity was surmounted by a feeling almost of exhilaration at the thought of her own comfortable, sheltered care-free life.

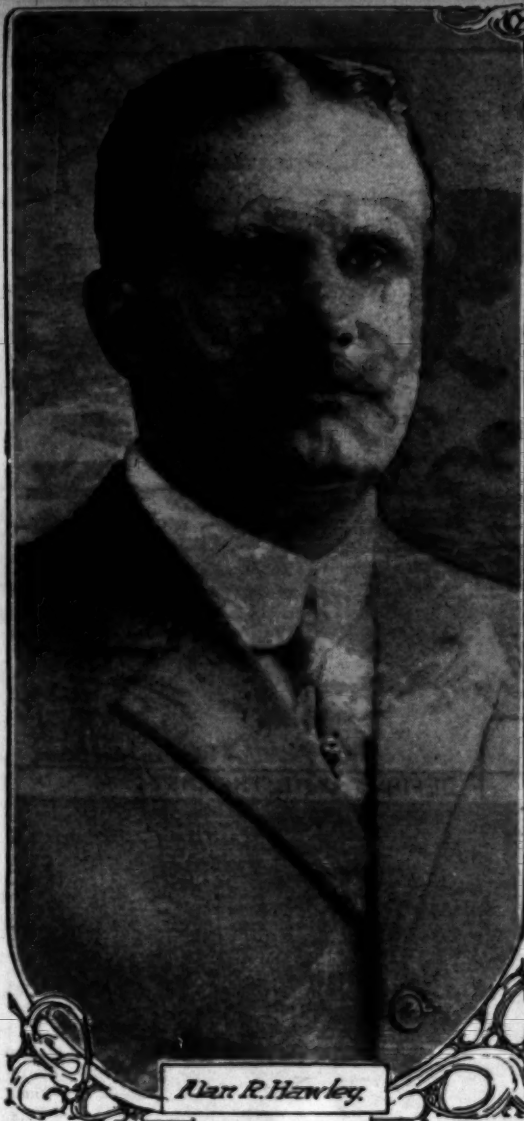
A sudden superstition chilled her. She must be more appreciative, more grateful for it all—or it might be taken from her. She must cease to anguish over trivial things or fate might bring her, as it had brought Laura, some very real disaster.

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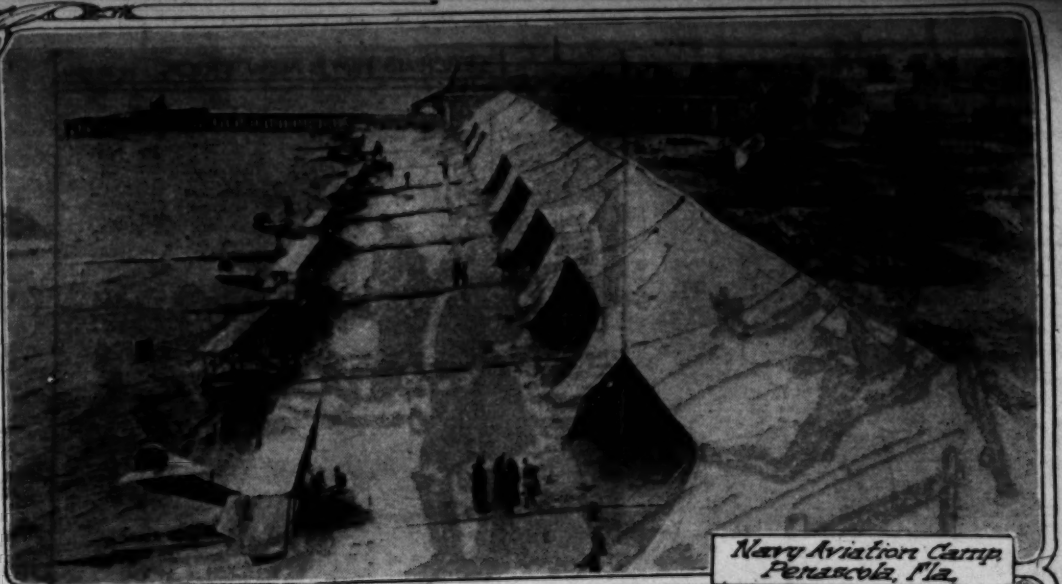


# War Really a Matter of Air Fighting Now.

By Edward Marshall.



Alan R. Hawley.



Navy Aviation Camp, Pensacola, Fla.



Assembling flying boats, Curtiss factory, Buffalo, N.Y.

wholly because of their superiority, perhaps, France, England and Russia, for instance, are willing to buy almost any motor they can get at present, and scrap it as soon as it outlives its brief usefulness, if it proves to be of an inferior grade.

## A Prize of \$150,000 Suggested.

"The Aero Club is heartily in favor of the army and navy suggestion that all those interested should devote more time than they have been giving to the problem of motor simplification and, after the government suggested that we devote our energies to engine building, suggested to the government that it offer a prize of \$150,000 for the most satisfactory motor.

"The United States, not entirely because of its military necessities as the world's greatest influence away from war, but at least as much because of the usefulness which might be developed in time of peace, should prepare West Point and Annapolis graduates to teach flying and should see to it that their flying classes are continually full of students.

"I am convinced, too, that the life-saving crews and coast guards, who are supported at large expense and for very necessary purposes, but who have little or nothing to do in summertime, should be taught flying.

"In the first place, the use of flying machines as auxiliaries to the present life-saving methods might be of immense value, and, in the second place, the instruction of these men would give us a large number of trained aviators to use elsewhere when required. These men are already familiar with their own sections and, therefore, the more readily could render themselves invaluable for scouting duty there.

"They are mostly strong, intelligent American boys, whose chosen work offers them slight incentive for effort at self-improvement. An increase of the pay of the best of them, selected for an auxiliary aviation corps, from \$50 to \$60 a month, to, say, \$70 a month, would be sufficient to induce the best men in the life-saving corps to enter the aviation service.

## Peace Uses of Aeros.

"This would be by no means a purely

military measures. All along the coast ships sink long after the storms which have injured them and which conceivably might prevent assistance tendered by an air craft have gone down.

"High winds die out much sooner than the high seas which they generate.

"An aeroplane would be a much better conveyor for a life-saving line than the line-gun ever has been.

"Nor does high wind always prevent the effective use of aeros. Men are flying in Europe now during the most terrific storms. Fog is the only thing which wholly puts an aero out of business, and a low-lying fog, over which an aviator might fly, frequently would give him view of a distressed vessel's rigging when the vapor would render her entirely invisible from shore.

"The triumph of the aero over wind is proved by the fact that men have been in the air during every bright day since the war began and there must have been some very windy days during that period. Hoxie went up at Belmont track, in 1910, in a wind so high that despite every effort of his engine he was carried many miles directly backwards, out of the course he planned to follow, but his machine suffered no ill effects and the next day he flew back to the park.

"The combinations of the aero with the life saving corps would be especially valuable in time of peace and another immensely valuable peace-time service which aviators might render to the government would be in connection with the postal service.

## Air Routes for Mail.

"Already plans have been carefully laid out for mail-carrying by aeroplane, and have received the endorsement of the Postoffice Department. It is interesting to consider some of the points made by the Second Assistant Postmaster General, who has looked into this plan.

"He suggests the possibility of more than forty air mail routes throughout the country, at places where they would be peculiarly advantageous for one reason or another. They rapidly and cheaply would deliver mail under conditions which make surface delivery slow and difficult, and they would train men who would inevitably learn the

country minutely, and thus form a corps of such military value that they would, by their potential efficiency in warfare, promote the cause of peace, having the advantage over the most military individuals of being productive members of society at all times.

"Let us consider briefly one or two of the advantages of the suggested plan. Take the route from Pentwater to Manistee, Mich., via Ludington. There is no direct rail communication between these points and, therefore, the time required for the transportation of mail by present methods is twenty-four hours and forty minutes.

"The air-line distance is thirty-five miles and the time which would be required for the delivery of mail by aeros would be about forty-five minutes.

"Throughout the country there are hundreds of instances in which the aero might be used for mail-delivery purposes to as great advantage. Its immense value in remote sections as, for example, in Alaska, and for special trips at special rates cannot be questioned for an instant.

"Take the suggested route from Albany, N. Y., to Lake Placid, also in the Empire State, where the mail service is supposed now to be at its best. The rail distance is 142 miles, letters requiring approximately eight hours and ten minutes in transit. The air-line distance is about 112 miles and the air-line postal schedule would allow, at the most, two hours and fifteen minutes for the trip.

## Across the Gulf.

"From Key West, Fla., to Havana, Cuba, the distance by water is about 100 miles, usually requiring in the northbound steamer trip nine hours and in the southbound steamer trip eight hours. The air-line distance, which would be the same, would be traversed by an aeroplane in two hours.

"At present the mail arrives at Key West at 8 a.m., and is at once transferred to the boats of the Key West and Havana railway postoffice, but it does not reach Havana until too late in the afternoon for any business delivery. In the other direction the boats leave Havana at 9:30 in the morning, too early to get that day's business mail, in order to make connections at

Key West. Imagine the benefits which would accrue from an air mail service here!"

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## Pointed Paragraphs.

[Washington Star:] One good deed points the way to another.

Cheap notoriety costs more than it is worth.

The woman who is dressed to kill ought to be arrested.

It's surprising how little it takes to encourage a hopeful person.

And the early tomat sometimes spoils the calculations of the early bird.

Having a way of your own may enable you to keep out of the way of others.

The more alimony a woman's ex-husband pays her the more attention other men pay her.

## Barbarities of War.

[Life:] She (viewing the flagship:) What does he blow that bugle for?

He: Tattoo.

She: I've often seen it on their arms, but I never knew they had a special time for doing it.

"No," replied Peter, "but I got a horrible [Life:] Editor: We can use this joke if you'll take 50 cents for it.

"I couldn't think of it. I never get less than \$1 for that joke."

## Nothing Impossible for Logic.

[New York Evening Post:] "A Governor," according to the Boston Daily Advertiser, "is a man who has shown his commanding ability—else he could not have been chosen to the position as Chief Executive of his State." After this we shall refuse to believe that anything is impossible for logic.

## Peter's Version.

[Philadelphia Ledger:] On the last day of school prizes were distributed at Peter's school. When the little boy returned home the mother was entertaining callers.

"Well, Peter," asked one of the callers, "did you get a prize?"

"No," replied Peter, "but I got a horrible mention."



On the lap of one of the squaws lay a fat papoose fast asleep. His little head rolled back and forth as the patient pony plodded on. Sticking out of the blueberry box, right near the baby's head, was the head of a little pig, who voiced his discontent by squealing right justly, but never a bit did baby mind, for he slept serenely on. The road lay between the attractive all very picturesque.

The reply was: "You forget the Sunday school and the social gatherings that have been held here these many years." I when we came West in 1861. The dramatic scene of the New Jim massacre was hastened to lock the doors if there was no fresh in my mind that I felt timid and one in sight. A shadow was thrown across the room one day and upon looking up I saw an Indian, with his face painted black and dressed in a little Sunday school uniform, and that was the beginning of a little Sunday school.

Our new life seemed a bit dreary on the Sabbath. The children played around the mill pond and profanely was common. Thinking of these things, and wondering if I could not be of use and happen if I could forget myself. I visited the school and invited the children to meet me there the following Sunday for some songs and a story. I was quite surprised to find eight or ten waiting me. The following Sunday there were thirty-six, and that was the beginning of a little Sunday school.

washers for the family when her mother again. She told me that she had done and the wife was attending motherhood in such a family. There were five children I had a never-to-be-forgotten experience following Sunday for some songs and a story. I was quite surprised to find eight or ten waiting me. The following Sunday there were thirty-six, and that was the beginning of a little Sunday school.

[Saturday, September 18, 1915]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

underneath and the moral identification was made ready to start. "My boy, good-by and good luck. If you live we will get your signal." The colonel snapped open his watch and compared it with Barton's. "Is yours a good one?" "It is, sir. If it hadn't been I wouldn't have got it out of pawn so many times." Private Barton went from the colonel's quarters directly to the forward trench. The night was black and a thin drizzle of rain had set in. He crawled over the embankment, and, flat to the ground, worked his way, inch by inch. Far to the west he could hear the dull booming of cannon and see flashes from the searchlights. But along his own front it was as still as a night in the wilderness, and the same woody sounds, the song of the hills and the chirp of the cricket crept into his ears. He had passed his own wire entanglements but his advance was so slow that, had it been broad daylight, his movements would have been barely perceptible. Now he wriggled like a snake in the grass, now he caught hold of a root and dragged himself forward. The process was painful; his muscles ached, his hand was lacerated and bleeding where it had struck against a fragment of exploded shrapnel. At last he had covered the distance, the scant quarter-mile that lay between his trench and the forward trenches of the enemy. It had taken him three hours. He could hear the tread of the sentry, now faint and far away, then closer. He waited till the sound was opposite, then called in a hoarse whisper. Instantly he was challenged.

"Wer dat?"  
"Ein Freund."  
"Vorwaerts."

Barton rose, and, as he came over the embankment, he faced men behind leveled rifles. His training as an actor stood him in good stead; to all outward appearances he was composed and he told his story simply.

"I was captured eight weeks ago at Soissons. I was sick; they put me in a hospital. One night I found an English doctor's overcoat and I escaped. I have traveled only at night; now I am starved."

One of the men pulled a sandwich from his knapsack and thrust it into Barton's hands. He ate it ravenously.

"Gott sel dank!" he whispered and tears were in his eyes.

They piloted him down the line and through a communication trench which led to the rear. Near the exit of this trench was a deep walled-up well. The stones had been removed to the level of the floor of

the trench and a bomb-proof covering over a chamber twenty feet square made the drawing of water safe by day as well as by night. Around this well they led him, thence on back of the lines to the officers' quarters. It was half-past 3 in the morning, but their day had already begun.

Private Barton was again interrogated. He told the same story, but this time in more detail. Question after question was put to him, but it was impossible to confuse him. His answers made a dependable story and there was not a shadow of suspicion lodged against him.

"Your regiment was transported to the eastern front on the sixth," he was told, "but we've lost men, and for the present, at least, you may remain here."

Barton saluted. It was a slightly different form of salute from that adopted in the imperial army, but it passed unnoticed. He was given breakfast and allotted a rifle and ammunition. All that day he stood in the trench, shoulder to shoulder with his enemies, firing back toward the men on his own line. Occasionally he passed a word with a man on either side of him, but for the most part he remained silent, waiting, listening. At 6 the relief came and Barton filed out through the communication trench to the rear. He passed around the sunken well in the excavation and shuddered as he glanced into its depth. Night stole on; he had learned nothing. It might take another day, perhaps two, to obtain the necessary information. In the quarters the dim lights had gone out. Most of the men slept, but a few talked in whispers to their comrades. Suddenly Barton half rose on his elbow; he heard the words distinctly. They were spoken by a young noncommissioned officer.

"God help us if they attack tonight or tomorrow," said he; "two of our ammunition trains have been blown up. They've been telegraphing all day. Oberhaus has just come from headquarters; that's why they're cutting us down on supplies. There's not enough loads for a third of the machine guns."

Barton listened until he was sure that no further information was forthcoming; then he turned on his side and slept. All the next day he waited in the trench, alert, intense. Finally it arrived—the appointed hour. He looked at his watch. It was just 5 o'clock when the imaginary bullet ricocheted in through the loop-hole and sent the imaginary dust flying into his face. Barton staggered back, a hand flew to his forehead, a look of frenzy flashed in his eyes. Then he leaped forward.

"Donnerwetter!" he yelled, "you didn't

get me that time, du Teufelskind, du—"

He snatched off his helmet, and standing up in the trench, flouted it in the faces of the Kaiser's enemies.

The signal had been given. Barton knew that a score of eyes, watching through powerful binoculars, had caught it. He started to reload his rifle and as he did so he was aware that an officer was watching him. Instantly he realized that something had gone wrong with the signal; some movement had not been entirely natural. It is a small act indeed that escapes the German military. Two men were standing back of him in guarded conversation. Presently one of them stepped forward and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Why that signal?"

Barton shook his head. They asked him questions to which he replied in a straightforward manner, but still they were not satisfied. Shortly afterward he was placed under arrest and taken before the commanding officer. His clothes and equipment were held for inspection and again he was submitted to a rapid-fire examination. In the meantime a man from the camp kitchen, bearing the officer's supper, entered and stood apart, listening. Barton was interrogated on every point, but they could bring out no evidence against him and he was about to be dismissed when the fellow with the tray suddenly came forth and saluted.

"I can identify that man," said he. "I have seen him act on the stage, not once, but twenty times. When I was a waiter in a London cafe I have served him with many a meal; his name is Barton."

A singular silence fell on the room. Somebody lit a lamp; then two petty officers who had been making an examination of the prisoner's clothing came forward. One of them snapped open the watch he had carried for thirty-odd years. On the inside of the hunting-case was the name, "Henry Barton," and the date, "1879."

"I think, sir, said he that the evidence is complete."

A court-martial was called and Private Barton was sentenced to be hung that same night. He made but one request; he asked to be shot. But the commanding officer shook his head.

A smile crept over the prisoner's features; he had not lived in vain, after all. His life had not counted for much, but none would be able to say that of his death. They led him away; a double guard watched his every movement. He was underground in a bomb-proof; why were they so careful of his life now; he knew also that darkness had fallen on the outer world. The hours dragged by and Barton

stared about him. Suddenly he leaned forward and listened. A steady rumble greeted his ears. He held his breath; he could hear the crash of the explosives, the shrapnel and the bursting shells. The big guns far back of his own line were coming into action and were raining hate on the German position. The din increased, the wind rose, the rumble, the shriek and the whine of the shells were music to his ears. Now and again the detonations gathered volume, now the wind hurled the sounds back into the night. Another hour passed and still there was no let-up from that storm of lead and hate. In the midst of this tumult there came a pounding at the door. One of the guards flung it open and Barton could hear the words distinctly:

"Can't use the scaffold back of the quarters—firing too hot, but we're rigged up in another place. Are you ready?"

They were, and leading the prisoner between them they crossed toward the forward lines and entered the communication trench. Ahead the soft glow from a half-dozen lanterns fell on the faces of the men who lined the walls. The prisoner halted. So this was the place. Above the sunken well a tripod reared its head and from it hung a coil of rope. They waited for two other officers who were to be allowed the privilege of witnessing death at a closer range. Finally they arrived. Everything was in readiness, and the prisoner, his hands bound, mounted the platform and stood upon the trap.

What was that noise. Every man in the room stood listening. The sound surged back and forth like the beat of the tide; the cries from human throats, the curses, the madness of thousands. And still the din roared louder—louder and closer. Men were already rushing into the passage. One with a gaping wound in his cheek paused:

"They're on us, the damned Engländer," he yelled. "We're done for. Our men are in retreat. Gott mit uns! Run, every man of you."

Voices echoed in the tunnel. Confusion gave way to terror. Those assembled for the hanging now ran to save their own necks. One man turned, ran back and yanked at the trap-spring; but the thing didn't work. He whipped out a revolver and fired point-blank at Barton's head and in his frenzy the bullet went wild. The next instant a British bayonet caught him under the chin and pinned him to the earthen wall.

An hour later, when he came before his colonel, Private Barton finally admitted that he had had a pretty close call.

# Sunshine and Shadow by the Way.

By Sarah A. Evans.

A SKETCH.  
"Let one more attest—  
I have lived, seen God's hand through a lifetime,  
And all for the best."

AFTER spending two happy years, at the close of the Civil War, among charming relatives and friends in the city of Buffalo, a comrade, with whom my husband had seen three years' service, urged him to return to Wisconsin and engage in the milling business with him.

They bought a small flouring mill and 300 acres of land located on the M. St. P. & M. R. R. where there was a flag station, a grocery, blacksmith shop, schoolhouse and half a dozen houses.

Husband, baby and I were soon settled in a simple little home, but with our young hearts full of hope and determined to make the best of our surroundings, which were in strong contrast to those we had left in Buffalo.

When we bought the mill we put every cent of our slender capital that we could possibly spare into it, so when we went to housekeeping I asked for but little, and tried to make my hands and my wits supply the deficiencies of my purse. Cottons and linens were very high after the war. Calico was 50 cents a yard.

It was not very long before a cousin from the East expressed a desire to visit us. He was the scion of an aristocratic

family, bred in luxury and never having borne a responsibility in his life; it is no wonder that he was a "gay bird" in more ways than one. The family had encouraged the visit, hoping our example might inspire him to a steadier flight. He came and stayed six weeks. I was very sensitive as to the strong contrast between his home and ours, and I naturally tried in all possible and impossible ways to lessen it. I had but two nice white hand towels. The rest of my hand towels were of common brown linen, which I did not consider good enough for my guest, so every morning these two were washed and ironed and placed back in his room. Had my guest been a woman she would have caught me at some of my little schemes—he did once. At that time Irish Mary was with me. She was as green as the sod of "Ould Ireland," from which she had recently come. There was just one thing that she could not well, i.e., wash. She knew no more about the ironing of linen than a baby, and neither did I. I groaned in spirit one day when our exquisite appeared faultlessly arrayed in a fine white duck suit, for I knew that in all that country no one could be hired to launder it. Mary brought it out of the wash looking well, but the ironing of the stiff unyielding goods nearly fulfilled my worst anticipations. The coat was finished, but not at all to my satisfaction, and hung over a chair. I had just commenced on the trousers when my husband came in and noticed my work and my troubled face

as I said: "I cannot make these look well." He replied: "It is too heavy work for you. Show me how and I will try to do it." We were both at work at the refractory goods when our guest appeared at the door. He took in the situation, which, with heightened color, I tried to turn off with a joke. He said nothing, but that was the last seen of the white duck suit.

He was sufficiently fascinated with the life to express a wish to become a member of the firm, but the other members decided that that timber was hardly stable enough to endure.

But I want to tell you more of Mary McCarthy. It was almost impossible to get help of any kind, and I was glad to get her, despite the habits of the sod, which she had undeniably brought with her and which sorely tried me; but she was cheery and wanted to learn, so we got along bravely. She was a devoted Catholic and stood in great fear of the priest. She told me that the Father in Ireland caught her standing outside a Protestant church listening to the music. He obliged her to walk twelve miles to confession. She said: "Sure, I niver did that agin."

I let her have every other Sunday to attend mass and to visit with her friends in the adjacent village. I began to hope that she might become a valuable servant, when she returned one Sabbath eve and told me between laughter and tears, "I been married this day."

"Married?" I exclaimed. "I did not know that you had a beau."

"Nayther did I have," said she. "I niver seen him afore this day, and I'm just that scart at what I've done that I wish I hadn't done it."

"But, Mary, how did you dare to do such a thing—to marry a man of whom you know nothing?"

"Sure, me friends tould me he is all right, and he owns his own saloon."

"Owns his own saloon! Oh, Mary—and what shall I do with a guest in the house and no help?"

"Sure, I'm not going to be lavin' ye now."

"Why, but you'll have to, now that you've married him."

"Deed I'll not. I told him that ye'd been that good to me that I wouldn't marry him at all, at all, if I had to lave you afore ye got another girl."

He was so intent on "doing that same," as they say in Ireland, that he consented to wait for two weeks for her. When the time was up she left in tears. I suspect she had a little fear of the new life before her, and she felt sorry to "lave the misthis widout help."

I never saw her again, but she often inquired after us, and a long time afterward, to prove her love and devotion, she sent me—what do you think? A quart bottle of her husband's best whisky.

The country was comparatively new. Customers often came eighteen and twenty miles to mill. The farmers, as a class,



**A WOMAN OF BRAINS.**  
 To know Mrs. Elizabeth Brown Davis and her work should be proof sufficient to convince the ability of a brilliantly

mer holiday spent in old Nantucket. While there she made a pilgrimage to the home of Maria Mitchell, the American astronomer, who accomplished so long and noble a work at Vassar College. The Maria Mitchell Association stopped where there were able to see the country they had special trains, which "Where steam could convey them across wants to wait upon him."

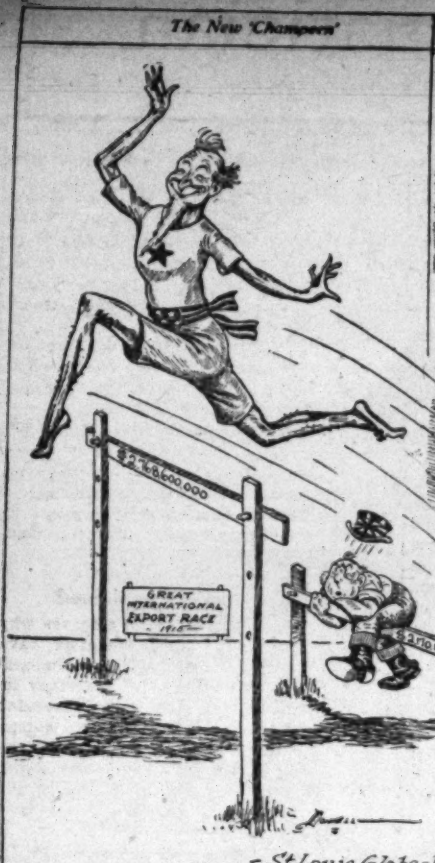
# Woman Astronomical Mathematician.

By a Special Contributor.

[Saturday, September 18, 1915.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

## Recent Cartoons.



- St. Louis Globe-Democrat.



- Philadelphia Record.



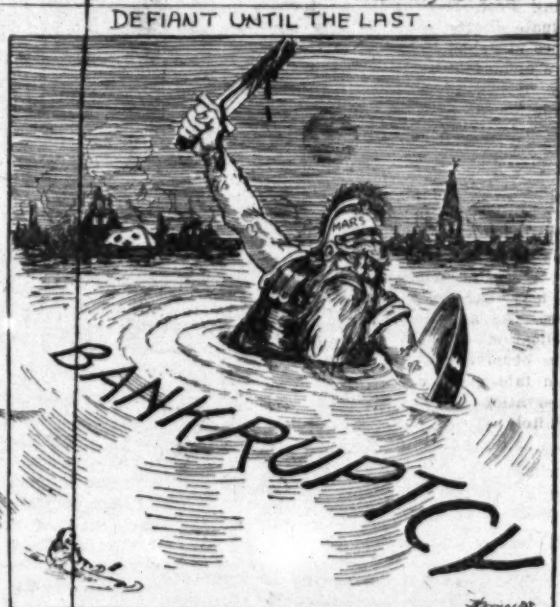
- Washington Star.



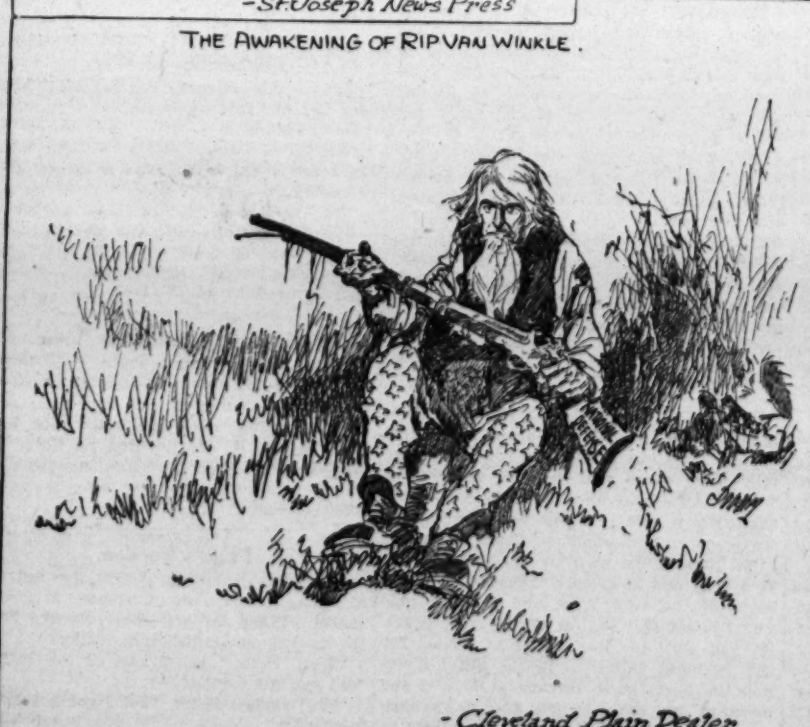
- St. Joseph News Press.



"DID YOU EVER SEE SUCH A NUT!" - Cleveland Plain Dealer.



- Portland Oregonian.



- Cleveland Plain Dealer.



- New York World.



*Saturday, September 18, 1915.*

*By Rose L. Ellerbe.*

"Evangeline! I hadn't dared hope you'd come this way!"

Miss Walsh looked up, recognized their presence with surprise; cried appealingly: "Oh, Miss Westcott, I'm in such trouble!"

here with Muriel—it was Muriel, after all, that he loved. And Evangeline must despise him. He turned again toward Miss Westcott, who was walking away deliberately—perhaps a trifle over indifferently. He would be an everlasting cad not to go on with her, but he was possessed by an overmastering desire to stay here with Muriel. With a mighty effort at decision, he turned to apologize to Muriel, who, with back to him, was

"Sure!" and he drew her close.

*By Kensett Rossiter.*

prisoner on another part of the front. He was told the man's name, his company, his regiment. The smallest details had been arranged for, even to the German-made



# Woman Astronomical Mathematician.

By a Special Contributor.

## A WOMAN OF BRAINS.

**T**O KNOW Mrs. Elizabeth Brown Davis and her work should be proof sufficient to dissolve the last shred of doubt concerning the ability of a brilliantly intellectual woman to advance year after year in the course of her chosen profession, and, at the same time, to carry with obvious success the full responsibilities of marriage, which in her case comprise over twenty-five years of wifehood, motherhood and homemaking.

Mrs. Davis is said to be the greatest woman authority upon astronomical mathematics in this country, probably in the world, and has been making computations for the Nautical Almanac, published annually by the United States Naval Observatory at Washington, for the past twenty-nine years.

Mrs. Davis began this work soon after her graduation from the George Washington University, under Prof. Simon Newcomb, the distinguished astronomer, who had charge of the Nautical Almanac for many years. During the early years of assisting Prof. Newcomb she took a post-graduate course in astronomy and mathematics at Johns Hopkins University, whose doors opened to her before they were regularly opened to women, upon the recommendation of Prof. Newcomb. From that time to this Mrs. Davis has made the computations for the Nautical Almanac.

The Nautical Almanac, for use in navigation, is published several years ahead, yet it gives the phases of the sun, moon and stars for every day of the year, and in some cases for every hour of the day. Today, from the Almanac of 1916 and 1917, one may read the heavens for the next two years. As a consequence of this advance publication the phases cannot be taken from observations, but must be computed from tables which are based upon former observations. The immense amount of infinitely minute and complicated calculations Mrs. Davis must make in a year may thus be realized in a general way.

"Made in America."

French tables made in the early part of the nineteenth century were formerly used in the compilation of the Nautical Almanac; but in the latter part of that century Prof. Newcomb, having access to better observations and his own ideas in regard to them, made better tables, and from his work all computations have since been made for this government's Nautical Almanac, as well as for most of those abroad.

Mrs. Davis did much valuable work in assisting Prof. Newcomb in the preparation of those tables of the sun and planets. During the first twenty-five years of her work the American scientists made their own computations of the sun, moon and every star.

A few years ago, at an astronomical congress held in Paris, an international agreement was entered into by which work which had been done in duplicate in the various countries—the United States, England, France, Germany and Spain—should be divided. It was agreed that each of the countries should make a certain portion of the computations and divide them. As Mrs. Davis had made the computations of the sun for the United States for a quarter of a century when this agreement was entered into, the last ephemeris of the sun she computed was for 1916, and published a year ago. It is a noteworthy fact that while the computations of the sun and planets are now made abroad, Prof. Newcomb's tables are used for the purpose.

The division of the work apportioned to this country included, with other things, the computation of the occultations of the stars by the moon, and a portion of these occultations have been assigned to Mrs. Davis. In addition to this work for the past four years, she has been devoting a portion of her time to research work at the observatory, assisting in investigations of the orbit of Mars and the movements of the satellites of Saturn. A great part of her computation work is done at home, but occasionally, when unpublished manuscripts are to be consulted, they cannot be taken



MRS. ELIZABETH BROWN DAVIS.  
(Photo by Harris & Ewing.)

from the observatory and the various scientists must work from them at the observatory.

Loves all Mathematics.

"Which side of the work, the mathematical or the astronomical, appeals more strongly to your taste?"

"I love astronomy, but I love mathematics more, and I love all branches of mathematics. I had a rare treat a few years ago when I went to Paris for one fall and winter in the interest of my daughter's education. I took a special course at the Sorbonne under Gaston Darboux, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of living mathematicians. He is a dear old man, now over 70, but as hale and keen as ever in his work."

Mrs. Davis finds her greatest relaxation and her favorite recreation in different branches of mathematics. She keeps in touch with the latest current mathematical literature and is ever seeking new problems on which to try her strength. Several years ago a friend of a scientific publication offered a prize for the best paper explaining the fourth dimension in a manner sufficiently popular in style, to be easily understood by the layman.

The prize was won by a United States army officer—Col. Fitch, a brother of the playwright, Clyde Fitch. But out of several hundred papers submitted, Prof. Manning of Brown University selected and published in book form about twenty of the papers which he regarded as the most elucidating. Mrs. Davis's was the only paper written by a woman chosen for this book.

Attendance upon the meetings of the American Mathematical Society, of which she is a member, is another favorite form of diversion with this clever scientist. This is an organization of about 700 members, who are almost all professors of mathematics in universities and colleges. There are perhaps forty other women in the order. She reads the reports of the society when she cannot attend, but finds that she gets so much more out of the papers when she hears them read and discussed that she rarely misses a meeting. The headquarters of the society are in New York City.

A Visit at Maria Mitchell's Home.

Mrs. Davis has just returned from a sum-

mer holiday spent in old Nantucket. While there she made a pilgrimage to the home of Maria Mitchell, the American astronomer, who accomplished so long and noble a work at Vassar College. The Maria Mitchell Association, composed of former pupils and friends, purchased her old home in Nantucket, also the telescope she used for many years at Vassar. The latter is set up in her garden, and a caretaker shows this to the visitor, as well as the house in which the greatly beloved astronomer and educator spent her youth.

Every summer a college woman, who is specializing in astronomy, is invited to spend the season at Miss Mitchell's home. There she pursues her studies, inspired and aided by the use of the telescope and library of their great former owner. This year a Miss Raymond of Smith College is the privileged occupant of the cottage and garden. Born in 1818, Miss Mitchell, who computed the ephemeris of Venus for several years, was the only woman to precede Mrs. Davis in astronomical computation for the Nautical Almanac, so that there was over a generation's lapse between the work of the two women. Miss Mitchell loved her telescope work as Mrs. Davis loves her mathematics, and once she wrote a poem set after the measures of "Home, Sweet Home," whose refrain began, "Dome, dome, sweet, sweet dome!"

Mrs. Davis accomplished a remarkable piece of work some five years ago when she made an astronomical chart of the heavens as they were in the year 1000. This was made to accompany the gift to Trinity College of a translation of an old saga containing the history of the discovery of America by the Norsemen. The idea of making the chart, showing the position of the stars, which had much to do with the sailing of the expedition under Lief Ericsson, was a happy one. Mrs. Davis completed it in a few weeks and gave it to the college, at the same time making a copy of it to be sent to Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, United States Minister at Copenhagen, who presented it to the King of Denmark.

Although devoted to her own scientific work, Mrs. Davis takes the keenest interest in that of her husband, Mr. Arthur Powell Davis, director of the United States reclamation service.

"Do you know that the reclamation service covers just about half of the United States?" she said, enthusiastically. "It benefits sixteen States, and there are more than one project in each State, and when you realize that there are single projects which are larger in area than the Panama Canal you gain some idea of the magnitude of the service."

Her Family Not Neglected.

Despite her many-sided scientific interests Mrs. Davis has found time to give the upbuilding and education of her four daughters the utmost care and personal direction, and her well-kept and attractive home has her supervision in every detail. Her caller admired some handsome bronzes and an array of exquisite cloisonne vases.

"Mr. Davis brought those from China last year when he went, at the request of the American Red Cross, to examine the flood problem of that country, and to recommend a course of action for its relief. Some of our interesting rugs he picked up in Turkestan when he visited that country a few years ago at the request of the Russian government to advise regarding irrigation measures. He had many varied and interesting experiences in that country, traveling across the barren wastes on camelback, experiencing all the hardships of the wild in one section and all the luxuries a monarch could bestow in another."

"He came across ruined forts and other erections built by Alexander the Great. At Balam Ali Kall there is a splendid palace where the representative of the Czar resides on the enormous estate on which the Emperor raises the cotton and supplies the larger part of his income. Here the engineering party, of which my husband was a member, was entertained right royally. Each man had a large suite of apart-

ments for his own use, with a staff of servants to wait upon him.

"Where steam could convey them across country they had special trains, which stopped where there were sights to see as well as land to be irrigated; but again the desert and the ship of the desert brought the stern realities of life under Russian rule before them."

"I travel as much as possible with my husband, but did not take the oriental trips. He went with a party of men and penetrated regions impracticable for a woman."

With a husband whose work is of high scientific value, a family and home which satisfies every domestic wish, and her own scientific work as a stimulating intellectual resource, Mrs. Davis's lot would appear to be that of a woman with an almost perfectly rounded life.

## Why Fish Are Near-Sighted.

[Tit-Bits:] In the effort to discover why fishes are so near-sighted, scientists have been making some remarkable experimental studies of their eyes. One of the many interesting facts which these studies revealed was that fishes' eyes compared with human eyes are relatively large. The length of the eye of a fish is ordinarily about one-twentieth of its length, while the length of the eyeball of a man is from a sixtieth to a seventieth of his height.

The eyes of fishes are in constant use except when they are asleep. Most fishes have no eyelids, their eyes being protected from injury by a shiny material or by a thick, transparent skin. The puffer, or swellfish, which habitually burrows in sand at the bottom of the water, has eyelids which cover the eyeballs when closed, the lower eyelid being larger than the upper.

In the experimental work the eyes of normal fishes were first examined with the retinoscope, then by electrical stimulation the focus was changed from distant to near objects.

It was found that, contrary to statements sometimes made, the eyes of fishes when swimming were focused for distant vision. Fishes are able to focus their eyes on near objects—as close as four inches—by the action of the superior and inferior oblique muscles; they have no ciliary muscles. It was found possible by operation on the oblique muscles to make the fish near-sighted, far-sighted or astigmatic.

## An Essay on Rabbits.

[Strickland Gillilan in Farm Life:] There are many kinds of rabbits besides the Welsh kind and Belgian hares.

The rabbit is what some people haven't any more sense than.

Rabbits are great mathematicians. They multiply with much rapidity and are good to eat in addition. Almost any fried rabbit is big enough to divide.

When we were boys, we used to lie on our alimentary canals near the root of a tubular tree where a dog had chased a closely-pursued bunny to sequester himself, and twist at that entrenched wat till we had so much of his foliage on the green brier we were using, that he was glad to come out and join the majority of his fleece.

This was rank cruelty from a humane standpoint, but it is part of a regular boy's normal life, so why masticate the rag and get horrified over it?

If you are fond of young fruit trees and rabbits, you are doomed to have a one-sided happiness in your life, for you will have to give up one or the other.

A 10-cent rabbit with its belly full of the vital sap bark of a \$12 apple tree is the happiest thing ever.

## The Optimist.

[Exchange:] Hemmandhaw: Beanbrough is a prize optimist.

Shimmerpate: What makes you think that?

Hemmandhaw: This morning, when I met him, he said he would soon be done with walking.

Shimmerpate: Indeed?

Hemmandhaw: Yes; he said he had just bought two chances for an automobile rifle.



# The Allurements of Muriel and Evangeline.

By Rose L. Ellerbe.

[Saturday, September 18, 1913.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

## Out of the Shadows. By Vlasta A. Hungerford.

### LIGHT AND LOVE.

DWIGHT HARRIGAN, coming out of the hospital, stopped on the steps for a moment and looked about him. Things didn't seem much changed. The same old sun burned down, the same old flowers bloomed and the birds were singing the same old tunes.

Yet there was a vast difference in it all. Dwight had felt this in the hospital during the weeks preceding his dismissal. He now acknowledged the change to be in himself. And he wondered dully whether he would ever get used to this new self. The mirror had told him it would be hard—bitterly hard. He never fully realized before just how much he had depended on his good looks. And now he had those ugly, twisted scars on his erstwhile good-looking countenance.

The disfigurement had already born its first fruit. Dorothy Lake had yesterday, after one long look at his face, fully uncovered the first time since the explosion, silently taken off her engagement ring and handed it back to him. And as silently he had accepted it, wondering vaguely why he did not feel worse over the broken engagement. But perhaps that was another quirk in that new self of his.

Looks don't make a man, but any radical change in one's appearance, good or bad, has its effect. Dwight Harrigan felt curiously humbler than ever he had in all his good-looking young life. And he marveled at it.

But he was anxious to see what others thought of it all. So he walked down the street to a busy corner and stood watching the people passing by. Men took him as a matter of course, glancing at his scarred face and away again, indifferently. It was the women who made him suffer. He met startled glances hastily averted, others frankly sympathetic and some full of aversion. A few friends stopped in passing to make remarks and offer sympathy. No one seemed able to overlook the change in his appearance and to treat him as usual. They couldn't accept him as the same old Dwight Harrigan. Well, he really wasn't the same, he told himself. He felt different. And he was still weak from the long confinement in the hospital, and shaky in the legs. Something hot suddenly burned in his eyes. Pulling his hat low he stumbled through the surging crowds and boarded a passing street car.

At the end of the line he took to the rough wagon road, walking on and on, anywhere to get away from the people. He felt that he would like to hide his face in his mother's lap—had she been living—and cry long and loudly.

The road turned into a wood now, and swinging along, head down, he didn't see the girl until he was almost upon her. She was seated on a fallen log by the roadway. He looked up to find her gazing intently toward him. And he thought hers the most beautiful eyes he had ever seen. For they didn't shrink before his disfigurement. Staring fascinated, he discovered that she had been crying. Her lashes were still wet. He raised his hat and stood hesitating. Her expression didn't change, except that a little alarm crept into her eyes.

"I beg your pardon—you were crying—and you are alone. Can I help you in any way?" he asked kindly.

At sound of his voice her alarm left her and she smiled wistfully. It made her beautiful.

"No; I thank you," she replied gravely. "But—but you were crying!" persisted Dwight, searching her manner for some consciousness of his poor, aching face.

"I—was lonesome," she told him frankly, the forlorn look returning to her face.

What impulse moved him Dwight couldn't have told but he sat down near her. "And I," he said unsteadily, "was trying to get away from the people—from people's eyes." He looked at her timidly. "You don't seem to mind," he ventured at last; "you don't shrink from my ugly scarred face as others do—why is it?"

She studied her reply. "I like people for what they are," she said finally, "any you have a good voice—I always judge by the voice."

Dwight laughed a little harshly. "Well, you're the first person I've met yet, since

the accident, who can overlook the scars and admire my voice. Everybody is so busy pitying me, they forget everything else."

"Tell me about the—the accident," she said softly, clasping her hands about her knees and gazing dreamily off into the distance.

She was an odd girl—not over 20, Dwight guessed, and so—so sensible. He found himself liking her immensely—and humbly. In the old days he would have bestowed his liking as a favor. Now he was grateful that she even wished him to talk to her.

So he told her all about the explosion and his stay in the hospital and the carelessness of the man to whom the accident was due—and revealed more heartache and discouragement in the telling that he realized. "But think," she exclaimed, after he had finished, "you might have been killed, like those other two you spoke about. You are only scarred."

"Yes, I am only scarred," he admitted wearily, "but sometimes I think I'd rather be dead."

"You mustn't," she told him. "That is very wrong—but such things—are hard to bear."

"The doctor said," continued Dwight, believing she referred to his disfigurement, "that time will soften them—and that I must massage my face every day—that will help too—." His voice held hope, and a question lay back of the statement. But she failed to reassure him. Instead she turned her clear eyes full upon him.

"Don't you think they will—soften?" he asked finally.

"Are they very—deep?" she questioned. "No," he replied, "they are not very deep."

Her manner was very serious. "Just skin-scars?" she asked again.

He smiled a little at that. "Yes, just skin-scars." But he wanted her honest opinion of it all, for it was a deep tragedy to Dwight.

"Say, tell me honest," he demanded gruffly, "just what do you think of my face, anyway— isn't it horrible enough to make a girl—a pretty girl, like you, shiver?"

She flushed scarlet. "Is it so bad—then?" Something in her manner all at once gave him an inkling of the real truth. He got up from where he was sitting and came very close to her.

"Look at me!" he demanded, trying to peer closely into her eyes.

She knew he had guessed.

"Yes," she said with a little quiver in her voice. "I am blind."

Dwight stood in shocked silence before the beautiful silent eyes upturned to his.

"You—are—blind!" he exclaimed slowly.

"Oh, what a pity!" She managed a little smile. "There you go pitying—doing the very thing you don't want other people to do."

"I say," he stammered, "I didn't mean—." "Of course you didn't," she interrupted. "I guess people just can't help pitying others, unfortunate."

In silence Dwight stood studying the girl, and she smiled, with a brave look on her face that hurt him in the throat to look at.

"But why—did you pretend—at first?" he finally asked, with so much gentleness in his voice that it startled him.

"It seemed to give you so much comfort to find that I didn't—didn't mind your scars, I couldn't bear to let you know why I hadn't minded."

"Well," he said wearily, "that was bully of you, little girl—and I appreciate it." She read returning doubt and discouragement in his voice again.

"I see with my fingers," she began eagerly. "Would you mind letting me feel your face? I can tell you then if it is so bad—as you think."

Without a word Dwight stooped over her. Her cool, light fingers traveled swiftly over his face, then she smiled.

"It is not nearly so bad as you imagine," she told him confidently. Your features are not twisted at all. It's only skin-scars. You had me thinking that you were all twisted up and drawn. I'm afraid you aren't very brave. What if you had an affliction like mine?"

"There's a lot of truth in that," he agreed,

unconsciously brutal. "Have you always been blind?"

"Only since five years ago," she told him hopefully. "And I can see light, when it's real bright—like the sun or an electric arc."

"Is—is it incurable?"

"They are not quite sure," she answered again. "It would take a very painful operation to determine."

A silence fell, broken after a moment by approaching voices from up the road.

"The girls are coming back for me," she said, listening.

Dwight sighed heavily. "I'll go—before they see me," she said nothing and he stood hesitating before her.

"Say!" he finally burst out, "I like you awfully well; can I ever see you again?"

She smiled. "I'm going away tomorrow. In six weeks I expect to be back. Perhaps I'll come here again. I like this spot. And I live in the little house on the hill. But I'll be here—maybe."

Dwight held her firm little hand in an eager clasp. "I want to thank you for the first happy hour I've spent since it—it happened," he hurried on, "and now goodbye until six weeks from today—you really meant that?"

"Surely," she replied smiling. "Goodbye—and—be brave."

He started away, then returned. "I nearly forgot to introduce myself," he explained hastily. "I am Dwight Harrigan, mining engineer for Klaus & Cordon."

"Oh," she exclaimed, surprised. "I've heard of you—through friends. I am Marian Gray."

And Dwight barely made his escape before a quartette of girls came swinging around the bend of the road singing "Tipperary."

In the weeks that followed Dwight Harrigan pulled himself together. The scars were not so bad as he had at first imagined, and were gradually fading in color. And with returning physical strength came disgust for his former weakness and discouragement. He had learned a valuable thing; that to make other people forget a thing, one must forget it one's self. As long as he went about gloomy and conscious of his marred face others fought shy of him. Since he had chosen to forget, and to be himself once more, his friends had come back stronger than before. Even Dorothy Lake had stopped him on the street and chatted quite invitingly. But Dwight didn't let her impress him. There was only one girl on his mind now, and she was the girl with the beautiful, silent eyes. He looked forward eagerly to the day they should meet again.

He found her, just as on the previous occasion, only this time she wasn't crying. They met like old friends.

"Hello, there!" he called out cheerily. "I knew you'd be here."

"And I knew you'd come," she replied with characteristic simplicity.

He stood looking down at her, but she wouldn't raise her eyes.

"How—how are the scars?" she asked.

"Not half bad—here—feel." He bent toward her. She slipped her fingers over his face.

"Fine," she said encouragingly. "You must keep up the massaging—why, they aren't bad at all, any more."

"Do you know," he began awkwardly, "I was all shot to pieces—that day—and you were so sweet and patient. I don't know what you think of me, but I'm not such a coward and boob as I appeared. I've got my grip again, and I've done a lot of thinking." He tried to study her expression.

"Do you suppose," he continued after a while, "that a brave girl like you could learn to care for a fellow like me—some day?"

"A blind girl—like me?" she breathed softly.

He held her hands now. "A blind girl like you," he replied gravely. "I care—very much—more than you would believe." Dwight was a little white now. He slipped a ring from his pocket and pressed it into her palm.

"Would you wear that for me—until—until such a time as we might decide to get the plain gold one—or don't you care enough?"

She flushed rosily. "Oh, I do care," she said, "but—but stop and think—be sure—"

"I have been thinking ever since I last saw you," he said determinedly. "I'd rather have you than anybody else in the whole world."

She smiled. "But you'd rather I wasn't blind?"

"I'm not so sure," he said. "You might not like me then—for you do like me a little, don't you?"

"A lot," she replied.

"Then you will wear it?" he asked, prepared to slip the ring on her finger. But she drew back, and rising to her feet, "Not just yet," she said, her voice unsteady with gladness.

"Look at me. Don't you see? Where do you suppose I've been these past six weeks?"

He stared at her, slowly comprehending. "You've had it done?" he said slowly. "You can see?" Amazement lit his face, and a tremendous joy in the miracle.

"Yes, I can see," she told him proudly, "and it's unbelievably blessed to be out of the darkness again. No one can know—who hasn't been there."

They stood looking at each other, then he suddenly remembered his scars. He flushed a little and looked troubled. She read his thought, and coming closer held out her hand.

"You may put it on now," she told him gravely.

### Like a Scene in a Play.

Zelaya, the extraordinary man who for sixteen years retained the Presidency of Nicaragua, only to lose it because he went too far in offending the government of the United States, had all the "temperament" of the Latin race. Brave and ambitious, he was never satisfied unless he performed his actions in the most dramatic manner possible.

His spies once brought him information that a revolution was being planned by several of his army officers. They were to meet at a certain evening at the house of one of the conspirators to arrange the final details.

While they were eagerly discussing the best way to seize the President the door opened and in walked Zelaya himself.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said pleasantly. "I heard you had a party here this evening, and I have dropped in to share the fun. Quite a distinguished gathering! You are discussing military matters, no doubt?"

And thus he continued, chatting affably for half an hour, while his enemies were torn with fear and suspense. Did he know of the plot? Most of them thought he did, and wondered whether they had better not take him at once. But he was so cordial, so thoroughly at ease that they hesitated.

Presently he rose, poured out some wine and raised his glass.

"A toast, gentlemen," he said. "Here's long life to the President of Nicaragua, and confusion to all traitors!"

As he spoke he hurled the glass against the window, where it smashed to pieces with a crash. The door flew open and thirty or forty soldiers, who had been waiting outside for the signal, rushed in. All the plotters were convicted, but the President dealt leniently with them. Some were imprisoned and some were exiled, but none were shot. E.T.

### Bronze Gold Reflector.

[Popular Mechanics:] Government tests are reported to have shown that a new type of mirror, now used on the largest searchlight in service in the United States navy, is manifestly superior to any reflecting medium heretofore developed for this purpose.

Instead of being made of silver-surfaced glass, the parabola consists of a bronze casting electroplated with gold. This form of construction seems to have a number of important points in favor of it.

Silver is always subjected to corrosion, while gold is not. Furthermore, the optical properties of gold reflecting surfaces are superior to those of silver in that the gold rays penetrate thick, foggy atmospheres much more efficiently than does light reflected by a silver mirror.



THE MATE.  
Intense, oppressive, and on the  
glazed and coppery surface of the  
day the Lady Rowena, direct from the cool-  
er waters of the south, lay as motionless  
at anchor as an enchanted swan.  
With his head down over his eyes  
and his hand on his forehead, he  
pocket a medicine bottle and a spoon  
the vaporous exhalation of vast marshes  
and abhorrent, greenish sloughs. There  
hope," he said.  
"This will pay for a worn suit I should  
Mr. Ames picked up the coins, rubbed his  
chin, and eyed the stranger doubtfully.  
"It's irregular, you know, awfully irreg-  
lar, and besides, this is a private yacht."  
"Oh, come it, man," growled the stranger  
with a wave of impatience, "is anything  
Dr. Henderson."  
"and of course you must accompany  
ride," and of course you must accompany  
with his thumb to the stout man with the  
eyes came a look of infinite pity. He signed  
sublime case. And of course—"into his  
man broke out from the lazaretto. A virulent  
millionaire turned away. "You see, this—  
the captain slowly from where he stood. The

# The Return of the Crew. By Idwal Jones.

[Saturday, September 18, 1915.  
Saturday, September 18, 1915.]

## The Mysterious Stranger on the Train. By Earl H. Hendriksen.

### A SEALED NOTE.

HE GOT on at Denver, and so did she. The porter was so busy conducting him and his alligator luggage into berth ten that she and the wicked suit case she carried found their way unaided to berth eleven by themselves.

Ostensibly the stranger was a very handsome, clean-cut, athletic individual of forty-four or thereabouts, connected with a good country family, and distinctively averse to social exertion. His income was plainly above normal; he had a restless predilection for prying into the hidden places of the earth with a moving-picture machine, as was evidenced by the photoplay magazine he carried. Moving pictures therefore must be his hobby, and his entire air was respectable.

And she was just as pretty as she could be—and happy! Joy actually radiated from her in waves. An air of eager expectancy showed in her every movement. She settled herself comfortably one moment, only to nervously bounce about and seek another spot on the green velvet cushion the next.

She surveyed her flushed cheeks and ruffled hair in the narrow mirror with eyes that took no notice whatever of the picture they saw. She started to whistle, but smothered it instantly with an embarrassed pucker of her red lips, while she painstakingly readjusted the tiny sorority pin on the last tuck of her white blouse.

For her father was to meet her in Riverside.

Her own splendid dad whom she had not seen for nine whole months would be standing on the platform to greet his little girl—no, to greet his stylish young lady daughter; but dad did not know that. She giggled this time, in anticipation.

For when she left home last autumn her hair had hung in a long black, very curly curl right straight down the middle of her back; now it waved and fluffed itself into an unmistakable pay-ane right squarely on top of her head.

She wondered if dad would have on a new straw hat or his usual straight-brimmed Stetson, and she hoped her dad had not let him wear his high boots outside his trousers as he did on the ranch.

No air of eagerness lay in the face of the man opposite her. Indeed, his every manner proclaimed an utter indifference to everything in the universe, and indicated that there was nothing new or interesting left on earth to happen to him.

He sat down next the window and stayed there. Once he looked at his watch, but seemed neither pleased nor displeased at the time it told. He leaned back with an air of one who is waiting for nothing at all.

For he was to meet his wife in Riverside.

His own beautiful wife, who looked like a Christmas-tree hung full of sparkling gems, and whom he had not seen for eight months, was to meet him in Riverside and accept his company the rest of the way, first, to the exposition at San Francisco, and then Los Angeles and San Diego. He carved the air of a man who had already grasped the world by its throat and shaken out of it what he wanted for himself.

And yet, had anyone known all the true circumstances, or had been able in some mysterious fashion to delve deep into the heart of the man, they might have known him for one utterly miserable, for all his smiling appearance, and with a secret heart-ache that took all the joy out of his life. He yawned.

Finally the train started, and the girl sank back with so intense a sigh of relief that it proved a well-developed gasp. For twenty-five minutes she sat perfectly still and watched brick warehouses, and smoke-stacks, and dump-heaps, and little shacks, and a one-legged flagman, and truck gardens, and trees, and flowers, and grass, and cows, and the first farmhouse fly past the window.

After a moment or two the man turned slowly, glancing about the car.

It is a well-known fact that something quite remarkable in a room may remain unnoticed for quite a long time, even though one is staring directly at it, and even though it is so apparent that one wonders afterward how it could possibly have been overlooked.

That was precisely the case with the stranger; he remembered afterward that he

must have gazed for nearly half a minute before observing the extraordinary familiar appearance that was radiating from the girl's face across the aisle.

And then he sat perfectly still and watched her with the most peculiar expression on his face; it was almost like a continuance of the dream he had had the evening before, only for the moment he could not understand why the dream should be carried on here. But when she turned around his eyes weren't looking at her at all, so for some strange reason she sat perfectly still for another twenty-five minutes and looked at him.

Then suddenly his eyes lifted and shot straight into hers and he smiled.

"Oh! Excuse me," she stammered, and flushed crimson. "I didn't mean to stare at you." And a minister, who was the only passenger near them, turned from his absorbing article on the "Prey of the Underworld," to frown disapprovingly at the flirtation.

"I beg your pardon," apologized the handsome man in a soft, deep voice—just exactly the kind of voice she wanted him to have—"I was wondering if you can be Hope Osborne's daughter?"

"Oh yes! I am!" she answered eagerly sliding over next the aisle. "Mother used to be Hope Osborne—do you know her?"

The brow of the minister threatened the wrath of the Lord upon the handsome man who left his seat and sat down facing the pretty girl across the aisle.

"Indeed, I used to know her—well," he said, "I'm what you might call an 'old sweetheart' of your mother's—back in old Avondale, Tenn."

"Oh, I know why I looked at you," she announced excitedly; "the mustache fooled me. You're one of the pictures in mother's old trunk in the attic; I knew I had seen you. I always liked your picture best, and had it on top of the cupboard in my playhouse. Oh, wait! Don't tell me—I'll bet you—you're Mr. Jerry Kingsbury."

The surprise in the man's eyes gave place to quick bewilderment which cleared away almost as soon as it had come. Then he nodded, smiling.

"Yes, I am Jerry Kingsbury; have you heard about me?"

"Oh, yes; lots of times," laughed the girl. "Isn't it funny? I always liked the picture, and used to make mother tell me about you; how you sent her some candy with red pepper in it when you were a boy, and took her to her first grown-up party and got angry and wouldn't take her home, and—oh, everything."

The last word came slowly in a lowered voice, for a queer, such very queer expression shone in the man's eyes.

"You loved her, too, didn't you?—I don't see how any one could help it," she said softly. "But even if she couldn't love you she liked you so much that she's remembered you all her life," and she smiled up at him comforting, looking sweeter than ever with the little touch of sympathy on her face.

"I suppose you're married, and as happy as mother is, aren't you?" she added.

"Yes, I'm married, little girl," he told her, and the "little girl" was so gentle and human sounding that the minister returned to his hook with a relieved heart.

"But you're right. I did love her very much when I was a young fellow, and I thought the world had come to an end when she married"—he hesitated for the merest instant—"your father."

The eyes of the girl dropped and she said nothing.

"Your mother was a great girl," he added reminiscently. "She used to look exactly as you do now; yes, she was a great girl."

"Oh, she is yet," the girl assured him. "I know there isn't another woman like her in the world—not because she's my mother, either. She's just wonderful. Everybody loves her, and dad and I simply worship the ground she walks on," she giggled girlishly.

"I've been away to school for a whole year, and I've nearly died to see her. Dad's going to meet me in Riverside, but mother isn't with him—they couldn't afford to both come, and mother came part way with me last fall. But dad'll be glad to see you, for mother's always told such nice things about you. Where are you going?"

She punctuated her quick sentences with excited little breaths and leaned forward eagerly, pretty as a wild flower, with her black hair in disorder about her face.

"I'm getting off at Riverside," he said regretfully; "but the train stops there twenty minutes, so I can at least meet your father, and I shall be very glad to."

"Yes," she laughed, "dad's the real thing. I tell my sorority sisters"—he did not even smile at the important allusion—"that I may not have as much money as they, but have the finest man I know for my dad, and the finest woman for my mother. Why, some of the girls scarcely know their parents at all."

"I was thinking your father was a rich man," he said casually. "I remember I cursed my stars for being poor at the time."

"Oh, goodness, no," said the girl in her frank, unashamed way. "We're getting to see our way out since dad began shipping up Arizona cattle for the markets; but it's been a pretty hard pull. You know you have to go in debt deep to start ranching on a big scale, but it pays in the long run."

He was such a good listener that she had no opportunity to stop, so she chattered on.

"We've really had lots of good times being poor. The biggest joke was last fall. Mother said I should go to college, and I said she should have water piped into the house from the creek so we could have a bathroom, and we couldn't have both. Why, we almost fought about it. And what do you think happened?"

"It seems you went to college," he answered, laughing.

"Indeed I never would have if dad hadn't fixed it," she declared, half indignant at his suggestion. "But dad just never said a word, but he went and sold a bunch of steers that he shouldn't have at all—and so we both got what we wanted. Believe me, he's some fixer all right; so this spring mother insisted that dad should come to meet me. Oh, mother is fine, too. How I wish you could see her."

Such honest pride spoke in the words that a mist came over the man's hard eyes.

"I wish I might, Miss Sinclair," he said sincerely, after an instant's pause. "I suppose your name is Hope, too; you are so like your mother."

She had colored violently when he spoke her name, and her eyes shifted from his.

"Yes, my name is Hope," she answered slowly, "but it isn't Sinclair; it's Cardel; didn't—didn't you know about mother?"

Her embarrassment was so keen that the color crossed his face in sympathy.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said very low; "I am so sorry. I knew—that is, I thought—the man's name was Sinclair whom she married. I was so cut up about it that I left before she was married, and I thought—well, I probably got the name wrong."

His voice entirely explained that he was satisfied as to his mistake, but Hope lifted her head and looked at him openly.

"I know mother would want you to know," she said, with a little smile that was near to pitiful. "She did marry a man named Sinclair, but he was a wicked, cruel man—and he broke my mother's heart—he left her, my own dear little mother. Oh, I just hope he's been unhappy every minute of his life!" Her low voice was sharp with its hatred, and a smile that was not pleasant touched the man's lips.

"And then," she went on, "she came way out to California to teach school so all the people who knew her wouldn't know about the divorce—and then"—her voice swung into happier tones as easily as a bird from one branch to another—and she met dad, and he loves her so much that it makes up for everything else. You see, I couldn't let you think that Sinclair man was my father, for dad is perfectly grand!"

"I am very glad she is happy," said the handsome man absently; "she deserves to be."

"Have you any boys or girls?" asked Hope irrelevantly.

"No," he said—and looked at her for a long time. "No," he said again, "and I never wanted any till I saw you, little Hope."

He leaned suddenly toward her and put both his hands around her small white one, and his voice was very earnest, so that the tears came to Hope's eyes as he talked.

"I am going to send your mother a little

note," he said. "It is for all of you, but she is to read and open it first. And I want you to tell her for me—Jerry Kingsbury—that I've never found another woman so sweet and fine as she until I saw her daughter."

He rose abruptly, and his voice slipped back to its matter-of-fact tones.

"I will be back when we reach Riverside—we'll soon be there now," and he was gone before Hope could smile up at him with her trembling lips.

She had never seen a man's face change with strong emotion as the handsome man's had done, and literally her heart bled for him.

The great wonder of it was that her mother should have loved the wicked man she married more than this fine-looking person who must surely have loved her all his life.

But then dad wouldn't have come in, and with the thought of dad she dried the last tear and carefully covered her pink nose with powder, just as the engine began whistling for Riverside.

She was out on the platform, ready to be the first one off, when the handsome man came back and handed her a white, sealed envelope, with the name "Hope" on it.

"I suppose it's a tremendous secret," she laughed and stowed it carefully away in her hand-bag, while the handsome man sent the porter for his hat and gloves.

The train whistled and rang and shrieked as it slid slowly past the crowd on the brick walks, and Hope clasped the handsome man's hand to steady her as she peered far round the corner of the car ahead, and would have tumbled down the steps in her surprise at what she saw if he had not snatched her back quickly.

"Oh, what do you think—what do you think—what do you think?" she gasped, catching the handsome man's arm in her two eager hands and shaking it vigorously at each emphatic "what."

She was so sweet, and so young, and so full of life and joy and happiness and everything else that is good in life that the other passengers laughed with her while their faces grew tender, and the man's face mirrored a dozen emotions.

"She is with him," he said in a peculiar, flat voice, just as the last brake screeched.

"Oh, goody! You'll get to see her! There, isn't she a darling? Oh, mother! Dad!" And she nearly tumbled the porter off the steps, scornful the aid of his footstool, and was speeding toward the man and woman who stood together waiting for her, their faces as radiant as hers, and the woman's so lovely with its tender love that onlookers' eyes were dimmed.

The handsome man watched her fly straight into their arms and saw their heads bend over hers together so he could not see which one she greeted first; but when the woman raised her head the man bent again for a second kiss, and the man on the car platform turned quickly and went down the steps on the other side.

And, though the three of them waited on the platform until the last "All aboard" he did not come.

But when the train pulled slowly out Hope ran through the observation car to the back platform and saw him standing, tall and dignified, in the depot gate, as though he knew she would be looking for him, and she waved her handkerchief frantically in answer to his lifted hat.

Then she went back with a hurt, puzzled face to hear what was in her mother's note.

But only dad and mother ever saw the note, and not for nearly a week did she learn, in spite of continual teasing, what her mother's "old sweetheart" had said.

The note read:

"This is to let you know that I have some property for the little girl who wanted my picture in her playhouse—to make her a little happier, if possible, than she is now with her mother and dad. Tell her what you like—I did not betray your secret, and she thinks I am Jerry Kingsbury."

"Her Father."

It was far back in the envelope and carefully folded and addressed to Hope, that they found a deed bearing the signature, "Belden F. Sinclair."







She punctuated her quick sentences with exclamation points, and her face, which was pale and thin, flushed with excitement. "You see, this—man broke out from the lazaretto. A virulent bubonic case. And of course—" Into his eyes came a look of infinite pity. He signed with his thumb to the stout man with the rifle—"and of course you must accompany Dr. Mendez."

**A SEALED NOTE.**  
The porter was so busy conducting the passengers that he did not see the note which was slipped into his pocket. It was a sealed note, and so did she.

## The Mysterious Stranger on the Train.

By Earl H. Hendricksen.

## The Return of the Crew. By Idwal Jones.

### THE MATE.

**T**intense, oppressive, and on the intense, oppressive, and on the glazed and coppery surface of the bay the Lady Rowena, direct from the cooler waters of the south, lay as motionless at anchor as an enchanted swan.

With his laced cap drawn over his eyes and his chin sunk on his folded arms, Mr. Ames, first mate, leaned in limp—lence over the taffrail. Under a strip of sailcloth awning at the stern, McGregor, the engineer, dozed heavily in a comfortable deck chair with a concertina and a hymn book wrapped in a faded bandanna resting upon his lap. Four hours before the crew had noisily departed on shore leave. At noon Capt. Hammill and the Millionaire left in the boat. A deep, Sabbatharian silence reigned over the Lady Rowena, intensified by the blinding glare that flooded the deck, touched all burnished things with unbearable brilliancy, and the two that remained had long succumbed to its somniferous influence.

Overhead, a large seagull wheeled lazily, uttering at intervals its faint, hoarse shriek. A sudden bold swoop downward, a shriller cry that seemed like a bit of mad defiance, and Mr. Ames awoke, startled. A clattering wing tip had struck his cap. He straightened up slowly, thrust back his cap and turned to crane his neck to watch the gyrations of the bird.

"If I only had a gun then," he murmured passionately. "The very gall of the confounded bird."

He stuck his hands in his belt, gazed gloomily at the beach a half-mile distant and whistled in a low, brooding key.

The shore was a ribbon of silvery sand, tremulous under the heat, cane-fringed and lined further up by an orderly file of high palms that bordered the sole thoroughfare of the settlement. The road was the row of buildings that made up the village of Melemba, one-story, white, staring white in color and roofed with corrugated tin, painted the deadest of black. Behind them towered the dense and restful background of close-set limes and mangroves, moist and luxuriantly green.

A trim lawn and a white flagstaff with pennant drooping atop marked the German Consulate. There was a prison with its red tiled roof and barred windows, and near by, the ancient Portuguese mission squatting in its roomy yard interspersed with clumpy acacias and thickly crowded with straggling iron crosses and hideous, tumbling memorials. Near the water and far away to the right of the village was an isolated building, plastered, buff-tinted, flat-roofed and surmounted by a frame bell-tower. The architecture was not to be mistaken. Mr. Ames stared at it idly a moment, then with something like a shudder, turned away his glance.

On the other end of the village he made out Chinese John's, an edifice famed for unnumbered leagues along the coast for the frigid of its bottled beer. A long brake of plantains cast in shadow the expanse of green grass before the structure. Here he could see the bearded crew of the Lady Rowena as they sprawled comfortably upon the softest of terra. They had been there for interminable hours, it seemed to him. The mate's eyes were none of the sharpest, but he could catch the glint of sunshine on their bottles, and he could hear their voices, now a bit broken and maudlin, as they were raised in scraps of sea song and melodious, rhythmic chants. From the distance they came with a dreamy far-off sweetness, at times not without a touch of harshness, and again subdued, euphonious, like the pale chorus of the lotus-eaters. The mate ceased his whistling.

"Pretty charming spot, gentlemen. Hey?" he apostrophized with a snarl that was almost cheerful. "Cursed fools. Tomorrow they'll all be shivering and chattering like a barrel of sick apes."

A passing breeze arose slowly. The pennant at the Consulate flicked lightly, the tops of the tall palms nodded drowsily and the mirror-like smoothness of the bay vanished under its ruffling. The Lady Rowena rocked gently, and a thousand tiny wavelets broke into faint, babbling speech about her hull.

The breath from the land came warm and moist, reminiscent of decay, laden with

the vaporous exhalation of vast marshes and abhorrent, greenish sloughs. There was in it something of the sharp rankness of steaming bog roots, and something of the sweet, tainted odor of pulpy swamp lilies. Mr. Ames sniffed, then he swore aloud and spat with much deliberation into the sea. He drew out from an inside coat pocket a medicine bottle and a spoon, wrapped in a corner of newspaper. He carefully measured out a dose, swallowed it with a grimace, and then replaced both bottle and spoon in his pocket.

"Tomorrow," he said, "I'll be the whole crew. The only man Jack that had sense enough to stay—hullo, what's that?"

A white spot in the water a stone's throw from the surf line had caught his eye. He squinted sharply, but was unable to distinguish its shape. He wiped his thin lips with the back of his hand and turned to pace about the deck.

McGregor's voice was lifted to the dirge-like accompaniment of the wheeziest of concertinas, a hopeless affair that had been bequeathed him by a dying and tuneless Finn. Mr. Ames drew up, leaned against a ventilator, crossed his legs and listened in derisive amusement. The engineer was fresh from his nap and with shining eyes and much swaying of the head sideways, was singing out in the robust, joyous fashion of a street preacher:

From Greenland's icy mountains  
To India's coral strand—  
"Hallelujah!" glibbed Mr. Ames. "I say, McGregor, shake out something lively, won't you? Or just stick to the first line. This heat takes all the novelty out of the hereafter."

Enthralled in his music, the engineer ignored him; and after a minute, Mr. Ames dropped into the adjacent chair and began to sort out a deck of cards on its broad arm.

"I say, engineer," he chirped humorously, "ain't you tired? Toss over your infernal screech box, won't you, and bear a hand with the cards. It's deuced lonesome for a fellow here, you know."

The engineer's feet came down with a resounding clump; he arose and his shining eyes glared into those of the mate.

"Ye poor limb," he groaned bitterly. "It cuts me to the heart to sail along with the likes of ye. What's stopping ye going ashore? Man, if ye only feared the Lord half as much as ye do a bit of fever. And with your cards on the Sabbath, what good will befall ye?"

The engineer picked up his precious belongings and departed below in righteous disdain, commenting audibly on the ways of the unregenerate. The mate flushed, and set himself, grumbling the while, to a game of solitaire.

When he had continued for half an hour in this agreeable pastime, a shadow as a vertical figure fell across his hands. He may have thought it a suddenly-falling piece of canvas, for he did not look up.

"Pardon," said a voice.

The voice was singularly weary and strained. Mr. Ames looked up at once. Before him stood a tall, gaunt, unshaven man, dripping with sea water, his soaked black hair hanging stringy over his eyes. He was barefoot, and his sole clothing was an undershirt and duck trousers, both deeply stained by green weeds. His breath came panting, and his elbows were held in a curious manner at a distance from his sides.

"Here," demanded the mate, "what's this? What do you want?"

"A decent suit for one thing. A razor, for another. And then to be rowed up the coast a little way. Just a couple of miles beyond the point."

"You're ill," said the mate, clutching the arms of his chair and half rising.

"Not at all," returned the stranger, with a reassuring wave of the hand. "Just tired. Got into a scrape over cards—that's my general luck—so I cut and swam for it. I'll get a new outfit with your assistance and lie low until it blows over."

He flung back his hair with a gesture of the hand that might have been indicative of utter despondence were it not for a momentary, odd smile that accompanied the words. Half shutting his eyes and swaying slightly, he thrust a hand into a pocket of his clinging trousers and pulled out four or five gold coins which he tossed upon the cards.

"This will pay for a worn suit I should hope," he said.

Mr. Ames picked up the coins, rubbed his chin, and eyed the stranger doubtfully.

"It's irregular, you know, awfully irregular, and besides, this is a private yacht."

"Oh, curse it, man," groaned the stranger with a wave of impatience, "is anything ever regular on this God-forsaken coast?"

"Very well," said the mate, rising as he spoke. "Come this way. My cabin is just across."

Thither he conducted the newcomer, set out a shaving set before him, rummaged in a chest of drawers, and drew out a worn but neatly-pressed suit which he flung upon the back of a chair, and counseled him to hasten so that he might be gone before the return of the crew.

"Heaven's," ejaculated the mate, "you are shaking like a leaf." In his voice was a querulous note of alarm. "There's a bottle of brandy on the shelf there. Take a stiff peg, man. You need one badly."

The newcomer with feverish haste had already lathered himself to the eyes.

"Thanks, Mr.—, I didn't get your name."

"Ames," said the mate civilly. "Henry Ames is my name." He turned as he spoke and drew the door to slowly, as if he half expected the guest to add something further.

The man inside stared blankly at his lathered image in the glass. His razor remained poised an inch from his cheek. "And so it is Harry Ames after all," he mused. "Dear me! The scoundrel!" He whimpered a little as he spoke, and the hot tears flowed down his cheeks.

In twenty minutes he had completely dressed himself. With a trembling hand he poured out a mug of the mate's brandy and drank it in repeated swallows. He straightened his figure with pathetic deliberation, opened the door, and shut it softly behind him. When he stood before the first mate of the Lady Rowena again, there was even a smile about his drawn countenance.

Mr. Ames's hands were flat upon the cards, his fingers working awkwardly. He raised his head slowly until they rested upon the stranger's face.

"Fernley," he said very quietly. "And so it is really you after these many long years. Can you tell me if she is still alive—Janet?"

The man before him was silent, giving no token that he had heard the question. Somewhere on land, somewhere to the right, there sounded the faint, continuous ringing of a bell. Perhaps the mate found something disquieting in the extreme at the sight of the lethargic visage with its cynical and sad smile. He arose.

"Fernley, I'll row you up now," he offered briskly.

"No hurry, Harry Ames, no hurry," returned Fernley, upsetting a little pile of cards with his finger. "Sit down. We'll have a rubber. You and I. There was once a time in Bristol when you and I and—another played a great deal of evenings. One last game for both of us."

Mr. Ames slumped back into his chair, relieved yet rather puzzled.

"Very well, Fernley. I cut. You deal," he said, sweeping the cards together and holding them out to Fernley.

The guest seated himself, took the proffered pack and dealt out the cards with the dexterity of the professional. The two men played steadily and intently, or rather with a feigned absorption that was barely sufficient to mask the real indifference and uneasiness of each. There came in half an hour the light shock of boats bumping, and a minute later the soft pattering of footsteps. It was but the last of the two players heard. The crew had returned. The mate sprang to his feet; Fernley flung down his last card and arose weakly steadying himself with the back of his chair.

"You win, Harry. But it's rather a draw in the end, I think. Shake hands."

Mr. Ames first stooped to sweep the scattered coins and drop them into his pocket. The treading of feet came nearer.

A rifle shot rang out. The mate leaped around in alarm. His companion spluttered and slumped upon the polished deck, where he clawed grotesquely before the mate's feet. Six paces off stood the captain, the Millionaire and a stout, pale man in a Panama hat, in whose arm lay a smoking rifle. At the stern stood the crew, silent and white of face.

"It's very unfortunate, Mr. Ames," began

the captain slowly from where he stood. The Millionaire turned away. "You see, this—man broke out from the lazaretto. A virulent bubonic case. And of course—" Into his eyes came a look of infinite pity. He signed with his thumb to the stout man with the rifle—"and of course you must accompany Dr. Mendez."

### Coast Defense.

MINE FIELDS IN MINIATURE SHOWN AT PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION.

By Edward C. Crossman.

A glass and steel tank, looking much as if it had been borrowed from some aquarium, a dozen feet long and with about four feet of water in it, stands in the government exhibit in Machinery Hall at the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco. The water line is about level with one's eyes. A gray miniature battleship, somewhat battered looking, floats in the tank. Below the surface, moored to tiny cables that can be seen connecting with other cables along the floor of the tank, float sinister-looking, buoy-shaped objects.

At either end of the tank are miniature coast defense gun emplacements, with guns complete, and with sectional views of the magazines, and the observation stations, and the other accessories to the place where big guns are mounted in defense of a coast.

As a model of harbor defense, with the mines that protect the cities against Faragut's slipping-past tactics, the tank and its bordering gun emplacements are very interesting—but this is not all there is to it.

At certain times each day a natty, capable-looking sergeant of heavy artillery appears on the little platform beside the tank. To the crowd that quickly assembles he explains, in language that is but one syllable so far as technicalities are concerned, the way the guns are mounted and served, the purpose of defending the harbors, and then he goes into the case of the mines. In his talk he tells how they are anchored far enough below the surface to be out of sight, how they can be made dangerous or inoffensive from the shore, and how they can be exploded either from the batteries on shore or by contact from a passing ship.

Then he illustrates the harmless state of the mines toward their own vessels by drawing the gray battleship over them by tiny cables. The gray ship, in miniature, slides softly over the sinister gray top-shaped water bombs and nothing happens.

"Now," said the sergeant, "I'll show you what happens when an enemy ship tries to enter the harbor, and those on shore don't want her in."

As the little ship approached the center mine a light winked in its aperture, a sign to the spectators that it is ready for war.

Softly the gray ship floats over the mine. Then there is a flash of light, a puff of smoke, a disturbance of the water—and the poor ship lies with stacks blown down, and with a list to starboard that promises that she has little time to float.

It is a clever little piece of stage work, and it carries home as no mere explanation does, how the ships are sunk by harbor mines. In these days of war the audience at these exhibitions is always large and always much interested. The poor ship is blown up about five times a day every day in the week—and it is supplemented by actual mines exploded in the harbor in front of the fair buildings at certain days of the week.

### A Constructive

[Judge:] "I am too busy," said the popular author, "to spend any time polishing up my literary style. A man who has to write 100,000 words a week has no time for such trivialities."

"Then," said the critic, "you should employ a literary valet to do it for you; to keep your punctuation marks in order; to brush off your ideas; to manœuvre your phrases; to press your paragraphs which are inclined to bag at the knees, and to snip off the frayed edges of your grammar."



# Go Up, Thou Baldhead. By Jane Stuart.

[Saturday, September 18, 1915]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

## Good Short Stories

Brief Anecdotes Gathered From Many Sources.

Compiled for the Times.

### Evasive Answers.

ON THE trial of Queen Caroline a witness answered to every question "non mi ricordo"—I do not remember. He could not either be punished for contempt or accused of perjury for that answer. A witness in Arizona who tried the "I don't remember" answer was formally brought to bay on cross-examination. "On a former trial," said the lawyer—reading from the record—you testified so and so. Were you lying then, or are you lying now?"

A Denver gentleman instructed his Irish servant that he was not to be disturbed if anybody called. "If anybody asks for yez," said the man, "shall I tell them that your honor is not at home?" "No, no," was the reply, you must not tell a lie. "What thin shall I tell the man?" said Pat. "Oh, make him an evasive answer," said his employer.

A short time afterward there was a caller. Pat dismissed him and reported. "He asked," said the man, "was your honor at home." "What did you tell him?" "Sure, I made him an evasive answer. I asked him was his grandmother a monkey."

### There was a Doubt.

HERE is a little story that was recently told by Congressman William H. Murray of Oklahoma in gently throwing the harpoon into a lawyer friend:

One afternoon a stranger debarked from a train at a hustling town in the West and headed up the street. Finally he met a party that looked like a native.

"Pardon me," said the stranger, halting the likely-looking party. "Are you a resident of this town?"

"Yes, sir," was the ready rejoinder of the other. "Been here something like fifty years. What can I do for you?"

"I am looking for a criminal lawyer," responded the stranger. "Have you one here?"

"Well," reflectively answered the native, "we think we have, but we can't prove it on him."—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

### Poor Outlook for Picnic.

JOHN WILLIE was a bright little lad, but he never could learn grammar. This was a cause of much distress to his Uncle Frank, who was keen on correct speaking. One day Uncle Frank met John Willie in the street and asked him if he was going to the school treat the following week.

"No, I ain't going," replied the lad, glibly.

"Oh, John Willie!" protested his uncle. "You shouldn't say 'I ain't goin';' you must say 'I am not going.'" And, thinking to teach the little fellow some grammar slyly, he went on: "You are not going. Mother is not going. We are not going. He is not going. They are not going. Now, can you say all that, John Willie?"

"Course I can!" scoffed John Willie. "There ain't nobody goin'!"—[Unidentified.]

### An Application.

"YELL excuse me, captain," said O'Harrity, addressing the commander of the battleship, "but is it true that it costs stvin hundred dollars to fire wan o' thim lig guns?"

"Yes, O'Harrity," said the captain. "Why do you ask?"

"Oi t'ought Oi might save yez some money, sorr," said O'Harrity. "Sure, and Oi'll fire 'em for yez for tin."—[New York Times.]

### Reason for Indistinct.

"YOU have turned very industrious lately, Tim," said one Tipperary man to another.

"That I have, bebad," replied the other. "I was up before the magi tr'e last week for assaulting Cassidy, and the magistrate said that if I came back on the same charge he would fine me £2."

"Did he?" said the first speaker. "And you're working hard so as to keep your hands off Cassidy?"

"Don't believe it," said the industrious man. "I'm working hard to save up the 40 shillings."—[Tit-Bits.]

### Squelched Him.

AN EFFEMINATE, self-opinionated young man entered a restaurant the other day, and after he had ordered lunch the waitress, who was well known for her obliging disposition and ready wit, handed him a newspaper so that he might profitably while away the few minutes that would elapse before he was served.

"Thank you, Josephine," he said, familiarly, "but I prefer something funny to look at while I am eating."

The waitress looked at him contemptuously, then replied:

"That need occasion you no inconvenience, Percy; there's a looking-glass straight in front of you."—[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.]

### The Cynic.

DR. CLARENCE H. NEYMANN of Martin Grove, Ill., has returned home after serving for almost a year with the German Red Cross.

"Some people declare," Dr. Neymann said, "that the Germans are now friendly to America. Well, toward such a declaration as that I'm rather cynical. I'm like the man who was visiting in the West.

"Ten years ago, a western Mayor said to this man, joyously—'ten years ago'—and he waved his hand out over the roofs—'there was no town here at all.'"

"Humph," said the visitor. "Humph, and what makes you think there's one here now?"—[Philadelphia Bulletin.]

### Rapid Weather Changes.

TWO commercial travelers, one from London and one from New York, were discussing the weather in their respective countries.

The Englishman said that English weather had one great fault—its sudden changes.

"A person may take a walk one day," he said, "attired in a light summer suit, and still quite warm. Next day he needs an overcoat."

"That's nothing," said the American. "My two friends, Johnson and Jones, were once having an argument. There were eight or nine inches of snow on the ground. The argument got heated and Johnson picked up a snowball and threw it at Jones from a distance of not more than five yards. During the transit of the snowball, believe me or not, as you like, the weather changed and became hot and summerlike, and Jones, instead of being hit with a snowball, was scalded with hot water."—Chicago News.

### The Plaint of a Holy Roller.

OLD UNCLE EZRA was taken in custody for "breaking the public peace." Officer Lenox went on to explain that Uncle Ez had been arrested late Sunday night while running up and down the road in front of a small "colored-folks church." He was shouting and praying and raising a most unholy rumpus.

"Were you intoxicated?" the court inquired.

"No, sah," Uncle Ez answered indignantly.

"I done had religion."

"What is your religion?"

"Tse a Holy Roller, Jedge."

"But why don't you do your praying in church?"

"Jedge," explained the aged negro, slowly, "I done tried hit, but befo' I kin git ter de rolling part I falls ersleep."—[Case and Comment.]

### The Test.

LITTLE EDA one day turned to her mother, who was a widow, and said: "Mamma, do you really and truly love me?"

"Why, of course, my dear. Why do you ask?"

"And will you prove it me?"

"Yes, if I can."

"Then go marry the man around the corner who keeps the candy store."—[Ladies' Home Journal.]

### Not on Your Life.

SOFTLY the nurse smoothed the sufferer's pillow. He had been admitted only that morning, and now he looked up pleadingly at the nurse who stood at his bedside.

"An' phwhat did ye say the docthor's name was, nurse, dear?" he asked.

"Doctor Kilpatrick," was the reply. "He's the senior house surgeon."

The sufferer winced and pulled a wry face.

"That settles it," he muttered, firmly. "That docthor won't get a chance to operate on me."

"Why not?" asked the nurse, in surprise.

"He's a very clever man."

"That's as may be," the patient said.

"But me name happens to be Patrick."—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

### Still Ahead.

AMONG the passengers on a train on a one-track road in the Middle West was a talkative jewelry drummer.

Presently the train stopped to take on water, and the conductor neglected to send back a flagman. An express came along and, before it could be stopped, bumped into rear end of the first train.

The drummer was lifted from his seat and pitched head first into the seat ahead. His silk hat was jammed clear down over his ears.

He picked himself up and settled back in his seat. No bones had been broken. He drew a long breath, straightened up, and said:

"Well, they didn't get by us, anyway."—[New York Times.]

### Reassuring Mother.

EDMUND has just begun to attend the public school, and had found a new friend, a child of whom Edmund's mother had never heard.

"Who is this Walter?" she asked. "Is he a nice little boy?"

"Yes, ma'am, he is!" replied Edmund enthusiastically.

"Does he say any naughty words?" pursued his mother.

"No, replied Edmund, with emphasis, "and I'm not going to teach him any!"—[Youth's Companion.]

### Made It Worse.

THE young son of the family, who had been out to luncheon at a little friend's house, was asked by his mother on his return whether he had been a good boy. He hesitated a moment, then answered "Yes."

"You don't seem to be very sure about the matter," said his mother. "What did you do?"

"Oh, I just spilled my chop in my lap," he replied.

"Did you apologize to Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes," he nodded.

"Tell mother what you said when you apologized."

"Oh," came the quick response, "I said, 'Excuse me, but that's what always happens to tough meat.'"—[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.]

### Horse Laugh on Them.

THE story is told of two Trenton men who hired a horse and trap for a little outing not long ago. Upon reaching their destination the horse was unharnessed and permitted peacefully to graze while the men fished for an hour or two.

When they were ready to go home a difficulty at once presented itself, inasmuch as neither of the Trentonians knew how to reharness the horse. Every effort in this direction met with dire failure, and the worst problem was properly to adjust the bit. The horse himself seemed to resent the idea of going into harness again.

Finally one of the friends in great disgust sat down in the road. "There's only one thing we can do, Bill," said he.

"What's that?" asked Bill.

"Wait for the beast to yawn!"—[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.]

### Father's Idea.

GERTRUDE was home for the Christmas holidays, and in her honor the old folks were holding a reception. And in their honor Gertie brought forth her new garments.

Picking up a delightful creation, she held it up before the admiring crowd and said, "Isn't this perfectly scrumptious? Just think, all this silk came from the little insignificant worm."

Her hard-working father looked a moment, his brow furrowed.

"Gertrude," he said, "that is not the way to refer to your father."—[Weekly Telegraph.]

### Wouldn't Hold Him.

WRATHFUL PA: Freddie, didn't you promise me not to play marbles again?

Freddie: Yes, sir.

Wrathful Pa: And didn't I promise to whip you if you did?

Freddie: Yes, sir; but as I forgot to keep my promise, I won't hold you to yours.—[Chicago News.]

### He Soon Repented.

AH! THE sweet summer twilight and the silence of the woodland had got to young Giles's head. Suddenly he turned to his fair companion and stammered:

"Mary, w-will ye m-m-marry me?"

"Yes, Giles," replied Mary, in soft confusion.

Then followed a silence deeper even than that of the woodland, and the girl got impatient.

"Why don't you say something, lad?" she asked.

"Nay, lass," replied her lover, in desponding tone. "I think there's been too much said already!"—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

### Irresistible.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER tells this story on himself:

"Golfing one bright winter day, I had for caddy a boy who didn't know me. An unfortunate stroke landed me in a clump of high grass.

"My, my," I said. "What am I to do now?"

"See that there tree," said the boy, pointing to a tall tree a mile away. "Well, drive straight for that."

"I lofted vigorously, and, fortunately, my ball soared up into the air, it landed, and it rolled right on to the putting green.

"How's that, my boy?" I cried.

"Gee, boss," he said, "if I had your strength and you had my brains, what a pair we'd make!"—[Tit-Bits.]

### Ingenious.

AT ONE of the military camps some recruits were being put through the riding test. One man didn't know much about horses, but trusted to luck to get through.

He had not properly adjusted his saddle, and on mounting he swung—saddle and all—right under the horse's body between its legs, where he was suspended for a few seconds.

"Hi, there!" yelled the noncom., in derision, "call that riding, do you?"

"Oh, no, sergeant," was the instant answer, "that's a new trick for the Dardanelles. Riding under here's a fine protection from the sun."—[Tit-Bits.]

### It Would Do.

HENRY FORD, congratulated in Detroit on his splendid movement for the cure of drug fiends, smiled and said:

"We now know that drug fiends are curable. It was wrong in the past to deem the drug fiend as hopeless as the baldhead."

"Once a man who was fast growing bald said to his doctor:

"My hair is coming out. Please give me something to keep it in."

"Well," said the doctor, "here's an old pill box. Will that do?"—[Philadelphia Bulletin.]





**Picked Fresh**  
**the Year Round**

It was estimated that bankers visit-  
 ing the city represent more than  
 \$100,000,000.  
 SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. A bril-  
 liant scene for the visiting bankers marked  
 the opening of the summer social season at  
 Pasadena.  
 Thousands of persons, employees of  
 the banks, and their families, are in the  
 city to participate in the season. It is a mistake  
 to think that the bankers are the only  
 ones who come. The bankers' wives and  
 daughters are the most prominent of the  
 party.

*Twilight Among the Big Trees in Mariposa Grove.*



*Photographic study by Ned Wineman.*





*Twilight Among the*

Saturday, September 18, 1915.]

# The National SUNDAY MAGAZINE

SEMI-MONTHLY SECTION OF

Los Angeles Times

Los Angeles, Cal.

Sunday, September 19, 1915



Beginning the Big Story of the Year

"THE FALL OF A NATION," By Thomas Dixon

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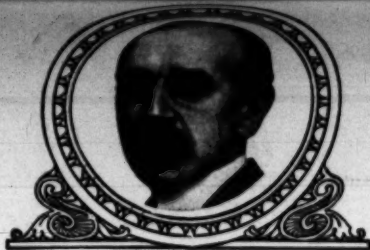
tion. The



Permit me, "Waldron  
concluded, "to present  
to you a new force in  
the world a real  
leader of modern  
women—our Joan of  
Arc."

# THE FALL OF A NATION

## Current Comment Page



J. Bernard Walker

## The National Sunday Magazine Section

### Can America Be Successfully Invaded?

By J. Bernard Walker

Chairman of the Navy Committee, National Security League

**F**IFTEEN months ago, or before the great European war had written in fire and blood its great lesson of the need for military preparedness, the average American citizen would have laughed derisively at the suggestion that America could be successfully invaded. And even today, with the vision before their eyes of Belgium ground beneath the heel of the conqueror, to say nothing of the richest portion of France, there are millions of good American citizens who are still holding fast to a fatuous belief in the absolute invincibility of the United States.

That this exaggerated estimate of our dormant military prowess is not confined to the unthinking and unlettered is proved by the fact that only recently the then Secretary of State, in deprecating the warnings of our naval and military men as to unpreparedness of the country to resist invasion, stated that the President had only to issue a call for volunteers and a million men would spring to arms between sun and sun! There can be little doubt that that rhetorical flourish found instant response among those Americans who fail to realize that such a body of men, lacking, as they would, the training, leadership, arms, ammunition and endless paraphernalia of a modern army, would be merely an unorganized mob, one million strong.

A million men! Aye, ten million able-bodied men among our one hundred million citizens—potential strength in men unlimited! And deep down in our mines, an unlimited store of iron, copper, nickel, zinc, etc., sufficient, if fabricated, to arm every mother's son of them, and pile up behind them mountains of shrapnel and explosive shell, sufficient to blow any army of invasion off the face of the earth! Modern war is machine made, and for this nation to wage war relying upon its potential but undeveloped strength in men and natural resources, would be to expose itself to disaster, swift, appalling and irreparable.

"Can America be successfully invaded?" It most certainly can, and by more than one of the great European naval and military powers. It is more convincing, in such an argument as this, to deal with concrete facts; and since our diplomatic relations with Germany are just now so severely strained, and since, if peace were to descend upon Europe today, Germany would be declared the victor, we will say at once, that if victorious Germany, because of our supplying ammunition to the Allies so freely, made this the grounds for a declaration of war, she would be in a position to destroy our main fleet, land a powerful army of invasion and within a few weeks capture the richest part of the United States lying north of the Potomac and between the Alleghenies and the Atlantic Ocean.

**A**ND let it be understood that what is here laid down is stated without prejudice. To answer the question involved, we must deal with naval and military facts and not allow our vision to be obscured by a traditional belief in our inherent naval and military superiority. Let us remember that never in our history have we fought against a first-class power, that was free to develop against us its full naval and military resources.

If, then, Germany should move against this country with her whole strength, where should we stand?

It is a fundamental principle of overseas invasion that an army of invasion should not set sail until the enemy fleet has been either entirely destroyed or securely blockaded within his own ports by superior forces. Is our navy sufficiently strong to secure either of these conditions? Could we defeat the German main fleet in a decisive engagement? Let us consider the relative naval strength of the two countries.

Of submarines we possess about fifty, Germany not less than seventy-five and possibly, due to the feverish haste with which she is building them, one hundred.

Of destroyers we have at a liberal estimate seventy-five, Germany one hundred and fifty.

Of fast scouts (a most essential vessel for finding the enemy and enabling its main fighting fleet to get in touch with and engage the enemy) we have three of twenty-three knots to match Germany's seventeen of from twenty-three to twenty-eight knots.

Of pre-dreadnaughts, forming the second line, we have twenty and Germany the same number.

Lastly and most important comparison of all, in the dreadnaught class we have twelve with which to match Germany's overwhelming strength of twenty-two dreadnaughts. And be it remembered that of these last, no less than five are battle-cruisers of twenty-seven to twenty-nine knots speed. To meet these we have not a single one!

**S**O that with her overwhelming superiority in fast scouts and battle-cruisers, the Germans could break through our feeble scouting line and discover the whereabouts and strength of our main fleet, while we could learn little, if anything, definite about his position, course or strength. The issues on the sea would be determined when the two dreadnaught fleets fought it out to a finish.

The Germans have proved in this war that their seamanship and gunnery are excellent, and the naval experts of any country, including our own, would predict that if no serious mistakes in strategy or tactics were made, the German superiority of twenty-two ships to twelve would spell inevitable defeat for the American fleet.

With our fleet out of the way Germany, having in her great merchant marine abundant transport facilities (the New Bismarck, the Vaterland and the Imperator can each carry 10,000 troops and their equipment) could land 200,000 troops on our shores within a fortnight after the defeat of our fleet, or, if she were certain of its defeat, and embarked her army at once, within two weeks of the declaration of war.

She might elect to silence our forts, which because of the superior range of her naval guns over our coast-defense guns (20,000 yards against 13,000 yards) she could surely accomplish—in which case she could land her troops at such points as Boston, New York or in the Chesapeake; or she might avoid our ports and land on the unprotected stretches of coast lying between our coast fortifications.

To meet such an army, composed of veterans of the European war, what land forces would we have available?

At the present writing we have in the Continental United States only 30,000 men of the regular army, including mobile troops, cavalry, infantry and field artillery. We have 10,000 regulars manning the coast defenses; but these would not be available for field operations. On paper the militia of the United States totals 127,000 men and officers; but of these only 104,000 are mustered, and of these 104,000 only 60,000 are ready for immediate service in the field.

To meet the superbly trained and equipped German army of 200,000 veterans we would have only 90,000 men, scattered from Maine to California and from Canada to the Gulf.

Ask any army officer, and he will say that it would be a remarkable feat to assemble these scattered forces as an army within 30 days of the opening of the war.

If that sounds discouraging, what shall we say of the fact that when these troops had been concentrated, quoting the words of a high military authority, "the troops would be without properly trained artillery and cavalry organization and without ammunition trains and being hastily assembled for the first time in large bodies, would be unprepared to act effectively as an army? The field artillery of the regulars would be short of men and guns; we possess less than half the needed militia field batteries, and even what we have would require months of training to render them efficient."

**C**AN America be successfully invaded? The question is answered. A million men between sun and sun! Admirable; but it takes nine long months to make a soldier; and meanwhile Germany, with unlimited transport and 4,000,000 trained men to draw upon, would follow up her expeditionary force of 200,000 men with an unceasing supply of men, guns and munitions, as the exigencies of the invasion might demand it.

J. Bernard Walker

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Per Month \$1.75

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No. M1142. Solid Oak Colonial Dining Table, large 9 in. round pedestal fitted to Colonial scroll platform base, the extreme width of which is 24 in. Scroll legs 4 1/2 in. thick. 45 in. top, 6 ft. extension. Deep box rim. Table excellently finished throughout in golden oak or fumed finish. Price \$10.95

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No. M1149. Sanitary "Comfort" Kitchen Cabinet of solid oak. Base has white wood table top 41 x 26 inches, smoothly rounded; handy bread board; cutlery drawer. Large roomy cupboard. Top has large china cupboard with 2 art glass doors; metal floor bin, 45 pound capacity; has removable sifter; spice drawer; open cereal cupboard. Rich golden shade. 67 inches high. A remarkable bargain value at our low price of only \$10.95.

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ALL WRITINGS AND ILLUSTRATIONS DONE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE NATIONAL SUNDAY MAGAZINE



And Gained 32 Pounds  
And kept it Four Years

# No Trespassing Sauce for the Goose is Sauce for the Gander

By Walter G. Doty

"NO, JOHNNY," I said, "you aren't looking for advice. What you're after is encouragement."  
"Anyway," said Johnny, "she's a dream."  
"After the dream the awakening," I remarked in an oracular and solemn way, looking up at the maples in front of the porch where we sat.  
"Then I'm old man Awakening himself," he responded. "I'm certainly after the dream. But say, Bob, I wish you would tell me what I ought to do. You are older than I am, and—"  
"So is Miss Hastings," I interrupted. "That's just the trouble. And that's how I know that it isn't advice you want. I've already told you to forget all about her and find some girl of your own age. But, of course, you won't listen. What you are asking me to do is to encourage you in your mad career. Why, she is at least six years older than you are. She is almost as old as I am."  
"O, the deuce!" exclaimed Johnny, "What's six years?"  
"All right," I responded. "Go to it. I see I can't stop you."  
Miss Hastings was most assuredly a beautiful girl, and I suppose it was natural for Johnny to fall in love with her, especially as he was only twenty-two and the young woman was verging on thirty. After a pause, Johnny returned to the attack. "I wish you would help me out a little. What am I going to do? I seem to be the most helpless non compos mentis in captivity. With most of the girls, I don't lack presence of mind and assurance; and I can laugh and joke with them like a human being. But Grace—" I wish you could have seen the glorified sheepish look on his face when he said that—"Miss Hastings, is so stately she takes my breath. I suppose it's because she's the only one I care about. She's as cold and distant as the top of Mt. McKinley. I spend hours thinking up appropriate speeches to spring when I see her. Then, when I do see her, I lose all my nerve and stammer and act like an idiot; and she smiles that self-possessed smile of hers; and all I can do is to get away as quickly as I can. What would you do—write her a letter and declare yourself?"  
"Well, no," I answered after consideration. "I don't think I would. Girls aren't particularly fond of timidity in a man; and writing a letter to her, when you have a chance of seeing her so often, would be advertising the fact that you lack the courage to state your case by word of mouth. The next time you see her, buck up and act as if you owned all this end of the state. You aren't a hard boy to look at, and you may be sure that she has noticed that fact by this time. After all, she's only a girl; and her haughty manner is merely assumed as a sort of No Trespass sign. Inside she may be—probably is—just the shrinking, diffident mouse kind of a girl. Lots of women

are like that. You're such a big, capable looking youngster that any girl couldn't help being attracted by you. All women love strength," I continued, quoting from the novels, "and the only thing to do is to assume a more or less masterful attitude with them."  
"I always thought you were a masterful looking fellow," said Johnny. "I wish I knew as much as you do about the women. But I guess I'm a hopeless case," he sighed.  
"Er-hum," I resumed, "as I was saying take a brace. Look her straight in the eye and use the tongue the Lord gave you. If she is carrying her shawl, insist upon her wearing it around her shoulders. If she refuses to wear it, take it from her arm and place it on her shoulders yourself. Order her around a little. You'll find that that kind of conduct takes with them every time."  
"Is that the way you do with them?" Johnny wanted to know.  
"Why, yes, of course. That's the only way to do."  
Then Johnny delivered a body blow. "I wonder," he mused, "why you never fell in love with Grace—Miss Hastings—yourself. I should think you'd be just the kind of man she'd like."  
"Now, Johnny," I said rather sharply, "run along. You've taken up enough of my time. Next time you meet Miss Hastings don't turn into an ossified man. Take your courage in both hands and try to act as important as a policeman at the head of a labor-day parade. And may the best man win," I added under my breath.  
After a while I started down the street for a walk. Under the big shade trees in front of Dr. Hill's, whom should I meet but Miss Hastings herself. I hadn't seen her in some time—I had been away on a trip—and she stopped, smiling in her usual sweet way and extending her hand. Yes, she was stately and queenly and self-possessed; but Johnny and I had certainly been wrong in terming her cold. I could have sworn she was really glad to see me. Now was my time, if ever, to say some of the things that had been in my heart so long. I seized the outstretched hand and held it a moment, tingling all over. I opened my lips to speak—and then she withdrew her fingers from my grasp, and my words died in my throat. She drew herself up with such a haughty, Queen of Sheba, goddess air that I was completely vulpolaned to earth.  
"I am very glad to see you again," she said. "Pleasant day, isn't it?"  
"Er—yes," I mumbled, "very pleasant—er, thank you, very dessent play. Er—thank you."  
And I turned and stumbled on my way, kicking myself for a chicken-hearted, tongueless, blithering, inconsequential imbecile.  
Wonder if it would do any good to write her a letter?

# Rights and Wrongs of Trespass

IF YOUR neighbor has a pear, apple, plum or cherry tree so close to the line that many of the branches hang over the fence or dividing line and reach out above your own land, there are a number of things you may legally do. There are also a number of things you may not legally do. Probably neither boundary disputes nor neighboring hens, nor anything else has caused so much trouble and hard feelings and court quarrels as this question of who owns the fruit that hangs over on your land although attached to a tree growing on your neighbor's property.  
In the first place, the general mistake made is that such fruit belongs to you. This is the very first thing to learn. It does not belong to you. But you may do several things about it. You may refuse to allow the neighbor to step on your land to gather that fruit, you may refuse to allow him to climb the limbs that extend over your land, you may refuse to allow him to shake the fruit down on your land. But always remember this: If you refuse to allow him to come on your property

to gather the fruit, you must gather it for him and give it to him if he asks you to do so.  
If you demand your "rights" and want to be very unreasonable and actually despicable about it, you can make your neighbor cut off every limb, branch and twig that extends over your land. On the other hand, if you refuse to allow this neighbor to come on your land, and at the same time refuse to gather the fruit on these branches when he requests it, he may enter your property for the sole purpose of picking his fruit. But he has no right to do this until you have refused to either give him this permission or to gather it for him. But in thus coming on your land he must use no force and do no damage, or you can sue him. To use force would be assault.  
Of course, these are the general legal rights and wrongs of such a situation. The moral right of the situation would be for you to allow the neighbor to come on and pick his fruit. And the moral right thing for him to do would be to divide the fruit that hangs over on your property with you.

Country Town  
Sayings  
By Ed Howe of Atchison  
PEOPLE used to be proud if they owned a piano; but they are not now. Piano pride has been run over by the automobile. That's where their noses belong. Americans complain a great deal because their noses are kept to the grindstone. That's where their noses belong. An impolite man is as conspicuous as a drunkard; and attracts unfavorable comment of about the same sort.

## How Many Hides Has A Cow?

"One," says Nature

## San-Tox

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The Sign of the Nurse points out the SAN-TOX Druggists

# DON'T FAIL TO READ THE GREAT \$20,000 STORY

## "The Fall of a Nation"

A Story of the Conquest of America

By THOMAS DIXON, author of "THE BIRTH OF A NATION," "The Clansman," "The One Woman," "The Foolish Virgin," etc.

STARTING IN THIS ISSUE

## If your Feet Hurt You Need

### Lynco Muscle Making Arch Supports

FEW people realize that aching feet, pains in the legs and back, sore heels and cramped toes are indications of a fallen arch. This is a condition that needs immediate attention to prevent more serious complications.

See how the normal arch supports the body in perfect balance as shown in illustration A. Now look at illustration B and realize what it means to have a fallen arch—how the entire body is thrown out of balance and how each step brings your entire weight directly on the bones producing a strain on the ligaments and muscles, and a pressure on the nerves that causes all the pain and soreness.

Metal plates and rigid supports, at the best, are no more than a temporary relief. They restrict circulation and muscular action and often do more harm than good by causing permanent malformation of the delicate foot bones. Be careful of your feet. Get arch supports that do more than merely relieve. Get the Lynco Muscle Making Arch Supports—made from cellular rubber, moulded to fit the foot. They support the arch in a gentle, natural, positive way, permitting the muscles to exercise their natural functions and assist them in regaining their natural strength. Lynco Arch Supports are cool and never lose their resiliency. See illustration D. They weigh less than five ounces—will not sweat or draw your feet. They give you instant relief and will in time effect a complete cure.

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Turrell Shoe Co., Seattle	Henry P. Jones, Los Angeles	A. L. Greene, San Francisco
		Max Stern, San Francisco
		Coffin-Reddington Co., San Francisco





# THE FALL OF A NATION

"Permit me," Waldron concluded, "to present to you a new force in the world, a real leader of modern women—our Joan of Arc."



Illustrations by  
Adrien Machefert

## A Story of the Conquest of America

By  
THOMAS DIXON

Author of "The Birth of a Nation," "The Clansman,"  
"The One Woman," "The Foolish Virgin," etc.



UT you must hear Miss Holland!"—Zonia pleaded.

John Vassar shook his head.

"Not to-night, dear—"

"I'd set my heart on introducing you. Ah, Uncy dear—please! She's the most eloquent orator in America—"

"That's why—I hate her and all her tribe—"

A rosy cheek pressed close to his.

"Not all her tribe—"

"My Zonia—no—but I could wring her neck for leading a chick of your years into this fool movement—"

"But she didn't lead me, Uncy dear, I just saw it all in a flash while she was speaking—my duty to my sex and the world—"

"Duty to your sex! What do you know about duty to your sex?—infant barely out of short dresses! Your hair ought to be still in braids. And it was all my fault. I let you out of the nursery too soon—"

He paused and looked at her wistfully.

"And I promised your father's spirit the day you came to us here that I'd guard you as my own—you and little Marya. I haven't done my duty. I've been too busy with big things to realize that I was neglecting the biggest thing in the world. You've slipped away from me, dear—and I'm heart-sick over it. Maybe, I'll be in time for Marya—you're lost at eighteen—"

"Marya's joined our Club, too—"

"A babe of twelve?"

"She's going to be Miss Holland's page in the Pageant—"

John Vassar groaned, laid both hands on the girl's shoulders and rose abruptly.

"Now Zonia, it's got to stop here and now. I'm not going to allow this brazen Amazon—"

His niece broke into a fit of laughter.

"Brazen Amazon?"

"That's what I said. This brazen Amazon is my enemy—"

The girl lifted her finger laughingly.

"But you're not afraid of her? John Vassar, a descendant of old Yan Vasa in whose veins ran the royal blood of Poland—ten years in Congress from this big East Side district—the idol of the people—Chairman of the National House Committee on Military Affairs—she paused and her voice dropped to the tensest pride—"my candidate for Governor of New York—". You positively won't go to the rally in Union Square to-night?" she added quietly.

"Positively—"

"Then, Uncy dear, I'll have to deliver the message—"

She drew a crumpled note from her bosom and handed it to him without a word.

He broke the seal and read with set lips:

"Hon. John Vassar, M. C.,

"—Stuyvesant Square, New York,

"Dear Sir: Our Committee in charge of the canvass of your Congressional district in the campaign for woman's suffrage have tried in vain to obtain an expression of your views. We are making a house-to-house canvass of every voter in New York. You have thus far sidestepped us.

"You are a man of too much power in the State and Nation to overlook in such a fight. The Congressional Directory informs us that you are barely thirty-six years old. You have already served ten years in Washington with distinction and have won your spurs as a National leader. A great future awaits you unless you incur the united opposition of the coming woman voter.

"I warn you that we are going to sweep the Empire State. Your majority is large and has increased at each election. It is not large enough if we mark you for defeat. I have sincerely hoped that we might win you for our cause.

"I ask for a declaration of your position. You must be for us or against us. There can be no longer a middle course.

"I should deeply regret the necessity of your defeat if you force the issue. Your niece has quite won my heart and her passionate enthusiasm for her distinguished Uncle has led me to delay this important message until now.

"Sincerely, Virginia Holland, Pres't National Campaign Committee."

JOHN VASSAR read the letter a second time, touched the tips of his mustache thoughtfully and fixed his eyes on Zonia.

"And my sweetheart will join the enemy in this campaign!"

A tear trembled on the dark lashes as the girl threw her arms around his neck.

"Ah, Uncy darling, how could you think such a thing!"

"You bring this challenge—"

"I only wanted to vote—to—elect—you—Governor—"

The quivering voice broke in a sob, as he bent and kissed the smooth young brow.

She clung to him tenderly.

"Uncy dear, just for my sake, because I love you so—because you're my hero—won't you do something for me?—just because I ask it?"

"Maybe—"

"Go to Union Square with me then—"

He shook his head emphatically.

"Against my principles, dear—"

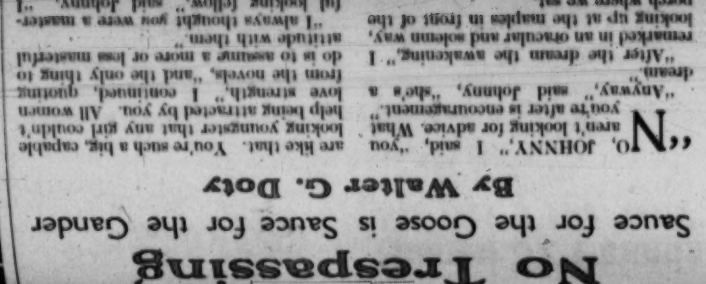
"It's not against your principles to make me happy?"

He took her cheeks between his two strong hands.

"Seeing that I've raised you from a chick—I don't think there ought to be much doubt about how I stand on the woman question as far as it affects two little specimens of the tribe—do you?"

"All right then," she cried gaily, "you love Marya and me. We are women. You can't refuse us a little old thing like a ballot if we want it—can you?"





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## Do You Need More Money

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Through the drenched linen shirt the pink flesh was visible. Over the newcomer's shoulder the better person, wild-eyed with forebodings of a new and less comfortable berth.

David gazed unflatteringly into the eyes of Goliath. The tableau lasted a full minute. Goliath, finding that he could not make David's gaze shift ever so slightly and that the fury of his own had met a check, whirled with a roar upon the quaking butler.

"You will pack up your duds and clear out in the morning."

"Never mind firing him on my account," said Fritz. "He could not help himself. If he had stood in my way, I'd have pushed him over."

"Oh, indeed!" purred the giant. "And to what do I owe the pleasure of this informal call? I'll give you credit for some courage—" gloomily. "As for you," to the butler, "out of my sight until I send for you; and when I send for you, you hold open the hall door. That'll be all."

A pool of water began to form about the spot where young Müller stood. He brushed the hair from his eyes and felt along the side of his leg for a possible bit of dry flannel.

"Mr. MacGregor, I want to know what happened over at the club today."

"Did your father send you over?"

"I am here on my own hook. I want to know what happened."

"Well, your amiable father insulted me! me!—before everybody on the club veranda!" said MacGregor, his booming voice rising with each word. "He implied that I was a liar, sir, a liar. He cursed the Empire from St. Johns all the way around to Hong-Kong."

"On the contrary, he tells me that you insulted him." Fritz had by now ceased to see anything humorous in the situation.

"I, insult him? Your father is crazy!"—with a discordant laugh. "And the British army will prove it before the year is out."

"I don't care a tinker's dam whether Germany invades London or the British invade Berlin. There's something more vital to me in this controversy."

"What! you're not singing Deutschland over everybody? The son of August Müller, medal-man, without a mind of his own, one of those white-livered milksops who call themselves neutrals? Do you mean to stand there and bleat that you're not on your father's side?"—contemptuously.

"I'm on my own side. Yes, I am a neutral. No doubt you and father would like nothing better than to see all the Germans in this country lined up against all the British, a welter of blood on your own doorstep;

Armenians are not guaranteees of peace. They are not peace insurance. Make your new world different from the old. Beware of slaughter. Trust in Reason. Have faith in your fellow man. Build your life on love, not hate. Proclaim the coming of the Lord—the Prince of Peace—

throng to a position directly in front of the speaker's stand. Waldron had just risen to make his opening address. His automobile had brought him quickly from another important engagement with a Committee of Western bankers who had met in the state library of upper Manhattan. There was no mistaking the pose of the man, his dignity and conscious reserve did not applaud. Barker's crowd had

too was a Suffragette for peace purposes—an aggressive fat female of a decided militant aspect. Her words were pacific in their import. She was determined to have peace if she spoke battle in every accent and gesture. She waved the pledge of the League of Nations, challenging, aggravating notes: "I, being over eighteen years of age, opposed to it."

# The Fall of a Nation

THE NATIONAL SUNDAY MAGAZINE

(Continued from Page 504)

not because there might be justice on either side, but because you've taken a foolish stand and are too pig-headed to back down from it."

Neither saw the young girl at the foot of the stairs, her arm around the newel post to steady herself. "You're a milksop!" growled MacGregor, his argumentative forces rather scattered in face of this boy's calm arraignment of his case. "I can understand your father, he's a man anyhow; but I can't understand you. Thank God I've found it out in time! You might have been my son-in-law!"

He fell to pacing again; it was that or some violent action he would regret later on. To push his way into the house like this, to lecture him!

FRITZ brushed the water out of his eyes again and wondered what had become of all that torrent of indictment that he had marshalled up on the way over to launch at this man. His shoulders, so bravely squared sank a little as he began to realize the difficulties which beset the peacemaker. MacGregor honestly believed that his father had started the trouble; just as honestly his father held the conviction that MacGregor had been the aggressor.

"Does your daughter agree with you?"

MacGregor swung on his heel. "You keep my daughter out of this."

"I should be very glad to; for it concerns her no more than it does me. Until this damnable war broke out I was very acceptable to you as a son-in-law."

"I didn't know at that time you were a milksop."

"That's poor argument."

"You'd better go. I've had enough of your breed in one day. In a minute I shan't hold myself accountable. I don't want to stoop to fisticuffs."

"You are stooping to something far worse. You are spoiling the lives of two young people who have every right to be happy."

"Will you leave this house, or shall I throw you out?"

"Father!" The girl rushed in between.

"I'm not afraid, Nell; I'm not afraid of anything on God's earth tonight. You still love me?"

"With all my heart, Fritz."

"Will you marry me?"

"I shall never marry anybody else."

"Nellie, go back to your room," said her father with ominous quiet. "Mr. Müller, please follow me."

"Just a moment, sir. Six years ago you went to Congress for a term. My father worked night and day to help you get there. Did you take oath with a lie in your heart?"

For the first time during the interview MacGregor's countenance expressed bewilderment. "What the devil do you mean?"

"I mean, did you take office with the ulterior purpose of someday dropping your citizenship in this country and resuming the one you foreswore?"

This was plain enough. MacGregor was something more than bewildered now. He was experiencing the sensation of a fighter who had underestimated his antagonist and sprawled with his back to the mat in consequence. And he had called this boy a milksop! But admit that he might be in the wrong? No, sir; he wasn't built that way.

"I repeat, I did not bring on this row. You can thank your father for that. I have nothing more to say, except that your intrusion is very distasteful to me; so be pleased to leave the house. As you know, I'm not the most patient man in the world."

"Very well, sir. I see it is useless to appeal to you. Don't trouble to come to the door. I'll close it quietly Good night, Nell."

When he was gone the girl approached her father. "You have behaved abominably."

"You go to bed. I've done all the arguing I'm going to. Haven't I told you I didn't begin it? Do you think I'll go over and apologize to that fire-eating Dutchman?"

"It would be a fine and noble thing to do. You are both wrong, and the honest man will be he who first admits it. Both of you seem to have forgotten something."

"What?"

"That you are both Americans, and that this war does not concern you save as spectators. When you took the oath of allegiance you foreswore the right, morally, to boast of British prowess. No doubt you tried to ram your opinions down Mr. Müller's throat, as he tried to ram his down yours. And you've always been such sensible men. And Fritz came over in all that rain to see if he couldn't patch it up! I shall never marry any other man."

"Will you go to bed?" But his tone was gentler than his words.

"I will if you'll kiss me good-night."

He drew her toward him rather roughly, kissed her cheek, and pushed her away.

"You are young. You don't understand, child. But I'll have flesh and blood in this war and so will Müller. Perhaps when it's all over we'll talk of patching it up. Now run along."

"Isn't my happiness anything to you?"

He refused to answer, and resumed his pacing. The girl went upstairs quietly. How happy she had been that afternoon! And now her whole world lay shattered like broken glass at her feet.

MacGregor seemed no longer in tune with the storm. The occasional thunder now (Continued on page 512)

## Taking It Easy

By Walter G. Doty

WHEN ye're restin' in the shadder at the fur end of a row

With a plenty more a-waitin' fer yer ever-lasin' hoe,

When the robins sing around ye an' the coolin' breezes stray

An' the little crick behind ye keeps a-callin': "Come an' play!"

Then ye wish ye was a millionaire and needn't never stir,

Fer the sperit is onwillin' an' the flesh onwillin' er;

An' ye say, er feel like sayin', to the weeds: "Grow, durn ye, grow!"

When ye're restin' in the shadder at the fur end of a row.

That's the time fer real enjoyment—jest a-loafin' fer a spell,

Jest a-loafin' an' a-waitin' fer the fur-off dinner bell.

They's a lot o' work before ye that ye ought to hurry through,

But what fun is there in loafin' when that's all ye got to do?

Time to loaf is when ye're busy—when ye ought to be, at least,

Loafin' with a job a-waitin' is a kind o' mental feast.

It's a j'y that him that's idle all the while kin never know,

Is this restin' in the shadder at the fur end of a row.

Layin' in the coolness dreamin' with yerbody quite at ease,

But yer blamed old conscience stingin' like a school-roomful o' bees,

Somethin' 'way inside ye sayin': "Git to work, ye wuthless cool!"

An' yer lazy bones replyin': "I'll be durned if I will! Scoot!"

An' a gray woodpecker tappin' at the tree above yer head,

An' a lonesomeness on all things till ye wish that ye was dead—

Er not dead, but jest a-drifin' on the clouds a-trailin' slow,

When ye're restin' in the shadder at the fur end of a row.

Gosh, the row's onhoed an' waitin', stretchin', parently a mild!

Them thar rows would, vurry likely, drive a nervous feller wild.

But, good land, if ye'd a mind to, ye could work from sun to sun

Ever' day from now till Doomsday, an' they'd still be work ondone.

So ye puff yer pipe a-feelin' like a youngster cuttin' school.

Any mortal that ain't lazy sech a day must be a fool!

Hear the bobolinks a-callin', hear the crik a-laughin' low,

When ye're restin' in the shadder at the fur end of a row.









over the measure of the bill. "And to what do I  
"Oh, indeed?" pursued the giant.  
"He could not help himself. If he had stood in my  
"Never mind firing him on my account," said Fritz.  
"You will pack up your duds and clear out in the  
whirled with a roar upon the quaking butter.  
mightily and that the fury of his own had met a check,  
that he could not make David's gate shift ever so  
The tabernacle lasted a full minute. Goliath, finding  
David gazed unflinchingly into the eyes of Goliath.  
of a new and less comfortable berth.  
shoulder the butter pierced, widened with forebodings  
matted blond hair. Through the crumpled linen shirt  
Neither saw the young girl at the foot of the stairs,  
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action he would regret later on. To push his way into  
the house like this, to lecture him!

# The Fall of a Nation

(Continued from Page 504)

too was a Suffragette for peace purposes—an aggressive fat female of a decided militant aspect. Her manner and spirit spoke battle in every accent and gesture. She was determined to have peace if she had to kill every man, woman and child opposed to it.

She waved the pledge of the League above her head and recited its form in rasping, challenging, aggravating notes:

"I, being over eighteen years of age, hereby pledge myself against enlistment as a volunteer for any military or naval service in international war, and against giving my approval to such enlistment on the part of others."

She paused and shouted:

"The Anti-Enlistment League does not stand for puny non-resistance! We appeal to the militancy of the spirit!"

John Vassar looked at his watch.

"We've yet time to hear brother Debs. I like his kind. You always know where to find him."

"No-no-Uncy" Zonia urged, "we must hurry to our stand—"

"Our stand, eh?"

"Yes—you mustn't miss a word Miss Holland says. She doesn't speak long—but every word counts—"

"She has one loyal follower anyhow," Vassar smiled.

"I'm going to win her for you, Uncy dear—"

"You mean me for her—so that's the scheme?"

"Yes—"

"I don't think it can be done, little sweetheart. I never could like a hen that crows—"

Zonia motioned toward the big platform of the Woman's Federated Clubs.

"There they are now!" she cried—"Marya and grandpa—they're sitting on the steps—"

"So I see—" Vassar laughed.

Old Andrew Vassar was beaming his good-natured approval on the throng that surged about the stand, his arm circling his little grand-daughter with loving touch.

THE younger man watched him a moment with a tender smile. His father was supremely happy in the great crowd of strong, healthy, free men and women. He knew nothing of the meaning of the meeting. The thing was part of the life of America and it was good. He was seventy years old now—a magnificent specimen of ripe manhood, tall, erect as a trooper, his fine strong face beaming generous thoughts to all men. He had landed on our shores thirty-one years ago broken, bruised and ruined. He had dared to lift his voice in Poland for one of the simplest rights of his people. A brutal soldiery, at the order of their Imperial master, had sacked his home, murdered his wife and daughter before his eyes, robbed him of all and at last left him in the street bruised and bleeding, with a baby boy of five clinging to his body. His older son had smuggled him aboard a ship bound for New York. He had prospered from the day of his landing. A tailor by trade he had proved his worth from the first. For ten years he had been head cutter for a wholesale clothing house and received an annual salary of ten thousand dollars. Ten years ago the Might of Kings, had gripped the son he left behind. His goods, too, were forfeited, his life snuffed out and his children orphaned. Big free America had received them now, and the old man's strong arms circled them. The little terror-stricken boy who had clung to him the day the soldiers left him in the streets for dead—was the Hon. John Vassar, one of the coming men of a mighty nation of freemen.

Old Andrew Vassar made no effort to grasp the currents of American social or political life. It was all good. He went to all the political meetings, Democratic, Republican, Socialist, Woman's Suffrage. He liked to test his freedom and laugh to find it true.

He caught John's eye, waved his arm enthusiastically and lifted Marya high above the heads of the crowd that she might throw him a kiss.

Zonia answered with a little cry of love and they quickly pressed through the

throng to a position directly in front of the speaker's stand.

Waldron had just risen to make his opening address. His automobile had brought him quickly from another important engagement with a Committee of Western bankers who had met in the stately library of his palatial castle home on the heights of upper Manhattan.

There was no mistaking the poise of the man, his dignity and conscious reserve power. Vassar with increasing dislike and suspicion studied him for the first time at close range.

He faced the crowd with a look of quiet mastery. A man of medium height, massive bull neck, high forehead, straight intellectual eyebrows and piercing steel grey eyes. There was no mistaking the fact that he was a born leader of men. His mustache was closely cropped, revealing the lines of two thin straight lips. His narrow beard was trimmed close also—covering only the chin and cut to a point in a way that suggested the foreigner of uncertain ancestry—German perhaps or Spanish. The effect of this closely cropped mustache and bristling pointed beard was to accent the impression of power which his whole make-up conveyed.

A HIGH collar covered the thick neck well up to the ears, concealing the lines of brutality which lay beneath, and a pair of glasses, attached to a black silk cord and gracefully adjusted, gave to his strong features a touch of intellectuality on which his vanity evidently fed.

A curious little smile played about the corners of his eyes and thin lips as if he knew a good joke that couldn't be told to a crowd. The smile brought a frown to John Vassar's sensitive face. He instinctively hated a man with that kind of a smile. He couldn't tell why. The smile was not a pose. There was something genuine behind it. A crowd would like him for it. But the man who looked beneath the surface for its real meaning felt intuitively that it sprang from a deep, genuine and boundless contempt for humanity.

The sound of his voice confirmed this impression. He spoke with a cold, measured deliberation that provoked and held an audience. His words were clean cut and fell with metallic precision like the click of a telegraph key.

"I have the honor, to-night, ladies and gentlemen," he began slowly, "of introducing to you the real leader of the women of America—"

A cheer swept the crowd, and Zonia stood on tiptoe trying to catch a glimpse of her heroine.

"She's hiding behind the others—" she pressed her uncle's arm—"but you'll see her in a minute, Uncy!"

"Doubtless!" Vassar laughed. "She's too wise an actress to stumble on the stage before her cue—"

Waldron's metallic voice was clicking on.

"Before I present her, allow me as the chairman of this great meeting, to give you in a few words my reasons for demanding votes for women. The supreme purpose of my life is to do my part in ushering into the world the reign of universal peace. The greatest issue ever presented to the American people is now demanding an answer. Shall this nation follow the lead of blood-soaked Europe and arm to the teeth? Or shall we remain the one people of this earth who stand for peace and good will to all?"

"The militarists tell us that Man is a fighting animal. That human nature cannot be changed. That nations have always fought and will continue to fight to the end of time. That war sooner or later will come and that we must prepare for it."

"I say give woman the ballot and she will find a way to prevent war!"

"The alarmist tells us that armaments are our only sure guarantee of peace. It's a lie. And that lie is now being shot to pieces in Europe before our eyes. Armaments provoke war. In the fierce light of this hell-lit conflagration even the blind should see that armaments have never yet guaranteed peace."

"Europe in torment calls to us to-day: 'Oh, great Republic of the West, beware!

Armaments are not guarantees of peace. They are not peace insurance. Make your new world different from the old. Beware of guns. Down with the machinery of slaughter. Trust in Reason. Have faith in your fellow man. Build your life on love, not hate. Proclaim the coming of the Lord—the Prince of Peace—"

Vassar glanced quickly over the sea of uplifted faces and wondered why they did not applaud. Barker's crowd had gone wild over weak platitudes expressing similar ideas. The words of this man were eloquent. The silence was uncanny. Why didn't they applaud?

He turned his head aside and listened intently. It was the metallic click of Waldron's cold penetrating voice that killed applause! There was something in it that froze the blood in the veins of an enthusiast—and yet held every listener in a spell.

"Your alarmists," he went on deliberately, "are busy now with a new scare. When this war is over they tell us we must fight the victors, for they will move to conquer us. Let us nail another lie. This war will leave Europe exhausted and helpless for a generation. We will be the strongest nation in the world—our strength intact, our resources boundless."

"Besides we have the men and the means for arming them instantly if we are threatened. We have equipped and supplied armies of millions for England, France and Russia. What we have done for them we can surely do for ourselves. Our factories are now producing more military supplies for Europe than we could use for our defense. Our navy is more efficient than ever before in history. Our chief ports are shielded by great guns that make them impregnable. Our army is small but I repeat the Hon. Plato Barker's axiom as a truth unassailable—we can raise an army of a million men before the sun!—yes, and five million more within a week if needed—"

John Vassar ground his teeth and set his firm jaw to prevent an outburst of mad protest. As Chairman of the House Committee of Military Affairs he knew that every statement in this subtle demagogue's appeal was but half truth, and for that reason the most dangerous lie. The navy was more efficient than ever before—so was every navy in the world. Our navy was still utterly inadequate to defend us against any first-class combination of Europe or any single power of the rank of Germany. Our coast guns were good—but a hostile navy triumphant at sea would never come in range of them—they would land at their leisure at any one of a hundred undefended harbors and take our forts from the rear. We could manufacture ammunition—but to no purpose because we had few guns for field artillery and not enough trained artillerymen to man them if we had adequate batteries. It takes years to train the masters of war machinery. A million men could be raised between the suns, but they would be mowed down by fields of hidden artillery beyond the range of our gunners before we could get in sight.

THERE was no escape from the deep conviction that the cold-blooded thinker who was smiling into the face of this crowd knew these facts with a knowledge even clearer than his own.

What was the sinister motive back of that frozen smile?

Again and again Vassar asked himself the question. He was still puzzling over the mystery of Waldron's motive when a rousing cheer burst from the crowd and Zonia pressed his arm.

"There she is, Uncy—there she is!"

Waldron was leading to the rail a blushing girl.

"No, no—sweetheart—that's some one else—can't be the Amazon—"

"Of course not, you silly—she's not an Amazon—she's my heroine. Isn't she a darling?—now honestly?"

Vassar was too dumfounded to make reply.

Waldron was introducing her, the same cold smile on his thin lips, the same metallic click in his voice.

"Permit me, ladies and gentlemen, to present to you to-night a new force in the world, a real leader of modern women,

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 "There's"  
 "Is My Dr"  
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 "Follies"  
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**INDEX.**

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CITY. Immense crowd listened to President Taft expound his views.

Rev. Bishop Conaty died in his study at Coronado Beach for heart failure.

Cathals declared construction of the great canal was only the initial problem connected with the enter-

estimated that bankers visiting the city represent more than \$100,000,000.

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- "We Want a Mighty Navy." (Passing Show of 1915.)
- "Summer Love." (It's the same old game.)
- "In the War of Hearts and Eyes."

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**"Norway"**  
(The Land of the Midnight Sun)  
Words by Joe McCarthy. Music by Fred Fischer. A bewitchingly beautiful love theme woven around "Thelma." The same heroine Marie Corelli wrote about in her book "Thelma." Heart-winner number three!

**CHORUS**  
When I sailed a-way from Nor-way, I could hard-ly say "Good-bye." For when I saw you stand-ing in the door-way, My heart just seemed to cry, "My Darling! Thelma, Thelma, how I love you!"



**"Norway"**  
(The Land of the Midnight Sun). A love-ballad by Joe McCarthy and Fred Fischer that transcends their every past-effort. Greater praise than this cannot be said when you consider that "I Want To Go To Tokio," "There's a Little Spark of Love Still Burning," and other successes have placed these authors right in the very front rank of song wizards. "NORWAY" is a ballad far more bewitching than the average. It is sure to win a soft spot in your heart. The writers proclaim it to be their masterpiece. Both lyrics and melody are beautiful beyond description.

**"All I Can Do Is Just Love You"**  
Joe McCarthy, Grant Clark and Jimmie Monaco—that great trio of master song writers—unreservedly stake their reputations on the success of this song. It took almost superhuman skill to beat their great past successes such as, "That's How I Need You," "You Made Me Love You" and "If We Can't Be the Same Old Sweethearts," etc. But genius conquered. New honors were won. If you were an Artist, a Sculptor, a Poet—how would you describe "the girl of your eye"? "All I Can Do Is Just Love You" tells how. The lyrics are entrancing—the music gayly dancing.

**"All I Can Do Is Just Love You"**  
Words by Grant Clark and Joe McCarthy. Music by Jimmie Monaco. Critics say it is the most unique love-ballad written in a decade. A song that starts itself—and you have to sing it over and over again. Heart-winner number four!

**CHORUS**  
If I were an art-ist I'd paint you so beau-ti-ful,  
Then all the world could see just how you look to me, If  
I were a sculp-tor, I'd carve you in stone, As one of the won-ders

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The black and white notes that appear at the top and bottom of these two pages are to attract your eye. If you'll try them over, we think they'll tickle your ear as well. The melody above is that new, tantalizing, gingery one-step tune, "It's So Temptin'," by Jimmie Monaco—the Truth is in the Title. The one below is the rapturous, haunting strain of "Valse Celestia," by Lee Oream Smith, dedicated to Miss Anita Stewart of the Vitagraph Players—as "Celestia" in "The Goddess." Miss Stewart's photo in colors adorns the title page.

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